

Doris Hayashi
Tanforan

Thursday, September 17, 1942

We received some suitcases from our friends -- black ones. Hope they will be strong enough. Also we received some more articles from home.

I went to visit E. N. She is leaving tonight. Her room was empty except for her beds and mattresses. They were planning to ^{carry} over night bags and books, and some citrus fruits. She wanted me to return a book for her which I did. She plans to wear slacks after she gets on the train. The inspector wasn't very strict about inspecting her baggage, but was strict about her freight. They're all different though so one can't tell.

The main mess provided dishes for them so they didn't have to carry theirs.

She is rather optimistic about the possibilities at the relocation center. Mainly because she is so disgusted with this camp she feels anything would be better than this.

I went to see her off after dinner so she was just going out to the train. There were about 500 watching and many were on the roofs of the barracks. I guess they felt good to have so many give them a send-off with shouts and waves.

Friday, September 18, 1942

Today we spent one hour without work. However, I helped pull the records from the case folders for the twenty-sixth.

Then we made a final check of the eighteenth records for tonight. We found one family was omitted on one of the rosters. It would be a shame if it weren't discovered in time.

Then we proofread the twenty-seventh train commander's roster and R-6's. Also we began cross-checking these two but had inadequate time to finish.

A number of students came into the office to make arrangements to leave tomorrow. (And a few left today.) About six releases were received today. I wish I were going too. The more I think about it the more I want to leave. I think I

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would like to attend some social welfare college. One of the members of the S. Relocation Comm. stated that she had recommended me to Smith College, but that the semester began too early. Hope I can persuade the family to let me leave next year. The SRA wrote to me today to tell me that I have a possibility of helping on the Sociological Research Bureau at Poston. It would be a wonderful opportunity, but I don't relish the idea of living there. Maybe some arrangements might be made in Utah -- I hope so.

Today I saw S. J. who left tonight for Utah. She used to work in our office so she might have been with us still, but she felt her health might be jeopardized if she remained at work, so resigned. She promised to write. I wish we could live near each other, but will probably be working together or something. The boss said goodbye to her in a friendly spirit. I guess it wouldn't have been too difficult for me to resign. Oh well, it's too late now and I don't mind so much.

L. I. and S. I. have eye trouble from too much strain. It's a shame that Mr. G. keeps them typing constantly because it really is a strain to type eight hours a day (or more), 7 days a week. Now that we have a number of **capable** typists we won't have to worry about shifts. Today it worked out quite well.

She likes her new location (she and her family moved in yesterday). She doesn't know her neighbors very well (for most of her friends are in the infield or in Pomona (Woming now), but the room isn't unpleasant. (It faces the east and has no odor). She certainly misses the people in her former barrack and feels she could leave on Sunday with them, but her mother doesn't want her to because her eyes would be strained. She is planning to stay at home for three days. Hope it is improved by then.

Tonight I went to see S. J. off, but since she is in group 12, I became impatient about it and left to see the house we are to inhabit. The girls we are to live with go out and visit a great deal so we may be inconvenienced but I hope not.

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On the way home we saw all the employees of our office going to the movie. It was very interesting talking to someone every few steps. We have developed a true "responsibility" unity. Even with the newer girls. Hope we can get along for two weeks while we're alone.

Saturday, September 19, 1942

Today we proofread the rosters and group sheets of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. We also made a final check for the nineteenth. And we found some omissions as usual. Also a few of the numbers were incorrect. It seems odd these inaccuracies were not noticed previously. Anyway the check was worth while.

There were two students leaving today. One for Nebraska. This person is very intelligent, a child genius, so should make a very favorable impression on that score. Also there was one fellow (U. C. graduate in public speaking) who is to attend a theological seminary in St. Louis. He has a bad habit of artificiality -- especially in speaking. Hope he overcomes that defect.

Then two other students came to make reservations for a trip to St. Louis (University of Washington) for Tuesday. One is to undertake commerce and law, while the other is to continue her public health training. Both of them have ability to adapt themselves to others and have had a great deal of Caucasian contacts so it should be easy for them to get along.

Today a lady came in to complain about the treatment to her son (or a relative). He was working for the maintenance department and was scheduled to leave later. However, his family was assigned to go ahead of time (although the son hadn't specified such). In the course of her complaint she found that part of that same family was to be sent to Tule Lake. However, Mr. G. didn't want to take the responsibility for it so passed the buck. (One of the members of the family was a pharmacist so was assigned to Tule Lake.) This lady was very persistent and threatened to contact headquarters to discover the cause of all this trouble. More-

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over, she told him what she thought of the "officials" here -- that they were merely WPA men and didn't know anything about their jobs except to pass the buck. She said that if it were necessary to have the army come after her she would wait until such an occurrence before she gave up her rights. Mr. G. became so perturbed he had to phone someone else to come in to handle the situation.

Many of the charges were correct. However, I wonder if she is jeopardizing her future by making the charges now -- just before departure (though of course her day has been assigned already). One advantage was that she is not a man so he couldn't exactly yell at her. Hope no harm comes to her as a result.

We were rather angry because Mr. G. wanted us to work when we are up-to-date, merely because he will be here and because someone must be here to make cancellations for tomorrow. He didn't want to choose the workers. Wish he could have shifts working. It would be much more satisfactory to all concerned. The morale would be higher and more satisfactory work would result.

There are two girls upstairs who don't work all the time. They want to fool around so the head runner wants someone else to replace them. We did and had the two girls downstairs. They didn't like the idea of working downstairs. Wish we could separate them, but I guess we'll have to wait until they leave for Utah.

Tonight I went to see two girl friends off. We went just as they were going in the gate. Everyone was in by 5:15 P.M. They wore ordinary clothes -- not too dressy nor too informal (slacks, etc.). Most of them carried very little hand luggage -- about one overnight case each because all of their friends have advised them not to bring too much. There was a smaller group to see them off, but still there were about 100 in that half hour. Guess most people are packing and preparing for departure. Everyone was rather sad to depart from friends, but consoled each other by saying they would meet again in a week. Everyone promised to write.

It was good to see how concerned friends were about the departers -- which was seen in their presence at the station. My friend promised to write. Hope all of my friends will write.

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I went to the library to call for another girl so we could go to the station together. They (about a half dozen "Y" people) were having a "farewell party" (the fourth). They had been waiting for boxes for two weeks and since they hadn't received any to date have been playing cards, talking, and having parties. The three girls are all intellectually inclined and the fellows are too, although they seem to like to "fool around" a lot. They joked a lot and seemed to be having a wonderful time. They all work or help at the library so knew each other quite well. The three girls were all anticipating departure from the camp to the outside world so they had a great deal in common since they were all very well adjusted to the Caucasians. (One had graduated from Mills College and two had graduated from U. C.)

Tonight I stayed home to help pack. We got half done, but dad was rather perturbed so stopped. I wrote an answer to one of my letters -- a rather important one.

Sunday, September 20, 1942

Today we had to work all day. Gee, we were angry. This morning we began the twenty-ninth roster and finished up the twenty-eighth. The twenty-ninth will cover the last twenty (or more) barracks of the infield. After that, there are very few scheduled to leave (150 on the thirtieth; 450 on the first of October) until the second of October when there are to be 1,100 leaving. Mr. G. felt he couldn't schedule part to leave on another day so inquired of the Army. (I don't know the result as yet.) In the final check for today we found no errors (the first time).

We have a choice of living at 8-6 or 2-3. We have more friends near the former and we can eat at a local mess hall, but the other one is cleaner (although the wind blows in too). I really want to leave with the family now because it's so inconvenient to move -- especially when we aren't certain of a room. We should be finished with the whole group ^{by} about the twenty-sixth. Wish we could leave then. There are a number of girls leaving in the last-remaining areas who could make the

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final check ups on the daily rosters (on the day of departure).

Tonight I went to bid adieu to S. I. She wanted to take a suitcase with her but they took it in the window for inspection I guess. Hope she can get it back. She promised to write. Hope I get all of those promised letters. Everyone was inside the laundry by 6:00 P.M. But it was 7:00 P.M. before the train left. They become more efficient with time. Maybe by the time we leave they will be finished in half an hour.

For dinner we had pie a la mode, chicken souffle (or a similar dish), stringbeans, and green salad. All in all, it was very good and novel. After this we must go to the main mess hall at 6:30 A.M., 11:30 A.M., and 4:30 P.M. It's going to be very inconvenient.

After supper we went to find a room, but they (stables) are all very unsatisfactory. There is a stable-like odor, the dust comes in and in one area we must go to the main mess. We visited some of our friends in the stables. One family was leaving tomorrow, while another is remaining till the end (the father works in the mess hall). One of the former employees in our office had such bad eyes from typing that she is unable to work so she has been allowed to leave tomorrow night. It makes me wish I could leave too since two of my best friends are gone.

Oh well, tomorrow I'll see if I can get a room near one of my friends.

Monday, September 21, 1942

Today we were supposed to go to the main mess hall for meals, but I didn't go to breakfast -- ate at home. This morning we finished checking the twenty-ninth rosters. Then we made a final check of the twenty-first and found some mistakes (the wrong person of the family was omitted).

This afternoon we finally began the thirtieth. It covers the last fifteen or so barracks in the infield plus a few families from mess hall areas 2 and 7 plus the hospital cases that could be safely taken on that day. On the first and second

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the rest of the people will be sent. Hope we are sent on the first, but I guess it won't be till the second.

A former Berkeley boy came in to make reservations for the trip to Cornell University. He has been majoring in dramatics (or music) so I believe he plans to continue in that. He is very fortunate to be sent to such a renowned college. Everyday someone seems to be given a permit to leave for school. I certainly hope I will be able to soon.

There was one doctor who is to be transferred to Tule Lake with another family. However, after some inquiry it must have been decided that the other family would leave tonight because they were left on the roster.

We were trying to get a room in barrack 2 (where J. I. used to live -- for three nights), but we finally decided on a room in barrack 9 since some fellows had signed up for that former room previously. We thought we would like the latter better since most of our friends live near (or in) that barrack. We certainly change our minds often.

At noon we ate at the main mess with the girls in barrack 2 because we didn't want to eat in the 11:30 shift with the family. We reached the door at 11:45 and were told to walk in, so ate early (before the rush and noise). However, (although the quality of food has improved) the atmosphere of darkness and noise and congestion is not ~~conducive~~ to an appetite.

Tonight we went to see some of our friends off but had to go to dinner at 5:00 P.M. so couldn't see many of our friends. We ate at mess 7 (where we will eat in the future) but the food wasn't very tasty (roast meat with stewed carrots and turnip; lettuce salad without dressing) so we didn't eat much. It doesn't seem the same to eat at **another** mess hall beside our own. Hope we will have better food for one week. We're planning to move in on Wednesday. I don't relish the prospect of sleeping alone with G. in this barrack, but I ~~suppose~~ I must. G. G. invited

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us to stay with her for the night, but it will be too inconvenient to leave our belongings in this barrack. Such trouble.

After dinner we went to see the people entrain. It went slower today and they were on the train at 6:30 P. M. (yesterday they were in by 6:00 P.M). It seems that today there is a pullman for everyone. Hope there will be one for us when we go. The crowd gets smaller all the time. There was **only** about fifty people watching the **entrainment**. By the time we go there will be no one. We will be assigned seats. Hope the family gets favorable neighbors. When we reached home we helped **pack the** baggage for the family and also packed our clothes for the **week**.

Tuesday, September 22, 1942

This morning the house was messy again since we were packing our baggage, but by the time we came home at noon, everything was gone except the beds and **mattresses** (and our things) plus the things to be packed in the hand luggage. Surprisingly enough the latter turned out to include a great deal of articles so that they ended up with about six bundles between the three. They certainly had lots of blankets and other excess **luggage**. When we go I hope we won't have that much.

We ate dinner with them and helped them carry their luggage to the station. It was rather sad to see them leave, but since there were two of us it wasn't so bad. We had to go all around a barrack to reach the gate so that the heavy luggage was extra heavy. Then, we couldn't get to the fence near the embarkation point (since it was cut off) so we couldn't say goodbye at close range. However, we stood at the far end and yelled. The people seemed to be slower in arriving today. It was about 5:15 before they all arrived. Then by the time they were all in the train it was 6:30 P.M.

We saw a large number of friends (neighbors) so we stood there and yelled. It made me rather sad in a way and I would have been terribly lonesome in that

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barrack (only one neighbor remained) if two girls hadn't come to play "pit" with us. We laughed and joked till about 10:00 P. M. Before we knew it it was that late. It cheered us up, anyway and we didn't feel as lonely as before.

G. G. came over to invite us to stay with her, but we felt we could stay alone for one or two nights though we were a little hesitant.

Today I went to breakfast at 6:30 A.M. but it was so noisy, congested, and dark that I lost my appetite.

We worked only a half day at the office. We rechecked the twenty-second rosters and we finished the twenty-ninth, third, and fourth checks. We can't begin the first rosters yet because there is a slight conflict of trains and dates. There are about 1,100 people to be sent on the second, but that will be impossible. They may have to send them on the first and second and tenth or something like that.

Two people left for George Washington University this morning. A girl to finish her public health course and a boy to finish his commercial course and to begin his law course. They have both saved their money and are very earnest about continuing their education. Hope they are successful.

Then just before noon Mr. D. (the director) was in the office, commenting that he had received a teletype about a certain person to leave for school. He had thought it had been a person who had left on the ninth with the advance crew (same name) but had neglected to inquire as to the age and/or family number of the person. As it happened the first person was a forty-five-year-old man and the other (who was to have left tonight) is 24 years old. This was an example of carelessness and lack of foresight on the part of the officials concerned. Anyway this fellow was notified that he is to remain here until his permit arrives. Another fellow was given his release to attend Washington University also. He will leave tomorrow morning. A girl who has received a scholarship through her church group, and who has an excellent personality for adaptation to the Caucasian community will

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leave for Elmhurst, Ohio tomorrow. She has remained behind while her family has gone to Utah. I'm so glad she is able to go because she deserves it and will be very successful in her contacts.

This afternoon we helped the family pack their luggage and packed our own things. Then we went to investigate our prospective home. It is clean, swept out, and not too dusty or odiferous. However, there was a hole in the wall which will have to be covered up before our new neighbors come in. We wanted to sweep it out but thought it was clean enough without. We saw a lock hinge on an empty room door and were going to use it for ours, but a neighbor scolded the boy (a friend) who was removing it and glared at us until we disappeared through the other side of the barrack. It won't be very pleasant if she remembers us and glares at us every time we're here, but I hope she won't.

Everyone was visiting with his neighbors today sitting on mattresses piled outside the corner rooms. It was cheering and yet pathetic. It reminded one of the first day of arrival with the people waiting for their luggage to arrive. The barracks were empty, even the beds were outside .

The negro soldiers are supposed to be living in the camp (a few yards away from our barrack) so we were afraid to stay in our room but since there are a few neighbors near us (nearby barracks) so it won't be so bad. I saw some in the yard near the front entrance this morning. They did stare at us, but didn't seem particularly harmful.

We ate at 4:00 P.M. with the family in the main mess hall and then went to the gate to see them off. We had to go around a long (20 room) barrack to get to the gate. Also, we couldn't get near the exist to say "goodby" but yelled from the fence. It was sad seeing everyone leave.

It was so quiet when we reached home .

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Today we had pancakes and sunny-side-up eggs for breakfast beside cereal, melon and milk. It was a really heavy breakfast.

This morning at the office we alphabetized cards; also we began to check the alphabetical rosters. It's really cumbersome and mistakes are very likely to be made since a number of typists handle it each day.

At noon we ate at the main mess again. Before noon, two more students left, one for Elmhurst, Illinois (theological school -- although only one religious course is required). She has the ability to get along with anyone so she will be successful in her contacts. She wants to do social welfare work. The other person (a fellow) is to attend George Washington University in St. Louis for a pre-medical course. It seems everyone is attending that college -- hope it doesn't develop into a Japanese colony.

Today we heard rumors that the food at Utah is better than here. At present we seem to be getting more in quality and quantity. Wonder how the supplies can be obtained out in the desert. The barracks and almost everything is considered much superior. The only unfortunate incident was the poisoning of a young boy (twenty-one years old) by a scorpion. He had sat on it accidentally while working at the canteen. It seems he was so frightened and moved around so much that he killed himself in that way. We still don't know if he died, except that a telegram of his death was received by some close friends.

This noon as we were coming home we saw the hearse bringing in a corpse to the church. A service was to be held at 2:00 P.M. It seems so pathetic that someone should die in the midst of all the moving preparations. The area around this neighborhood is so empty and reminds one of a ghost town. It makes one wish to move out immediately.

I heard that some of the fellows from the recreation department who went early to Utah have begun a newspaper; talent shows and dances have been held. All

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in all things seem to be developing quite well. The only drawback is that the people in the newspaper don't seem especially qualified. Those in it at Tanforan were ^{very} well qualified and should continue.

Our moving seems to be rather undecided -- except that it will be tomorrow morning. We should have two others living with us, but the G. sisters don't like the neighborhood. I hope we get someone we know. Only about one dozen families in our area. The little boys go inside the empty rooms to take any wood, furniture, etc. that might be left (for boxes I guess). It's too bad, although they may as well use it since it is no use in an empty room.

We were very lonesome but two of G's friends came over and we chatted and played cards. It was fun and cheered us up. One of the girl's brother is a JACL official so she was quite enthusiastic about the sacrifices of the officials in working for next to nothing for the sake of the Nisei (are they?).

I talked to a friend who has majored (and graduated) in political science. She has not adequate training for public administration or any special field. However, she does have training in secretarial work. She thinks she would prefer the latter since it has more prospects in the post-war world. She is interested in personnel work also. I want to do personnel work because I believe it has more of a future than public administration. I would also be interested in social work. I hope I'm not being too selfish, but social work would be an aiding profession.

Thursday, September 24, 1942

This morning we moved into our new room. The odor was very noticeable when we first entered. However, we are used to it now. Mr. O. and Mr. L. came to help us tie our packages and to put away our bedding. Then Mr. L and Mr. U. came to help us put up our shelves. It was really very considerate of them. They put up racks for towels and for our clothes too. Also they swept and mopped the floor for us. We felt helpless. S. U. came over to help us get settled. She talked to us while

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we put the boxes up and hung up our clothes and made our beds. It was really comforting to feel these people thought about us and wanted to help us as much as possible. There were some holes in the cracks (through which mice and rats might crawl, so they stuffed them with newspapers for us.

Then it was time for lunch so we ate. It was only stew and biscuit -- not too tasty, but we couldn't complain. They served us milk at the table and we had jello. We ate with S. U. It is more comforting to eat with friends. Some other girls from the office sat opposite us, but we didn't seem able to carry on a conversation.

This afternoon when we returned to work we discovered that the boss had torn up the rosters for the first because too many individuals had been released from their supervisors in order that they might be able to leave on the first with their families. Mr. G. was very angry that these other officials interfered with his work so phoned the director to get cooperation in this matter without which he would resign. Thus we began just where we had begun the previous day.

Also I learned that G. O. had been asked to return to camp since the American Legion of Elmhurst had telegraphed to keep all Japanese out of that town. It was a shame, but there is said to be a possibility that she may be able to attend another college -- Cornell.

We finished proofreading the TCR's for the first.

Tonight G. and I stayed at home, but we had a number of visitors -- G's friends, both our friends, and my friend. We chatted for awhile. Z. T. came to sleep with us. We talked far into the night. We talked about people, our opinions of them and about principles, and about the possibilities of getting out of camp. She is very interesting to talk to though she tends to gossip a little too much. However, many of her statements prove quite true (though sometimes over frank).

The mess hall is much more convenient than the main mess, but I object to

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the flies. They clutter up the place. The salad plates are already set on the table (individual). Also ~~dessert~~ is on the table. One gets merely the main course at the counter. Waiters bring milk, water, or tea. Really we get lots of service, but I don't think the flies are very appetizing.

Friday, September 25, 1942

This morning we got to breakfast **late** since Z. T. wanted to comb her hair before breakfast. This delayed us 5 minutes. We felt rather uncomfortable that everyone was leaving before we finished. One of the cooks mistook Z. for the secretary to Mr. G. who had told him no information about the date of relocation for individuals could be divulged previous to **the** day of notice (5 days ahead). He felt that if we girls weren't going to help the workers we shouldn't eat in that mess hall. Z. N. with whom we were eating said that he had mistaken the identity of the two girls so he apologized.

This morning at the office we checked the rosters of the first and began to proofread the group sheets. I wanted to have S. U.'s family with us but decided she might want her relatives with her so didn't press the matter. As it happened, the girls in our office and their families will be included in our car so that we will have congenial company.

This afternoon we had to cross-check the group sheets and rosters but had to remain overtime to do so. We will work only one or two hours in the morning on Saturday and Sunday so that we wanted to finish the check up tonight. The notices will go out tomorrow.

Tonight G and I remained at home to write and to study. We were invited to attend the movie but since it wasn't a very interesting one and since we won't have the place to ourselves tomorrow we decided to get as much done as possible.

Today four girls were to be held back until their permits of travel were received. One was the girl who had not reached Elmhurst; the other, a girl who

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had applied to Denver University (but who had thought it was too late to receive a travel permit); and the other two were sisters to attend a college in the same town that had rejected the first. That seems strange but perhaps there is some unknown factor involved. Hope they all receive their permits soon because the year will begin in a week or so.

Saturday, September 26, 1942

Today I worked for one hour. We got to breakfast rather late again.

Today we only checked the rosters for tonight. I wish we could always have it as easy as this.

This afternoon I went to listen to the Cal-St. Mary's game at Z's house. We sat on the front porch and watched the people have their freight hauled off in trucks. There were a number of fellows helping with the lifting. One fellow in particular was strong enough to lift one large 3-foot square crate all by himself. This same fellow had written a reflection on his life at Tanforan which dealt with his feelings, contacts, and dreams. He wants to continue his Caucasian contacts outside (he had been a member of a fraternity at U.C.) and feels that this is merely a temporary stopping place. He had made the acquaintance of one Eurasian whom he understood very well and with whom he had a great deal in common but this fellow had left on the mixed blood policy leaving a deep gap in G. O. 's heart. Then he had met a girl who was morally decent, sincere, and with a beautiful soul. He felt beauty was merely secondary in this case.

All in all, he was thoroughly disgusted with this camp and is happy to leave. He feels his opportunities to leave for work will be improved at the WRA center.

The game was very slow with a score of 6 - 0 in our favor, but it was merely luck that gave us that touchdown. The St. Mary's team was very strong in offensive and we were weak in both offensive and defensive. Oh well, it brought back memories

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of other first games and will probably be the last time we will hear a Pacific Coast game in a long time. (Utah lost to one of the Pacific Coast teams.)

Tonight I went to see my friends off -- a number of former neighbors left. We arrived at 4:30 P.M. but the departers didn't arrive till 4:45 P.M. They straggled in till 5:15 P.M. The watchers have dwindled in number till now they are only about 200 at the most. When we leave, there will probably be none.

L ate at our mess hall again and we chatted for awhile after dinner. L.P. came to stay till she receives her final permit to leave for Denver University. She had applied to Wisconsin University but the navy failed to okay that college so she applied to the former college a week ago. In the middle of the week she received the acceptance of the college and this morning the Student Relocation Comm. informed her that her scholarship had been furnished by the WSSF and the Presbyterian Church. She will pay only her train fare to Denver. She expects her permit to arrive on Monday and she hopes to shop for clothes and to visit all her friends who had helped her obtain said scholarship. It is certainly grand that she can go. Wish I were going. I think I will begin to correspond with various colleges to gain acceptance. It may be rather late but it's better to be late than not to try at all.

We chatted until the wee small hours, about our friends, their present location, opportunities for us in camp and out; past experiences at college; our opinion of various people; and other "gossipy talk" She hears from many friends in other camps who tell her gossip; she hardly hears about Tanforan except from the outside. Guess that's to be expected.

Sunday, September 27, 1942

Today L. P. and I stayed in bed till 8:00 A.M. We didn't have time to eat any breakfast since I had to go to work at 9:00 A.M. We finished checking the twenty-seventh rosters and group sheets and came home, or rather attended church

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service (the final one at Tanforan). The speaker showed us that we can be Kings in our own community by helping others instead of thinking of ourselves. There were only about fifty people present. Of course it's a good percentage considering the fact that three fourths of the camp has left and about half of those remaining were having their baggage or freight inspected so had to be at home. It was rather sad to know that this was to be our last service in California but the future will be bright if we look forward conscientiously.

At noon Z. T. came over. We had macaroni and cheese, lettuce and tomato salad, and ice cream with apple turnover. Someone told us we were having something unusual; we were about to make a comment when the tarts came around. What a surprise.

This afternoon I went to bring the order of moving to S.I. She was playing cards. The area surrounding her home and our former home was deserted. Very few people were visible. The barracks were empty, waste lumber and cardboard were piled at the corners. The doors were opened. Once in every five barracks one might see someone sunning himself on a mattress and bed in front of the barrack. It was so forlorn and empty that it truly reminded me of a ghost town.

I met a former school chum. She told me she was planning to leave for another center on account of her brother (doctor), although I surmised this was not too pleasant a prospect for her.

Then, L. had her baggage brought over in a truck. She ate her lunch here, although the macaroni was not very tasty and the ice cream was melted. We went to get her mirror from her former barrack and on the way met two friends of hers. We chatted and joked for awhile then they came over but wouldn't come in. I was getting rather bored so went for a short walk and saw the twin daughters of a friend. They are almost two years old, can speak a few words, and are always in mischief. They are so cute -- not identical twins, but look quite alike. They have dark arms, legs, but their faces are not. One has a dark birthmark on her hand. They were

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playing with some doll furniture.

We wanted to get some crates for freight which will be collected tomorrow, but were unable to do so (since it was Sunday). Thus tonight Z's brother came over to make some wooden boxes. It took about two hours, but was finally finished. We had to reinforce it from the inside with cardboard. Hope we can have someone nail it for us tomorrow. We may have to stay at home in the morning but I hope not.

Monday, September 28, 1942

This morning we had to get a crate at the corporation yard because the nails in ours started to withdraw. We had printed our name on the latter, but it would have been dangerous to send them. Thus, I stayed home till 9:30 P.M. to pack. We had a crate about 2 feet square so we put more than half of our belongings into it. G. stayed home till the inspector came. He merely signed the inspection tag and went on his way. They called for our baggage within one hour so that by noon our freight was out of the way -- fast work -- but we were lucky because others in our barrack (opposite side) had to wait till the afternoon to have their freight hauled away.

This afternoon the fellows in this area helped load the trucks on a voluntary basis, after the announcement was made in the mess hall that they do so. It is only fair that people cooperate and help others at a time like this.

We did some cross-checking of the permanent roster and TCR's; also we began the rosters for the ninth. Three more of the girls in our office decided to remain behind because they have fun together and aren't very anxious to reach Utah since most reports are very unfavorable.

I received four letters from there today. They were favorable and pessimistic so that it all depends on one's personality and outlook.

Heard from mom. She seems rather content though she says it's dusty and cold and hot. We don't have everyone we know in our barrack though I suppose many

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friends live in our block.

Tonight I wrote five letters and was I sleepy! However, when I got into bed, L. and I started to talk until early in the morning. We talked about our attitude toward the evacuation. I felt it was unjust, yet my attitude toward the United States was still that this country has innumerable advantages over Japan. L. feels keenly that this country is the **best** country for her. I agree with her. I'm not certain if she recognizes the injustices very clearly.

She has determination and that is very important at a time like this. She corresponded with colleges without her parents' knowledge (though her father supported her attitude on this subject).

I hope I can be as determined as she is. Yet I have no funds whatsoever, so I'm not certain I will be able to attend, but I will try as much as possible.

She had a great deal of "pull" but I think I can obtain as much as she had. Well, we'll see how it all turns out.

Tuesday, September 29, 1942

Today L. came into the office just in time to see her permit come in. She was so excited and went home to pack. She had the inspector inspect her luggage and waited for notice of her time of departure. A runner went to her brother's house so (since he was working), she almost missed her opportunity to leave at 2:00 P.M. She was to have waited till 4:00 P.M. but as it happened, one of the administration's officers was leaving at 3:00 P.M. so he took her to San Francisco in his car. Thus she rode out in style. It made one feel good all over to think she was going out in a civilized way rather than in a ranch truck like most of them do. The gang (library friends) came to see her off. She was so happy. I know she will make good. Hope she will continue to correspond with me.

It was rather lonesome today but tonight we began to pack our baggage and I did some writing so I was occupied.

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Monday, September 28, 1942

Today there were reports that many had received cases of diarrhea from the food (Sunday night) at the main mess. One woman is critically ill and because of her age may not survive. It's terrible to think that such can be the case.

We ate in the main mess today. I didn't make breakfast but I ate lunch and dinner there. The lunch consisted of stew and rice and was quite tasty. However, tonight we had fish which must have disagreed with me because I have a stomach ache.

Wednesday, September 30, 1942

Today I went to breakfast at 7:00 A.M. It wasn't extra tasty. Don't know if it's worth the walk.

This morning our work consisted mainly of cross-checks on our permanent rosters. We seem to be behind with our work. We couldn't check our rosters for tonight till this afternoon because the girls didn't complete the final corrections till then. Mr. G. was very impatient and we finally finished. Hope the statistics reached the major in time (2:30 P.M.). We found a number of repetitions so it was worth while the effort of doing the cross-checking.

That lady who had been critically ill from diarrhea died last night. Her immediate family will be allowed to remain till October 9 because the funeral will be held tomorrow. It's a shame that this should happen just before departure.

One of the families whose daughter is in the Canyon Sanitarium in Redwood City went to visit her today. They say she is feeling and looking much better now. She had a case of pleurisy from overwork as secretary to the education department. Hope she recovers soon. The family was all dressed up and seemed so happy of the chance to see their daughter and to see the outside for a few hours. (They were gone all afternoon.)

Tonight we went to see the people off. Only about fifty people were watching. When we go tomorrow I guess there will be only about ten people, if any. I hope our office staff will be there at least. Everyone was wearing slacks, especially

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since it's so cold tonight. The trucks carry the luggage so that the people merely walk to the station.

E. O. came over to chat for a while. She talked about the new camp and showed us the map; about her school background -- business mainly; her hopes for a clerical job at relocation; the inefficiency of the officials here (though she feels that they must be a little qualified since they work for the government).

It was fun chatting with her especially since we spent most of the evening packing our baggage.

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of lux (one for myself and one for someone else) but had to have someone hold mine while I went back for another. Everyone was doing the same since there was a limit on one box for each person (flakes). This afternoon they had bar soaps-- but I didn't buy any because we have a large supply.

I had two ice cream bars today and I felt it at dinner time. I wasn't very hungry. Also just before closing time, the mess hall #2 brought us apple turnovers (because someone in our office requested them). They looked swell but I couldn't eat it then so I brought it home for dessert.

I asked E.N. if she would like to come to our dance at the Rec. hall but she planned on attending the house manager's party that night. She was telling me about her faux pas today. She had a very complaining letter from a resident of Poston read to the house managers but she forgot to obtain the permission of the person who had loaned it to her. It was copied (100 copies) and distributed, thus she felt terrible about it. Also it seems that the lender's brother was present at the meeting, so it placed E. in an embarrassing position.

Tonight S.P. and I went to work on the bids for the dance for Saturday night. It was a piece of wall paper with the written matter inside. The theme is nautical with an anchor on the cover. It should be a successful party since about 200 people are expected and it will be the only dance that night (beside the high school prom). S. and I were trying to decide on whom to invite but it was very difficult since we don't know the same people. I want to invite two Cal fellows one for her, but I can't seem to think of any. Hope we can though because it will be fun, I think.

At the rec. hall tonight the Isseis were having a meeting to decide on what activities they will participate in, some want just games like checkers, mahjong, ping pong, etc; while others want entertainment--musical, etc. and maybe discussions on camp problems. (The latter will be a technical problem since they

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aren't to use J. in any open meetings.)

I planned to write a number of letters and to study tonight, but I didn't accomplish much in that line.

Friday, July 31, 1942

Today we finished a few more miscellaneous interviews and then Mr. G. got orders that he would have to finish listing the names of those who knew the alphabets, those who knew the Chinese characters to 1,000 and those who knew more than 1,000 characters. It was a change in plans. The interviewer was to come next week but he changed his plans and came this morning at 10:00 a.m. He spoke to a large group explaining the purpose and then made appointments to test their knowledge of oral and written Japanese. The interviewer is a lt. col. who has been in Japan and so can speak fairly fluent Japanese, so he is rather competent in his testing. He complimented our office for the competent choice of candidates and in the actual questions asked. It was partly Mr. G.'s choice of personnel, with the suggestions from the army that college grads in the U.S., and high school grads in J. are the best. Of course we had to explain to him what the qualifications for various grades of training are. About two-thirds of those originally interviewed were qualified (could read the alphabets anyway) so were interviewed again. The true purpose of the survey was to obtain trainees for the army intelligence division. What aggravated most of the fellows was that they wanted to volunteer for the army, but were rejected on racial lines and now were being drafted to do this work. What is worse, they are only given private's rating and with little opportunity for commissions. It seems college grads are given higher ratings while non-college people are given lower ratings though they may be better qualified. (Of course, the question of loyalty will be a very important one--so the Kibeis may be at a disadvantage on this score.)

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This morning Mr. G. was angry because the army demanded these survey forms and lists immediately instead of next week as planned. Moreover, the director of the camp demanded his directory by Saturday noon and also other rush orders came in, so he was all excited and rushed. He yelled around like a madman and stopped our interviews for a while. We had to send notices out to all the selected persons to come up to see the Lt. Col. so the office was in an uproar and very unsettled.

This afternoon (after all our doubts about the purpose of the interviews were allayed) we settled down to a more or less settled routine. However, Mr. G. kept coming in and made all sorts of remarks (very/^{un}businesslike).

First of all he started to punch holes in the pages of the directory and made some unnecessary ones so that a few pages had to be retyped. This aggravated the typists a great deal, for he had no business making unnecessary work for them.

Then he commented on how he had applied for civil service work for the WRA as J. administrator, stating that he would go all over the U.S. (travel constantly) or even leave the U.S., but it seems he won't be able to obtain a position in that branch (thank heavens; moreover, he isn't qualified to do so).

He then made some remarks on the case of the Nisei. He said that the problem of dual citizenship is the greatest hindrance toward the advancement of the case for the recognition of rights of Nisei as citizens. He was shocked at the great percentage of Niseis with dual citizenship. Then he tried to compare this point with the activity of the Italians and Germans in keeping subjects in foreign countries to undermine and prepare for infiltration of fascist govt, (trying to show off the little he knows but it's all common knowledge and not very enlightened).

S.Z. came in and said he wanted to work voluntarily as classifier (for half a day) but Mr. G. wrote out a work order for him as p. and t. I don't think that's

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fair because he isn't trained for that nor is he as serious in his work. Of course, I can see Mr. G.'s point of view for he won't get efficiency unless he controls the former's hours, etc.

Since the administration is trying to lower expenses and it is above the budget, it is planning to reduce its personnel--especially in some of the over-staffed divisions. Mr. G. made three reductions for tomorrow morning--"to reduce personnel."

Tonight I wrote four letters and then went to the movie. It was a travelogue on South America. There was also a cartoon and a ski sport news. The sound mechanism went out of order for the last two so it wasn't very interesting, but the first one wasn't bad. It told all about South America--cultural, educational, recreational, economical, geographical, historical, etc. These films come from the Extension Division of U.C. At last we are making use of our registration fees each semester. There was a large group--about 200--half children, one-fourth adults, and one-fourth y. people. S. and I are still trying to decide if we'll go to the dance or not tomorrow night, don't think so.

Saturday, August 1, 1942

This morning I worked half a day. This afternoon I had a visitor--the former president of the U.C. YWCA. I was supposed to attend a nomination committee meeting but since my friend didn't arrive until 3:30, it was too late. She came with another member of the Y. and a future cabinet member who is working on a fruit farm. The ex-prexy told me about our mutual friends--most of them seem to have become married, are working in defense industries, or are continuing their educations or vacations. Most of the people we knew at the Y are really advancing. It seems so good to see them succeeding.

S.N. is going to the house managers' party tonight with her boss so she is very

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excited. It is to be a very gala affair, and besides she enjoys her escort's company.

Tonight G. and I thought we might attend the dance at our rec. hall, but finally decided to remain at home to play bridge. It was fun. I wish I could have more practice because it's really fun when one knows the game and can play intelligently.

My friends didn't arrive this afternoon till about 3:00 p.m. so I waited one hour for them. There was to have been a nominating committee meeting for the Fellowship, but I couldn't make it.

We could talk only for one hour. One of the girls was working in the country picking peaches (or similar work) it was ^avery novel experience for her. The other friend is attending the Social Service Classes at Cal. She is undertaking case work in Vallejo which is sadly in need of it. This is a novel experience for her. Of course, her main interest is group work which is sadly neglected at Cal.

I would certainly like to undertake social service but not case work. However, since college will cost a great deal maybe I should attempt to get work. Of course I'm not trained for anything special, but clerical work is always available.

Sunday, August 2, 1942

Today I went to get the Sunday paper with G. There was a long double line of about 200 outside the store by 9:00 a.m. Then it took us 15 minutes to get to the door. They let 10 in at a time. Thus, it wasn't very crowded. (There was only one entrance.) It took only 5 minutes to get a paper. We bought our neighbors paper since they bought ours today. (We bought the Examiner and Chronicle today.)

Then we went to church and discussed with some of my friends the possibility of having a more uniform program under the direction of an elected cabinet. This cabinet was to have been elected tonight. Up to now the young people's group has

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had each of the representative churches take charge of each weekly meeting, but it hasn't proved successful, so we were saying it's too bad that a more organized cabinet and program committee wasn't initiated at the outset. It seems rather late now, since we expect to leave in a month. Thus most of the nominees (or anyone who expects he might be a nominee) planned to stay away.

The church service was very simple and frankly presented. It was a newly graduated minister. The subject was "The Hidden Power of Man." The theme was that until a great crises came upon us, we didn't know our own potentialities. Thus we felt that in this camp, we have many potentialities-- and we can use any slight ability we may possess for some job no matter what that job or ability may be. After church E.N. told me about the house managers' party she attended last night. It was a delicatessen dinner-with cold meats, salads, pickles, coffee, rolls, etc. Before dinner the house managers and partners and guests--councilmen and partners, division of housing, service police, and some of the other departments had community singing, then folk dances or get acquainted games, and then dinner. During dinner they had Hawaiian music by an orchestra. They had a few musical numbers and introductions. After that they had a floor show with the best talent of the camp--a girls' duet, a magician, a ventriloquist, a vocal solo by a professional singer, a comedy singer, a gypsy dance, and a number of other numbers all conducted on the line of night club show so it was hilarious. Then there were speeches by the guests and presentation of an imported pipe to the director of the house managers. At about 10:30 p.m. pie a la mode was served as a closing gesture. It was 11:00 p.m. by the time the party was ended and the men escorted the women home but had to return to clean up the hall. They used the Catholic Church and adjoining First Aid classroom. There were about 100 people present and the age ranged from 20 years to about 45 years. Most of them were about 25 years old so that there wasn't too wide a gap between most

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of the guests. Moreover, the house managers were very well acquainted with each other and also with the officials so it didn't take long to know everyone present. Some of the girls felt out of place because some of the college fellows invited younger girls who were more accustomed to younger people, but on the whole the people were well adjusted to each other. Many of the women wore furs and hats, but most dressed in heels and silk although a few wore "flats." The men wore suits (because they didn't have tuxedos) although a few came in slack suits.

After that we tried to round up some of the girls to have a get-together and eat the sweets from Berkeley. However, two of the girls had to work in the rec. hall in preparation for the fun house and one had a visitor, so four of us played bridge for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I had a grand slam although I underbid. It was a grand feeling anyway.

Tonight I went to the Fellowship there was a short worship service led by Rev. Yamashita. He tried to cheer us up by saying that we have a great deal of opportunities both here and in relocation. Then there was an election for offices--chairman, program chairman, worship chairman, music, social, publicity, general agents, and secretary. The nominating committee (council of two representatives from each church) had nominated about three for each office so that there was no loss of time in nominations though the floor was open for nominations.

However, those nominated were not present and the crowd was very small because they didn't want to be elected. There were only about 40 people present. Moreover, many left when the election began. It was held by a show of hands so it wasn't exactly fair, but the nominees were very well chosen so that those elected were not unqualified. Only about four of the candidates running (not even the nominees or chairman were present) were present. Of course, none of them knew of their nomination but it was an indication that they didn't care to participate in the election or in the cabinet.

I was to take notes so I went but was also elected publicity chairman it's

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rather insulting to think I am not eligible for any post but that. I would prefer to have performed functions as worship or program chairman.

Monday, August 3, 1942

Today I worked again on my classification. It is a long and tedious task. Dr. S. (optometrist) came in today and said he was going to Gila, Arizona because his brother (biologist) is there now. The whole family will be forced to go about ten in all. That will be O.K. with me. Those people seem to think themselves gifts from heaven; butt into other people's affairs to make trouble for them; and want to remain with the people of Tanforan because they feel they are popular here. The election showed one of them--the person in question isn't.

Tonight S.P. and I had planned to attend the "Fun House" at another rec. hall. We went at 7:30 p.m. but there was a very long line--about 50 people waiting to be admitted. Everyone came out with mud and water on their clothes. The boys had lipstick on their faces. It was constructed and conducted on the basis of a chamber of horrors with tunnels to crawl through, snakes, loud noises, spooky pictures, bugs, skeletons, showers, etc.

However, since after one hour we seemed to be about twenty people away (after we "chiseled in" on someone) we decided to leave, so we went to the rec. hall, since there was supposed to have been a club (young people) meeting there--a singspiration. However, there was a bridge tourney (progressive) so we played with two fellows (not in the tourney though). It was rather embarrassing because we didn't play the game as "scientifically" as they did. My partner and I seemed to bid all the time, but I don't think we won very many games. Those present were mainly young people of 18-25 years (though it was supposed to be for adults). It was a mixed group and everyone seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

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Tuesday, August 4, 1942

My classification work seems to go on forever. I certainly hope we may finish soon.

This morning I had a visitor from Cal. It seems that he and a few others have been under observation by the WCCA so that they are now on the blacklist (informally as yet). As it happened, we were looking at some bulletins collected by one of the fellows. One of the officials happened to be watching for us and was very glad to find something to "pin" on us, so took them all, saying it was illegal to take any sort of "information" outside. These would be examined and the fellow concerned would be questioned. It's a shame that there wasn't a definite clearance with the WCCA, but I guess it won't be too tough on us, at least I hope not. There is nothing illegal about the study but the administration is suspicious of such activities since they feel they will be reported as "unfair," "intolerant," "unqualified," "stubborn," etc., which would be harmful to them.

Tonight I stayed home to write letters, read, and knit. There is so much to be done at home, one doesn't realize it sometimes

Wednesday, August 5, 1942

Today we continued with the classification work. It takes a longer time when the survey sheets are filed in the folders.

This morning B.L. came to tell me Mr. G. wanted to see me. I was rather worried that it was pertaining to the study. However, when I did go to inquire, I discovered that the girl to be questioned was another person on the "Totalizer" staff. I wonder what it concerned. Anyway, I was very relieved so didn't waste time leaving.

Tonight I remained at home again.

Thursday, August 6, 1942

Today, we continued with our classification.

Tonight I went to the singpiration at our rec hall. It was predominated

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by young children and Y people of from 8-20 years. A very versatile person led the group. We sang "Cal" songs beside some "pep" songs, but did they "kill" them! It took us back to the old college days when we had get-togethers. There were about 100 people present, predominantly club members. One of the high school representatives led some yells. There was a great deal of pep. The rec. leaders were asked to sing a song which they gladly did. They seem so unified, though they are always quarreling among themselves--I hear. The majority of them are "Cal" people so have a great deal in common. They are all about the same age (range 19-25 years with the mode at 20) so they are quite similar in their attitudes. However, they did have some older advisers (25 years old) who differed from them in the emphasis on activities. The leaders felt that the younger children's activities were more important while the director and the older advisers felt the adults and Y people should be catered to. As a consequence the older advisers resigned because they felt their advice was unnecessary.

L. U. came over to see me tonight. We chatted about our old friends, about the camp, rumors, etc. Then she told me she had heard I was trying to leave camp in order to get married. The girl who started the rumor had this idea in mind so she extended it to my case. Some people can imagine all manner of rumors.

Friday, August 7, 1942

Today we are almost finished with the classification. We're getting ready for the evacuation. Mr. G. has said that all of the girls in this office must remain until the end (until the last families leave). I hate to stay but I guess maybe I'll have to.

Tonight we had a cabinet meeting, however, half of those elected declined so that we are left with a cabinet of about 9 people, the least important ones like secretary, general agents, publicity as well as chairman. The program and worship

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chairmen declined. They seem to feel that this group isn't worth their time and effort. It's a shame we couldn't have begun this cabinet at the installation of our meetings. Then we could have developed a more coherent, unified, and rounded program, whereas, the system of individual responsibility seemed to tear the group apart and remove that sense of unity and cooperation so necessary to such a group. Since some of the groups (especially the more liberal ones) objected to the types of informal program of the Fellowship (as the art lecture, folk dancing, etc). However, the more liberal groups object to the long services and rituals of some of the more conservative groups. Thus, there is a decided conflict between the two. As a compromise, we decided to have a short worship period preceding every meeting to be followed by an informal discussion, singspiration, or similar program. Thus a more balanced program would be developed. We decided to have a joint meeting with the high school group on Sunday since we had inadequate time to develop our own program.

Saturday, August 8, 1942

Today we worked half day. I was feeling very dejected because the regulation that the visitors must sit on one side of the table while we sit on the other, was introduced. The tables were lined up along half the length and width of the room. It reminded one of a prison. (Also no visitors will be allowed in the mornings except for strictly business purposes.) On top of all this, there was the abolition of the council and congress this week which made me feel bluer yet. I really was in no mood for visitors but I did have one. The chairman of the race relations group at the YWCA. She came with a number of the YMCA fellows and we "wept on their shoulders" telling them all of our problems and the new regulations. I hope they didn't feel we were too self-centered. They told us about the various YN^{and W}/members and of their present activities--both at U.C. and outside.

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Many of the fellows are in the army, some are in Eastern colleges, the girls are working in defense industries, continuing their education at U.C. or at another college, many are married or engaged--life goes on as usual. However, there is a marked difference in civilian life--food prices are soaring, hired help is difficult to obtain, college life is more concentrated (on studies), the rationing is affecting everyone. Most of our conversation dealt with people we knew and it cheered us a great deal. They had brought vegetables for one of us, not realizing they were prohibited from today on. However, they brought flowers which were allowed to come through.

Tonight I chatted with E.N. we talked about the camp in general and about people we know. We are both so embittered about the whole situation especially about the new restrictions that we don't seem too happy. We feel that we want to leave this camp and the suffocating atmosphere as quickly as possible.]

Sunday, August 9, 1942

This morning I went to church with E. It was rather consoling about the problems we must face especially in relocation and that we must be able to withstand the burdens. He said that all men become great in times of greatest pain and sorrow. I guess that is true, I hope so.

This afternoon I stayed at home to knit until about 2:00 pm., knitting, etc. Then I went to the discussion about relocation which was held at the church. The speaker is a member of the council of churches which is attempting to obtain positions as well as educational opportunities outside, so that a more gradual and individual process of relocation may be attained in place of the contemplated mass relocation. The purpose of the committee is to help assimilate the J. (especially Niseis) to the Caucasian community so that the gap between the two groups may be bridged. He stated that anyone desiring positions or an education

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outside should notify the committee so that further investigation of the matter and arrangements may be made.

It is groups such as this which make one feel that we should continue to have faith in this country. The purpose of the WRA according to this spokesman is to maintain the present rights and duties of the citizens. Also it believes in the gradual process of relocation. Thus, the future doesn't seem as dark as the present.

Tonight I attended the Fellowship, a joint meeting between the high school and young people's group. It was a talk by one of the men who had returned from the concentration camp in Montana. The weather there is very cold in winter and very hot in summer. Then men were in long barracks housing about 40 each. There were German and Italian as well as Japanese. These men became very well acquainted. This man was a teacher of history (he had majored in psych. at college). Since he had taught in J. school, they felt that he should be able to teach there. He received material by corresponding with a principal of a local high school. The latter was very gracious and sent books, answered any questions the former asked, and helped him to be released. He was a perfect stranger in the beginning.

The food they had was very poor, very little vegetables and meat; mostly potatoes and starch. Only on the train to California did he receive a chicken dinner and the more nourishing types of food.

They had organized a cooperative store to which each of the 1000 men contributed \$1 at the end of their stay. A great deal of profit was made so that each received the original investment plus the profit. It was an example of cooperation at its best.

Also they had found lake stones at the bottom of the lake (dried). They were plain on the outside but the inside was very pretty and shiney. By polishing

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this beauty was exposed, so that everyone spent all of his waking hours polishing the stones. They were displayed at the hobby shows and attracted a great deal of attention.

He told of his hearings before the FBI. They seemed to know everything about his associations and previous activities. They tried to obtain information about others from him, but he was unable to provide such since he had hardly associated with the individuals in question. He had once taught a well-known foreign correspondent the J. language (written and spoken) in two years (a twelve year course) which is extraordinary. The lawyer wanted to know if he could be taught in the same length of time. The speaker stated that it all depended on his IQ to which the whole courtroom roared into laughter. However, they couldn't give him a reason for his arrest and detainment (for 6 months). That was the saddest part of it all. However, now that he is out he is happy to be with his family, but feels that he is still in a concentration camp as far as that the rest of it goes.

Monday, August 10, 1942

Today we worked on the statistics of our classification work. We couldn't seem to get the percentages just exactly to 100 per cent, but it was off only about .04 per cent. The boss felt it was off too much, but statistically speaking it isn't. (We worked it to 1 decimal place) There were about 4.3% prof., 3.1% semi-prof, 3.1% property managers and officers, 10% clerical, sales and kindred 25% unemployable (old age, students, ill, mother with children (2 and under) and other reasons as care of invalids, etc.), 9% domestics, 4.0% farm men,

etc. and small percentages of all the rest--operatives, craftsmen, protective service workers (.037%), housewives (part time), new workers (no special training), service workers, and laborers. This shows what a heterogenous group we have and that we can be employed in various industries and occupations, instead of only factory and farm work as in some of the other areas.

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We had to help with the tabulation of 16-17 and 18 year olds (according to birth dates) for the census, for the election, and for various other census figures. Thus we were interrupted again. Then, we were asked to help with the insertion of housing (mattresses, etc.) records in the case folders. It seems we can't ever finish our work.

Today one Eurasian and three wives got out. The former planned to join his mother and sisters in Sonoma (he couldn't notify her because he was notified yesterday). The latter were to join their husbands at Boulder, Colorado where they are teaching J. to the navy. Since the residents aren't allowed to go outside the fire dept. bld. (boundary), they crowded outside the employment office to bid their friends adieu. It was really congested. It was about 3:30 p.m. by the time they left. Mr. G. said he was sorry he couldn't let all of us leave the camp. Wish we could.

Today a young boy was playing on one of the watch towers a guard shouted at him to get off, frightening him so that he fell off and broke his neck and died. That was really a shame because he was such a lively fellow (he used to jump around and dance at all the talent shows.)

Also today I went with some of the girls in the office to get the tickets for the Deanna Durbin film to be shown on Mon., Tues, Fri., and Sat. according to mess halls. We don't go until Friday, so I couldn't get my ticket. You have to show your mess ticket and can obtain only 1 ticket for 1 mess card. Donations are accepted. This seems better for the poorer people, but it is questionable if it is altogether fair although most people are generally agreed on the amount to be donated (about 10 cents each since the cost runs to about \$95 per night).

Tonight I planned to go ^{to} the rec. hall meeting for young people (and folk dancing,) but since I was sleepy and had quite a lot of writing, etc. to do, I decided not to--instead I spent a quiet evening at home.

Mom and pop were rather angry at each other because mom went to play bridge

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with an unmarried girlfriend. He felt she shouldn't go out without him for people will talk and he is the boss of the house (so he felt). This is so antagonistic to the American ideals and standards that it aggravates me. I hope we can move inland to the M. West or East because they should live in a Caucasian community as they are accustomed to do. The J. influence hinders the best in all of us, it seems gossip, etc. are very important factors in the lives of those who live in such close quarters. I hope I will be able to obtain a position and have the whole family move with me.

Tuesday, August 11, 1942

Today we finally obtained the percentages for the classification statistics. However, it wasn't a full 100% but 99.9903 % which we considered close enough (to 3 decimal places).

I made a mistake in some of the figures

Prof.	4.3	per cent
Semi-prof.	2.7	per cent
Property managers and officials	4.2	per cent
Clerical, sales, and kindred	14.0	per cent
Craftsmen and foremen	3.3	per cent
Operatives	9.0	per cent
Domestic workers	10.0	per cent
Service workers	5.4	per cent
Farmers, managers, laborers, foreman	5.0	per cent
10 protective serv. workers	.037	per cent
New workers (no training)	4.2	per cent
Housewives (part time)	9.1	per cent
Unemployables		
Students (H.S.)		
Old age		
Ill (invalids, etc.)	25.3	per cent

(these are from memory)

Then we worked on some of the housing records (blankets, cots, etc. distribution) and put them into the files. This afternoon, I helped put the canteen book distribution records into alphabetical and family order to get them ready for the files. Also we had to put the administration's records of the same into Tanforan

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no. order.

The fellows from the timekeeper's office came into our office and helped us a little. Most of them were merely in the way and distracted the girls, but some were helpful. Mr. G. and Mr. D. (the camp directors) and some others went to Turlock to watch the embarkation of the residents from that assembly center so that we had the office to ourselves. Thus most of us girls took things easy. The timekeepers were very happy and talked and joked with us saying they hoped the boss would leave more often.

This morning about five men come in from North Dakota (concentration camp). They didn't seem as thin as those from Montana. They say the food is much better there. There was a very large crowd of people waiting. Most of them were from the East Bay--Alameda, Oakland, and ^{one} from S.F. The secretary was out at the time of their arrival so the runner went after her. The police chief came in to take over Mr. G.'s functions. There was a lot of crying as usual, the crowd had to stay within the fire house boundary so they all stood outside our office and looked in. We all felt like freaks or something. We were certainly glad to see so many people happy.

This afternoon we had visitors from Cal. This was a purely social call. They were very embarrassed lest the guards come up and hear us talking about business. They think that all this restriction on visitors is uncalled for. They went to talk to the asst. at the WCCA headquarters, who was very nice to them and gave them a special pass to come in and said he would do everything in his power to help us. We need more men like him who can understand the full significance of the problem of adjustment and preparation in case of another similar evacuation. She brought us each a box of peaches--they were swell.

Tonight I went to the library to do some letter writing. It's quiet after 7:30 p.m. because the "kids" don't roam around much after that. Before that, they came in to look at the magazines and to see who is there--but after that they leave.

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Mostly teachers come to correct papers, etc. also people come in to write letters or to read. They are mostly young people--75 per cent with a few adults (10 per cent) and the rest high school age.

There were about 50 people there tonight, while we were there. The collection seems to get bigger all the time. Also, one more has been added to the staff a Phy Bate from Cal--grad. in English (her parents went to J. and left her brother and herself here).

Wednesday, August 12, 1942

Today we were back to the same routine Mr. G. was back and said that it was very hot at Turlock. Moreover, he said the embarkation (including a 1/5 mile walk to the train) took about 45 minutes. He hopes to cut our embarkation shorter than that. He sure has some funny ideas, doesn't he? We were just discussing the unplanned system of work due. There is no judgment of time necessary for various activities, etc.

We worked on canteen receipts again, putting them into order of family Id. no. and also for family groupings. We get so tired of seeing those master files and census files that it isn't even funny. I don't think I could ever be a file clerk because it's too monotonous for me.

Today I went to get the tickets for the movie "A Spring Parade" got 5 in case the rest of the family want to go. There is always a large crowd at 7:00 p.m. so I don't know if we'll get there in time since the barracks nearby and also the infield residents will be going. Hope we get a seat. S. U. was telling me that some tall people were sitting on high benches in the front of the seated area (in front were those on the floor) so that the rest of the people had to stretch their necks to see. Hope nothing like that will happen again.

Tonight I went to see E.M. we talked about the whole problem of evacuation

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and the post war period. She seems to think (with many other liberal people) that democracy in itself can't succeed very well in this modern age, since competition and individual ownership seem so antagonistic to the trend of the times. All the other nations and people seem to be able to succeed only if the state controls property. Of course, communism might be too extreme but she feels that socialism wouldn't be so extreme.

She is very bitter about the fact that some very close friends of hers and of the J. were refused teaching positions at the relocation center, merely because they happened to have attended for and other liberal group meetings. It is a shame that government officials must stoop to lying in order to play politics.

One happened to have a Ph.D. in Chemistry but wasn't trained in education itself. However, he planned to take some extension courses on it before his work began. Moreover, he was expecting to be drafted into a CO camp, so that his wife (who was to obtain a secretarial position in the same center) could have obtained a position anyway, but they refused.

Also, another couple were to have gone to another relocation center to teach but they were refused on the grounds that all teaching positions were filled. (They were qualified to teach but also had the same background as the above, so they were refused.) They were very bitter about it and about govt. officials in general, for they wanted very much to be with their J. friends. This was an about face in their former attitude for they felt that govt. officials were always of the highest calibre and were always just. She also felt dejected since she felt they were the best type of people to have in the relocation centers for they knew and sympathized with the Niseis whom they knew.

She told me why she had changed her mind about going to Chicago now because she felt her 15-year old sister needed a big sister and because she felt her parents needed her. This was a very brave attitude on her part but I think there is

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another hidden motive behind it, all friends etc., whom she has met here. Moreover, I think she feels she might not get along too well with the Caucasians outside for the contacts she has now are all the more or less liberal and truly intellectual and broad-minded people.

She also told me about her "affair" in the information office. It seems she was trying to get the boss out of the "snares" of a so-called "vamp" (at least she didn't like her). In so doing, everyone thought she was trying to get him herself. However, he liked another young girl (very good looking), so she and another boy tried to get them together. She says she is merely this fellow's big sister, but I don't know about that. Somehow she seems to have changed her attitude about fellows since she worked there. Of course, there are other fellows who come in--so maybe that's the reason.

Thursday, August 13, 1942

Today we continued to put the canteen receipts in alphabetical order. It's a rather monotonous task. Mr. G. happened to come in just when we came home from the canteen. L. was just looking at the paper (she works hard at other times) and we noticed it. Moreover, the timekeepers were dancing. Also some of the other girls who didn't work all the time were working at the moment so they didn't get bawled out.

Today a former YWCA secretary left for Denver. I don't know if it was a job or not, but I think so--some people are so fortunate. I would like to get a position. But of course, it is difficult to look forward to the attitude of the people but if well studied, the results should be good.

Some of us girls were saying we would like to play golf some evening.

I heard a rumor today that all (or most) of the clerical workers would have to remain behind to close up the various transactions. In a way it is pretty good, but yet we won't be able to obtain the best positions if we don't to early enough and there certainly is a problem. Tonight I played badminton

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with G. and S.P. We had a fourth (2 times) but they were so good that I was rather ashamed of my lack of practice.

The talent show was pretty bad (as talent shows go). It was supposed to be an educational program more like a lecture. It was supposed to be for those 16 and over, but it wasn't advertised as such so most of the people were disappointed. Even the older people who aren't very educated felt that it was out of place to have such activities. I think it would be a satisfactory beginning for an adult education project. They have such classes--Economics, Sociology, and Poli. Sci. at Tule Lake and probably at other relocation centers. If I do go to a relocation center, I hope Poli. Sci. and similarly important and pertinent subjects will be taught there. Moreover, Tule seems to have a dramatic group. Hope they have one wherever we go. (I'm awfully disappointed here.)

There was an announcement in the mess hall tonight that since the WCCA can't afford to pay for all the delivery crew (for visitors' packages), donations will be accepted. I think the point that was made that those who received packages quite regularly, should donate if possible was an excellent one, since they should feel more obligated.

At the social hall--badminton courts--I noticed there was quite a systematized procedure installed. Players signed up for 15 minute periods--usually about one hour apart so that everyone had adequate opportunity to play.

Since most of the people had their own rackets, it didn't cause much trouble about using the public rackets. Also everyone had their own birds. I noticed that many people were playing golf, sailing boats, (including one large one with two passengers) and playing or watching the baseball games. There seem to be adequate evening recreation for all tastes--so there is no complaint (except maybe for the more intellectually inclined).

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Friday, August 14, 1942

Today I continued with the filing of the canteen receipts. The work is becoming monotonous again. Two of the girls are quite slow in their work. They talk all the time. This slows up the process a great deal.

Mr. G. won't tell us when we're to leave or our destination. He's quite concerned about the process of relocation (from this camp) but still he doesn't seem to know the date--I think he knows our destination. He does state that this camp will go to one camp. Also he says that we workers (especially in this office) must stay until the end because there will be a great deal of post-clearance work. We don't know if our families will be allowed to remain behind but it seems that he thinks the family will stay with the workers.

That will be somewhat of a hardship on most of us because the lumber, housing and other facilities will probably be very limited. Moreover, we will probably be compelled to move into one area--so will pack two times instead of once.

Tonight I went to the movie with S.P. We went right after roll call/ and ran most of the way. Still we were about 100 from the beginning. There were three lines (3 mess halls) and still there was a large crowd. At about 7:00 p.m. the people were behind the post office. We stood around for an hour till opening time. Many girls knitted on socks and sweaters. Some fellows brought radios to listen to outside. Others sat on stools (which they brought for the show) and played bridge. Some students brought books to study for the next day's lesson. The age group ranged from about 3 years to 55 years with the young people (school kids) predominating. There were about 1500 present tonight.

The arrangement inside was the front half of the room for those on cushions and the last half for those on chairs. The disadvantage of the latter was that the floor was level so everyone had to crane his neck to see. On the other hand, those on the floor could look up and weren't hindered in their view. Although they were probably uncomfortable in their position). The house manager and the fire

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department acted as ushers and collected tickets, guided traffic, and warned the people not to take in newspapers or food. The main purpose was to prevent the accumulation of rubbish to be cleared up that night, since no arrangements had been made for the same. Of course, since these men are human and have friends, they were persuaded to not see a box of cheez-its here, some newspaper there. However, on the whole, the results were very favorable.

The three-reel film (including the main film "Spring Parade" starring Deanna Durbin; a colored cartoon; and a travelogue) required three intermissions. Also the sound mechanism went out of order two times and was too loud at spots, but in general, it was satisfactory for the first time. Of course, the accoustics were rather poor since the room wasn't built for films (but for announcements of showings in the race) so it can't be expected to be too good. It was paid for by donations by individuals (a committee of five) and the residents in general. The operators were the members of the group and did quite a good job of it. Many rather recent films will be shown in the future (about two years old) so that it isn't too unappealing. This film was a fairy tale so seemed quite appropriate to take our minds off of the everyday life here. Everyone enjoyed it thoroughly because it was the first full-length film we have had. Of course, those who sat on chairs couldn't see, but the rest of the people enjoyed it.

Saturday, August 15, 1942

Today we started to file the work orders for those who have been separated or reclassified to date. There were about 200 at least. (To date.) About half were reclassifications and half were separations. However, even the latter have obtained work later, so it isn't so bad.

This afternoon for the first time I didn't have a visitor. Thus, I stayed home to do some knitting and L. L. came over. She's quite a quiet girl who doesn't have very many close friends but she does quite a lot of the housework (she's the

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oldest girl). We chatted all afternoon. We talked about the possibilities of relocation and hoped it wouldn't be too far or too cold. A neighbor came over to teach mom how to crochet. As luck would have it she is of the third generation although her husband is from Japan. She has two sons and one daughter, of the fourth generation, and a grandniece of the fifth generation. She speaks perfect English, and in fact, has an accent (sounds English). Moreover she is tall and slender and her features, especially her high nose bridge and eyes (not a full Mongolian). I didn't learn what her full background was, but I suspected that she had some mixed blood in her. She went to college and studied and practiced commercial law. She feels that education is very important, even after graduation, and encouraged me to continue if at all possible. She felt that social work would be a very profitable field after the war, and a grand opportunity. I'd like to but I'm not sure I will be able to (especially financially).

She told us she is the jack-of-all-trades in her family. I guess mainly because she feels superior being a third generation and highly educated. She does plumbing, carpentry, electricians' work, handiwork (she's making a crocheted tablecloth), and housekeeping. She has traveled a great deal too -- to Hawaii, twice; to the eastern United States; to Japan, to Europe, etc. Her main attractions are the ocean voyages because she feels that she can meet people, have more fun, and feel more rested, and at ease than on trains.

Tonight I went to the farewell singsperation at our recreation hall for our director. Every club made up a song (or sang an appropriate one) for him in farewell. Some of them were "Dear" (from "Dear Mom"); "Remember" (from "Remember Pearl Harbor"); "There's a Long Long Trail"; "Jingle Jangle" (with original words). Then each of the groups gave him a present, as the grammar school girls gave him a bouquet of wild flowers; the grammar and junior high school boys gave him a pyrocraft whistle

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chain and the older groups presented speeches of appreciation.

It was really swell. We sang pep songs too, but yet we felt rather sad about it all. There were young people from grammar school age up to the leaders (20-25) about 100 in all. A girl led the songs and a boy led the yells. This was a very impromptu gathering being announced that same day. It ended in one hour (by 9:00 P.M.) since most of those present wanted to attend the outdoor carnival at another recreation center. This carnival was quite similar to that held in our center, though on a larger scale because out-of-doors. Of course, the decorations weren't as elaborate (no paintings) merely sacks, blankets, trees, but it seemed like an outdoor rodeo -- that was the theme, and some of the workers wore jeans, bandanas, and cowboy hats. Some of the games were basketball, toss, croquet (similar to golf), bowling, hit the can, string (animal) race, ring the animal, etc. Also, they had hot coffee and one evening (it was held for two evenings) they served French fries. They asked for donations at all of the booths (i.e. they had jars for them). Tonight they held an outdoor dance. The recreation leaders from our recreation center went together and bet each other that the other could beat in the games (score cards were provided). The one that got the least number of points would have to go through the spanking machine. These leaders are very cliquish and very often hold their own get-together after special shows, events (like birthdays, etc. and departures). They often have arguments between themselves, but stick together as far as the outside is concerned. This is not very healthy because there is a tendency to arouse the antagonism of the other recreation centers which it does.

We arrived home at 10:30 P.M.

Sunday, August 16, 1942

Today I went to get the funnies with L. L. It's certainly a wear and tear on the shoes. Guess we can have the boy next door get ours sometimes.

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Went to church with E. today. The speaker was Rev. Gill (of the Congregational Church Council). He presented the reasons for the neglect of prayer nowadays because we are all self-sufficient (as far as nature is concerned); because of the belief in the universality of law; and because we have changed our attitude toward prayer. The reasons we should pray are: to draw us nearer to God; to help us cooperate with God in making us truer Christians; and to bring out hidden abilities and powers heretofore hidden. The girls choir sang also (including "Ave Maria"). The consensus was that it wasn't outstanding but that it was better than the rather dogmatic ones we've been having to date.

I heard L. B. has received a scholarship (with arrangements for work) from a religious college. (Also she has another scholarship which she hasn't answered yet.) I hope she takes it because it will be a wonderful opportunity for her since she is just the correct person to make contacts outside.

This afternoon G. and I did a little knitting. Then we went to the library to do some writing and reading. One of the grammar school teachers got married today at the Protestant Church. She wore a wedding gown (borrowed) and had a regular service, with father, brother, and usher. However, there were no attendants. Invitations were limited to their very close friends and those with whom they worked (the groom works in the recreation department and the bride in the grammar school). Tonight they gave a reception also. It is exciting to think that after four months this was the first wedding to be held here. There were a couple of applications filed, and intentions to wed, but no real wedding till now. (The couple had been going steady since six years ago; still the father objected because of the educational background of his daughter as compared to the agricultural vocation of the groom.) However, he must have changed his mind.

There was a folk dance festival today but we didn't go.

Tonight I practiced my shorthand, knitted, and did some writing. Then G. and

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Sunday, August 16, 1942

I went to the Fellowship. There was a short worship period in which the minister told us we should try to keep up our spirits no matter what the trials and tribulations (just like Jesus did). Then we had a short hymnspiration period and closed. The reason for our short meeting is rather a mystery to me, although it might have been a concession to the high school group which was having a woman doctor speak on "Boy and Girl Relationship." Maybe they wanted us to join them later; or maybe it was because the song leader and probably a few others had to attend the wedding reception tonight. Anyway, we ended at about 8:15. We came home and did some more knitting; sang some songs; and listened to the radio.

Monday, August 17, 1942

Today I continued to file the work sheets for the separated personnel and to alphabetize and file the current work sheets. It's becoming rather a boring and monotonous job since we've finished the classification project. Mr. D. won't release the figures from the study for some reason. The residents know in general what vocations and what percentage of each (approximately), so it seems rather foolish, but I guess ~~he's~~ waiting for an okay from headquarters.

From the work sheets it seems as if the majority of people who were misassigned in the beginning to an unsuitable department or to a menial or unsuitable position were reclassified or reassigned so in the end everything seems okay. Of course, most of the people originally assigned, but who are unsuited (inadequate) to the task, or were mediocre were usually not separated because it is very difficult for a supervisor to separate an employee once he has "caught on to the ropes" in order to appoint another one who must be taught again. Moreover, it lowers the morale of the workers who feel a vested interest in a position. Of course, it is opposed to good employment practices, which is one of the reasons assignments should be fairly made at the outset.

Mr. G. tried to explain the procedure for relocation as far as this office

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is concerned. He said we should put everything into the files so that any time

any of the officials come to inspect the files everything will be in one place. There was some confusion about the advisability of filing change of address cards, etc., but it arose from misunderstanding and was soon cleared up. From the statement made by Mr. G. that if we don't go in September we will have to undo all we had done and that he hopes we will leave in September, it seems he isn't certain as to the date of our departure either. He seems to know our destination but won't reveal it. He and the manager of mess and lodging of maintenance, and a few others will decide the order (by barracks, mess halls, ID numbers or alphabet). The probable procedure will be by mess halls so that the food facilities will be economically utilized. However, we girls in our office will have to stay until the end, along with most of the clerical workers and a chosen number of the other departments. We are worried about the availability of jobs, of proper housing for our families, and our neighbors. These are great obstacles to our willingness to remain behind.

The timekeepers asked us to make up the menu for the party of the finance department (which will be held on Saturday, August 29 in the master file room (we hope)). We hope to use the main kitchen to prepare our sandwiches and punch in the afternoon. Some of the ideas we had were cold meat; cheese; fancy spread sandwiches; punch made from grenade (oranges), grapejuice, ginger ale, lemon; potato chips; deviled eggs; cookies; cake; candy. We hope we will be able to obtain all of these. I think the funds will pay for about \$20 worth of food. The fellows will be in charge of the decorations and entertainment, while we will prepare the refreshments. No one wants to ask Mr. G. It's too bad he makes such an unfavorable impression, especially on the fellows. They feel that he doesn't give any of the workers an opportunity to express any initiative or to have any opinions contrary to his own. The employees must more or less humor him along -- a fact that irks most people, especially fellows.

This afternoon the S. family (the son is an optometrist and recreation

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director), a cousin, two medical families (physicians and nurses) left for Idaho. They were scheduled to leave at about 4:00 P.M. but it was 4:30 when they left. There were about ten in all. The hospital crew all came to bid their friends adieu, but they accounted for only one fourth of the crowd. The rest came to see the recreation director off. All the recreation leaders, all those belonging to his recreation hall, and all his friends -- about 200 in all, came. They sang songs for him ("Dear" -- , "There's a Long Long Trail"), and cheered for him, and a bugle corps played. He was really in tears. He hated to leave all his friends, especially since the personnel of the camp to which he was going was composed mainly of Washington and Oregon people whom he was very unacquainted with. However, one of his very close friends who is acquainted with these people through conventions, etc. wrote letters of introduction for him so that he would have some contact with the people. The director felt it rather unfair to be sent away since he hadn't signed any request to go to another camp. However, since he had not practiced optometry here, the choice might have been made on that basis. It's really a shame that such popular people must depart from their friends when some other less popular person can remain behind with a little "manipulation." (Members of one family had been requested to go to an Arizona camp since they were also not practicing optometry, but since the individual felt he could "help" the people here by remaining with the group, he managed to stay with them.)

Everyone was sad and tearful to see this family go.

Tonight I stayed home to knit and to write some letters.

Tuesday, August 18, 1942

Today I continued to file the work sheets. Then I put some more of the canteen book issue records into ID order. Then I checked some of the work sheets (duplicates, to make sure that there were two copies of each. Mr. G. seems to know

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when and where we're going but won't release the order. Of course the upper officials are probably restricting him). Anyway there are all sorts of rumors -- that we're to leave from on about the fifteenth of September and 16 days thereafter. We're not so agreed on the destination, but most think it will be Utah, since that is about the only remaining state that hasn't been assigned a definite group. I made a bet with S. U. (a timekeeper) that we won't go to Utah. I received a letter yesterday from a friend at Socaton which said that we were rumored to be assigned to another camp nearby. (However, Tulare is assigned to it now so we may not be.)

It seems there is a rumor loose that the few families who had been sent out yesterday and Sunday were sent out as an advance group to prepare the camp in readiness for the rest of us. (They went to Wyoming and Idaho.)

We girls in the employment office were discussing the party the finance department is planning to hold. We don't know who to invite (we each get to ask someone) and were thinking that maybe one of the popular girls might get us one. I might ask a certain person, but I'm not sure I should. I'm so limited in my close contacts because most of the people I know are "going steady" by now. Ho hum, such is life! (I guess that's the penalty for "going steady.") This party is probably to include folk dancing and entertainment. I don't know if we'll have dancing so we won't have to be particular about good dancers.

Mr G. was rather "crabby" again today and kept coming into our room and glaring because a number of times we happened to be chatting or resting from work. He really hates to see the timekeepers around and asks what they are doing in our office. This afternoon they had a picture (from Life magazine) of a forest, but there was a man behind the mess -- they bet us that we couldn't find it (individually) and timed us -- only one of us found it. She has the "honor" or inviting one of the timekeepers to our party (what an honor!).

This noon some men came in from an interment camp. I'm not sure from where

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or whom they were, but there was a large crowd of about fifty people waiting. (All noon hour since the arrival was delayed about one hour.)

My visitor didn't arrive today. She was held up because she is on the black list. She has already applied to the WCCA headquarters to be allowed to come in and has received it, so she is planning to make another complaint to the former, so plans to return tomorrow. I think it's terrible about the red tape and delay involved. It was two weeks ago that all this was straightened out and should have been arranged here too.

There was an article in today's San Francisco News about "Tanforan." It dealt with the mess halls, etc. -- that we run the mess halls through the WCCA supervisors. Also the article stated that we are "apparently happy." It seems very ironic doesn't it? Tomorrow I plan to buy a copy (they were sold out today) since it will deal with "people who are there" and probably will be quite interesting.

Tonight I played bridge with the family for half an hour, and then went to the discussion on "Education and Recreation in Relocation" at recreation 2. It was for the high school students -- with a representative from the mothers, the students, and the two departments. There was some disagreement as to the importance of recreation and education, but the consensus was that education will be more important in the long run, and that recreation is a very important phase of leisure time in relocation. (It was the opposite here.) There were about fifty people there -- mainly high school students, the recreation leaders of this hall and some older Y. P. leaders. It was a panel discussion in the true sense (questions and answers) so that the high school students themselves didn't have a very great opportunity to discuss. The leader called on various individuals to make comments (which seemed to discourage the mass from speaking). Also the comments seemed rather long and repetitious. This might be the beginning of a more informal discussion group, but one can't judge too accurately. Probably the younger people felt rather left out.

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Today we finished filing the work sheets for those separated and reclassified. We started to file the original work orders for those now employed. The former group comprised about 500 while the latter composed at least 2,000. (We haven't done more than half of them yet.)

Mr. G. tried to explain to us that our families may stay with us or go ahead as they choose. The statement was prompted by some complaints by a few of the girls as to the lack of jobs, housing, etc. if the families stayed behind. Also they would be compelled to pack twice since they would probably be transferred to one section of the camp so that mess hall facilities could be utilized to the utmost economy. A number of the girls wanted to "quit" because the job opportunities would be very limited if we stayed till the end. He tried to explain that this would not be true since clerical work is always available. Of course, he forgets that we in this camp have almost an unlimited number of clerical workers, so that no matter how many jobs are open, the first ones will obtain them. Most of us decided we would stay and that our families would too. Mom and pop want to keep our family together -- naturally since we are a small family anyway and we girls should stay with the family.

This afternoon I had two visitors in a row. I was out two and a half hours as a consequence. It was pretty bad because I didn't accomplish much in the office. However, it was swell seeing them. The first visitor (after some complications, she received and brought a written letter from the head of the WCCA) told us about the luncheon she attended yesterday given by President Sproul for Province, the head of the Community Service Department of the WRA. Myer, (head of WRA) was also there and seems to be a very fine (social minded) person. It was a really choice gathering and the future seems very optimistic as far as the WRA itself is concerned. The Student Relocation Committee seems to be advancing rapidly and well. Of course, there are some exceptional rebounds, but on the whole the outlook seems good. She told us about the article in the Chronicle about this camp. It seems that some people think we're having a summer vacation in a resort -- it's terrible to print such impressions in a newspaper because many

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people are willing to believe anything, especially in time of war.

The second visitor happened to be a very friendly and cheerful person whom I had known at the YWCA (she poured tea at noon for the girls). She brought us some books (Book of the Month Club books) and Coronets, Detective stories (but I didn't receive the last named), and also a box of candy (one each for E. N. and myself). Also she brought the last week's Colliers and the San Francisco News which contained articles about us. The former was a general view of relocation and evacuation (and dealt mainly with Manzanar) while the latter dealt with this camp. It was quite factual, though in spots seemed to insinuate that we were getting along too well.

She told us of her attempts to help many families by sending old clothing, drapes and hangings, and other worn-out articles that the families made very good use of (for decorations, hangings, and clothing). She told us to be sure to let her know if we needed anything at relocation. She looks on all this as a wonderful opportunity for all of us to do work we couldn't do in the general community, as education, recreation, etc.

We chatted about the work of the Friends, her favor of the Co's and the advisability of doing anything we feel is right regardless of the cost. She is really quite cheerful and amusing and lifts one's spirits. She told us about an article she had read on "How to Die"; it stated that no matter where we went we would be the same as before, which cheered her up a great deal. Her son is now in the Army (air corps) at Utah and he is quite satisfied. She says that the main cause of his enlistment was the pressure from the outside for most people feel that a civilian is a shameful person. (He was exempt since he was in the air transportation business.) She felt that the seats were very hard and also that the noise of hammers (a set for tomorrow evening's musical program "Stephen Foster" was being made) was terrible. Also she felt that it was too bad she couldn't go out to our barracks. However,

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since the seating arrangement wasn't so bad as before it wasn't too uncomfortable.

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Today I continued to match the duplicates and originals of the work orders of the currently employed personnel. We're still debating whether or not we'll all stay. Most of the girls feel that they shouldn't quit since it will be an example for others to follow; however, it will be inconvenient for whole families to move twice (once to the last moving area and again when we leave).

Those five families who had requested repatriation and who had been chosen by the Japanese government were called in today. Most of them were only Isseis, or if they included children the latter were Kibeis. Also they usually had close connections with Japan as through the Japanese Association and other organizations. One of our close friend's husband is at a concentration camp because he was a leader in the Japanese Association in his community. It's really better for them to leave because they are pretty old and would be happier there.

Also, a few men came in from another concentration camp today. It's really good to see so many people happily rejoined.

K. P. who has received a scholarship from Wellesley College received her release today. I'm glad for her because she is very brainy (a Phi Beta) and would get a lot out of her education. However, she tends to be seclusive and expresses rather fascistic opinions so may not make a very favorable impression in that respect.

This afternoon we found six of the nine puppies that were born here. They're really very cute -- three black (one all black), one all white, and two spotted ones with round ears. Two of the girls in our office went outside and brought the box inside. All the employees in our office and in all the neighboring departments came out to look at the dogs. Even the supervisors came to look. We all wanted to keep a dog, but they are too young and should be kept with their mother.

There is a rumor that one of the families that left for another camp took

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an army blanket with them in the form of a robe and some silverware -- so that it will be necessary that all beds and silverware and dishes will be searched before our departure to prevent a repetition of this incident. It's too bad that people don't think twice before borrowing or using property that doesn't belong to them.

I bought two issues of the San Francisco News which included articles about Tanforan. They dealt with the general setting, housing, etc., and the various officials, the art and music, and newspaper departments, Japanese individuals who are well known, and about the recreation and education departments. They were quite accurate and were very sympathetic in attitude (about our loyalty, etc.). Then I read an article in the Country Gentleman about the whole evacuation and relocation program and its effect on farming. There will be a great maladjustment in the agricultural set up after the evacuation is completed because the Japanese controlled many of the truck crops, distribution, and nursery products. It is true to a great extent (the article stated that about 80 per cent of the crops were controlled by the Japanese). Of course the purpose of the relocation is to cultivate heretofore unfruitful. If the Japanese are not considered and handled as slaves in the achievement of this end, it will not be unbearable, and will be a good outlet for our energies.

We were talking in the office today about the rumor which is rapidly spreading that Tule Lake will be re-relocated in Arizona or some other state since the above camp is too near the coast. That will entail a great deal of extra energy, but if it is military necessity, may be excusable. The reason I thought it might be true was that I heard a fellow was issued a release to go to Tule Lake this week, but lately received word that the order was withdrawn since the camp is to move. Some of the girls felt that only Marysville people would be moved out, but I don't think that would be the only case (although it sounds more logical because the other rumor sounds like too much expense would be involved and the government would be foolish to overlook such a matter as location in relation to the dangers of war).

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Tonight I went to the musical and dramatic presentation of "Works of Stephen Foster." It was composed of songs by the mixed chorus, vocal solos of "Old Black Joe," "Old Man River," "There Where My Heart Lies Waiting," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Massa's in the Col' Col' Ground," "Old Folks at Home"; a dramatic skit of the last part of Stephen Foster's life. The scenery was beautiful! It included a cotton-field 'neath a sky of blue (with pickers on the stage); a full moon (florescent) behind the vocalist; the graveyard; the river with the steamboat (moving), campfire, and covered wagon. There were also instrumental solos -- violin, harmonica, and banjo, and trumpet.

There was such cooperation between the various departments -- music, art, dramatics -- that it seemed so unexpectedly ideal. The effect of the whole show was overwhelming. There were two shows tonight and maybe there'll be one tomorrow. There were tickets distributed to those sixteen and over, but too many were distributed so it was very crowded. About 1,000 were there at the first shift, and about that many at the second. From the response of the audience, probably another showing will be needed for tomorrow night.

We all sat on the floor (or stood up) but the discomfort was worth while.

This afternoon there was a grass fire in the nearby mountains. The smoke was very heavy and widespread for about two hours. I don't know if it was accidental or not -- certainly hope not.

Friday, August 21, 1942

Today I continued to file the active work sheets. It seems that the early comers received most of the jobs because on the average 65 per cent of the employables in each family of that group all employed while of the late-comers (last half) the average percentage is twenty-five or less. It's a shame that such should be the case. Of course, the number of positions is very limited so that the early comers filled most of them by the time the others arrived. It's a shame that there couldn't be adequate readjustments so that the late-comers could have as equal opportunities

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for work. Of course, it is true that the latter group is composed mainly of rural groups, but that shouldn't make too great a difference.

Three men came in from Bismarck; one from San Francisco; one from San Mateo; and one other man. There were about 100 people to welcome them back and they crowded around outside our office so that Mr. G. got angry and went to complain to the director. He should be more sympathetic about his actions, especially since the arrival of relatives and friends from concentration camps after half a year is a very great event and merits much attention and celebration.

Also, one of the timekeepers was about to ask Mr. G. to our party (after much deliberation) when the later brushed him aside and answered a query as to his destination by saying he was going to meet some "Japs" (meaning the above men). He brags so much about not expressing his feelings toward us, but still he does so whether unconsciously or not, it arouses the antagonism of all the residents.

It seems that two women came and took a couple of the puppies. As a consequence, the mother couldn't feed the rest. It's a shame that some people are so thoughtless. The girls in our office wanted to keep some but realized they were too young so didn't. Some of us wanted to take them to relocation, but Mr. G. said he couldn't let them through the gate. He didn't think the relocation centers would take them either.

He remarked to one girl that he wondered what had happened to her father. He began by asking if she had heard anything about his release from the concentration camp. This raised her hopes a great deal and was unfair because it made her think her father was to be released. Moreover he joked about it. There should be some tact used in certain cases, but he doesn't seem to know the place for his jokes.

We again discussed the rumor about the movement of Tule Lake. Someone said they had heard only the Sacto. people were to be moved since they couldn't adjust

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themselves to the Oregon and Washington people. Still others say it means the whole camp. However, it probably doesn't mean the last (or at least not for a long time) because one of the social workers left this camp for that one with the assurance of a job. Also another family went there to join their relatives.

We also discussed the rumors about our relocation. Many of the house managers announced in their mess halls that we would be leaving from about the fifteenth. This hasn't been officially announced, so shouldn't be released (for if untrue would cause much trouble). Also, a resident of one of the mess halls remarked that he had seen the official announcement which stated that ^{that} mess hall would be leaving on September 22; the first contingent leaving from a district 2 mess halls away. One can't tell the truth of such a rumor, but it sounds logical because in that first mess hall area mostly bachelors live so could help set up the camp (i. e. get it in order).

Tonight I went to the library to write. I feel as if I'm catching a cold. Most of the residents went to the show or to watch a badminton tourney so only about fifty people were there. The water was shut off from 6:30 P.M. so we couldn't wash tonight.

Saturday, August 22, 1942

Today I worked for half a day. We heard that the orders for movement of our camp is between September 15-30. However, we don't know the destination. The rumors are flying thick and fast all over the country and even to Tule Lake (after it is evacuated of its present residents). We in our office must remain until the last day. Also we must move if our families remain behind with us, in order that the areas may all be cleared as units. Most of our parents want to stay with us. Of course, if there are a large number of us girls who can "bunk" together it won't be very difficult. However, the parents naturally feel that they want to stay with their daughters. We were all trying to decide whether to quit now or not. If we

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do resign, we may have it held against us.

This afternoon four of us got together to read the procedure for relocation of the personnel department. It's really complicated. There will be a barrack file (alphabetical by barracks); workers' and families' file; pullman roster; train commander's roster; individual family records; etc. Thus it will take us a long time to get ready for each day's departure. Each family will be allowed 150 pounds per person for bedding, personal belongings, portable radios, etc. I'm going to bring my typewriter with me because it's dangerous to send it through freight. We'll have to move again before relocation if our families decide to stay. The bulletin announcing the date of movement states that if anyone interferes with the smooth and speedy operation of the relocation procedure, will be separated from the community and from the family perhaps. Thus, we all feared this accusation might be used against us, so felt we should all stay. Still there is a great conflict in our minds about the advantages and disadvantages of remaining till the end.

At 3:00 P.M. Z. K. and A. C. came to visit us. (They are the past and future presidents of the U.C. Y.W.C.A.) We waited about one hour before they arrived. They waited half an hour outside because there was such a large crowd. The social hall was being decorated for the dance tonight so the atmosphere was very attractive and cheerful. The doorway was framed with streamers (green and white) with a red bow at the center of the arch. There were streamers (green and white) from the lights to the walls and to the box covering the bar. On the sides of this box were paintings of song piece covers covered with red streamers in the form of a musical score with notes included. It was all very attractive.

There were about ten us "Y" members there. We just chatted about everything. So many of our friends have become or are expecting to be married in the near future. Otherwise, they're in defense work, are continuing with graduate (or undergraduate) work either at Cal. or in the East. Others are continuing with their vocations (as

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H. N.). If I do go to college I hope I may attend one which one of my friends is attending.

The college atmosphere seems so different now because classes are held six full days a week, every day, nine units per semester. No one has time to participate in extra-curricular activities. The "Y" is rather quiet now -- only two luncheons are held weekly. One is the race relations group (average attendance of 80) and the other is the general luncheon (average attendance of 40).

Also, some of the stores, like groceries, bakeries, etc. have difficulty in obtaining help. Thus they either close shop or the customers help themselves (as for groceries). Also room and board jobs are so plentiful and unattractive that instead of just room and board, the employers pay the roomers cash -- like \$15.00 etc. (I guess our absence emphasizes the problem.)

Many very young people (high school and younger) work in defense industries so go to the city, buy cars, which is rather bad for them at such an early age. (They get about 90 cents per hour.)

Now that the dim-out regulations are in effect it is very difficult for the cars to travel. Pedestrians can't see or be seen clearly. All in all everything seems pretty dark. However, the natural beauties as the stars, ^{are} very visible. Also many residents of the bay region feel that no one should be out at night (especially in cars) because one can't tell what will happen. However, the streetcars continue to operate with all the lights ablaze which seems very ironical to the citizens.

Thus we see that everyone else is suffering too.

We were contemplating our probable destination -- even including Tule Lake which someone had surmised. However, even the outsiders have heard that that camp will be evacuated for military necessity, so it's very improbable.

We want to begin a "Y" club in the relocation center because the private agencies will be able to operate more freely there. Hope so, because we certainly

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miss the "Y" atmosphere.

It was swell to see them again. This was the first time we really talked about our friends, what the outside was like, etc. We usually talk about our side, so it was swell to hear about the outside.

Afterwards, the girls said they wanted to have another get-together, but I was planning to go to the movie, so couldn't. R. L. came over to get a letter from one of the "Y" girls, and chatted with G. and me. She doesn't know if she is really serious about continuing her education because she feels that when someone asks her what her ambition in life is, she can't place her finger on it. Moreover, she feels her grades are so low she couldn't expect to be chosen one of the few to be sent out to school. Also, she was interested in nursing but doesn't know if she would be willing to work hard in preparation for her certificate. Of course, she tried to get a taste of it here at this hospital by signing up for the nurse's aide class, but was unable to attend because of a cold. However, she tried to get into another class, but there were too many by then. Thus, she went into recreation but she's not sure that is her life work, because she doesn't like to lead sports very well, because she doesn't feel very capable of doing so. Thus, she is in a sort of delirium.

Tonight I went to the movie with two girls in our office. It was Abbott and Costello in "Hold That Ghost" a mystery-comedy, rather funny and spooky, but not outstanding. There were about three fourths of the people present as last week, but the enthusiasm was still strong. Many feel it is better than nothing so go, even if they saw it before. I was rather tired afterwards.

Sunday, August 23, 1942

Today I didn't go to church but stayed home and chatted with E. N. She feels that she has learned so much about people and opinions since she has worked in the information office. She spends practically her whole day chatting to her many friends and learns their opinions on various subjects as religion, politics, etc.

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She has changed quite a lot since pre-evacuation days. She admits that she used to argue for the sake of argument, but now she is very willing to listen to the other fellow's opinion. Moreover, she feels that her attitudes have changed a great deal. She considers herself very radical. She believes strongly in the Friends, FOR, ACACP, and other organizations which are considered very liberal. She finds that in this respect her attitudes have changed a great deal from that of the majority of the "YW" girls. However, she does feel that a number of fellows agree with her. She feels that fellows are much easier to talk and discuss topics with. She learns a great deal from them. However, when she is with girls, she feels that she doesn't learn anything -- whether from lack of interest, knowledge, or what, she isn't certain. However, she does feel that girls who have graduated from college have a great advantage over noncollege girls in knowledge, interest, etc. One (boys especially) can't discuss current problems, events, etc. intelligibly with a noncollege girl. (She knows of a number of cases to prove this.)

Z. L. came and chatted with us too. There certainly is a contrast between the two. The latter is a noncollege girl and is mainly interested in people, her hobbies (at present, knitting and bridge), the possibilities of separation from her friends, movies (she says she goes just to go because she misses movies so much).

It's interesting to talk to her once in a while, but I believe I would get tired after a while. That's one reason I can't get real chummy with the girls in the office -- because we don't have Cal. in common. It's really amazing what a strong bond Cal. can have for us.

This noon I was rather angry at mom because she made some unfavorable remarks about some former friends who had tried to "chisel in" on the mess line (right in back of H. who is usually first). However, when she tries to, the other boys make remarks. Of course she may be justified, but she carries her comments a little too far sometimes (name calling, etc.).

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This afternoon E. and I went to see T. U. (another Cal. student). She was entertaining a number of fellows (neighbors) so we felt that we were intruding, but they left so we talked about knitting, socks, sweaters, amount and kind of yarn for each, etc. It seems everyone is knitting, even fellows. E. even wants to begin, but feels she wouldn't have the patience to make anything.

We gossiped about our former friends. One girl who is living with her in-laws is very sad because she is always considered in the wrong. (I guess that's natural, but it's too bad her family isn't with her.) Also, another fellow we know is married and will be a father soon. Things happen so fast, we can't keep up with these things. We also talked about the possibilities of continuing our education. L. feels that her grades hinder her chances. Of course her background is very conventional and leans toward the Japanese customs, so probably she wouldn't like to be alone. She works in the hospital (as receptionist) and is very amused at the doctors (mainly internes) who discuss symptoms, probable illness, etc. It's very amusing. Also, it's interesting to note that most Isseis have very little confidence in Nisei doctors because they are so young and inexperienced. Thus, they clamor for the two Issei doctors. I guess it's natural to want experienced doctors. However, as the Niseis get older and gain in experience they will be more appreciated. She doesn't know if she will be expected to remain behind and help with hospital records, but hopes not. We also discussed the inconveniences of traveling. We won't be able to change, won't have pullmans, and won't be able to move between cars. However, if we can go with friends it will be okay. She also feels that the environment is very bad for us -- especially for her, since she lives with many rural people. She is beginning to be considered one of them (of course she lived in San Leandro so was a rural-bred girl, but she is much more cultured than most of them).

We went to the flower show. It was pretty good. There were many flowers -- as sweet peas, stock, lilies, chrysanthemums, poppies, bachelor buttons, etc. The

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garden is very neat and reminds one of Golden Gate Park. Also, the greenhouse contained various rock garden arrangements, plants in homemade wooden vases, bowls, etc. They were all very neat, attractive, and ingenious arrangements. They were giving away bouquets for accurate guesses of the capitals of various states -- small flowers. About ten crates were distributed while we were there. There were about 200 adults and young people -- mainly women there. Adults (Isseis) are very interested in, and appreciative of beauty, and especially of growing things.

Then we went to the marionette show at a recreation hall rather far away. It was very crowded -- about 200 people -- mainly children and young people, though there were about one fourth adults too. There were three performances this afternoon, but still a large number of people came for this performance. Some of the acts were, ice skater, trapeze artist, ballet dancer, blues singer, Mme. Butterfly, magician, knife thrower, and finale "America." Most of the acts took quite a lot of skill. The performers were mainly amateurs, but one is a professional so it had a professional note. The scenery was very pretty as well as the costumes. Records were used as musical background. We got rather tired of sitting on the floor, but enjoyed it. It was 5:00 P.M. by the time I reached home.

I'm planning to go the movie (Joe Penner in "Boys From Syracuse") on Tuesday with two girls with the same name. Hope it's good.

Tonight I stayed home and did some writing, chose my candidates for the election and read the funnies, while listening to the radio. I wasn't feeling very well so I went to bed at 9:00 P.M.

Monday, August 24, 1942

Today we had a discussion about the procedure for preparation of relocation. It's rather complicated and will require much time and attention, but I guess it will be okay. This week we will proofread and check the master file; next week will make and get signatures for the change of address cards. Also, we will have to prepare barracks and train commander's rosters. Also a workers' file and pullman file will

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be necessary. There will be need for a great deal of typing, proofreading, and filing. We have four typists now and the rest of us will do the rest. (There are nine of us altogether.)

There is a shortage of typewriters (especially wide ones). There will be an advance group going about five days ahead and they will go without their families. Only a few will remain behind, but they will be essential to clean up after the others leave.

This afternoon, Mr. G. told us that they would clean out the mess hall areas until about 500 will be left in each. Thus people will be sent from a number of mess hall districts in one day. He recommends that the workers' families go ahead, because of the inconvenience resulting. He says definitely that we're going to one camp so we won't be separated from our friends (except for the maximum of 16 days). Many families are complaining that they won't be going with their friends, but of course it is very difficult to please everyone, and some sort of system must be devised.

Also some people are afraid they won't be relocated to certain places, so they want to apply to do so. It sounds rather silly doesn't it? Also he said about 100 applications have been made requesting rejoinder to immediate families. Then, there are about fifty cases of mixed marriages and mixed blood -- which cases can be sent out beyond the Western Defense Command if they can support themselves. One girl left today. She is of mixed blood and her husband is a Caucasian. They're going to New York (she looks like a Caucasian so she won't have a difficult time). There is another fellow who was sent to a beet field, but came back so he could be released. It's really swell that they can be sent out. I'm glad for their sake.

This morning we filed and pulled out the S-3's (case records) of the family groups. Also we filed the housing records (blanket and mattress distribution).

Then, this afternoon, we continued to proofread the master file cards. There

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are quite a lot of omissions of second names, addresses, etc., but on the whole, they're pretty good. Hope we finish proofreading by tomorrow.

This afternoon we went to vote (G. G. and I). There was a crowd of about 500 during the two hours. This is a pretty good percentage since not too much publicity (although the Totalizer advertized it). It's a good indication of the interest of the residents. There were quite a number of **elder** people (especially women who are citizens -- born in Hawaii). However, the majority have an average age of twenty-four. There was a photographer there taking pictures of the notary public and the first three people; then a few general views of all the people waiting in line. First we filled out the ballots, then presented them to the notary who sealed and signed the envelope, stamped it, put it into the outer envelope and sealed that. ^{took} It/about two minutes per person, but after two hours, he must have been very tired. He will return tomorrow morning at 9:30 for the rest of the voters. G. and I happened to be in one of the pictures -- wonder what paper it will be. They asked our names and home towns.

This morning S. J. brought me some candy. I tried to pay her back but she worked all day to get the money back to me. Finally she gave it to G. I guess she felt bad about it, but so did I.

We girls aren't very enthusiastic about the party -- don't even know what night it will be held. I'm going to the play on Friday and on Sunday I'll have to go to church but I guess I'll leave Saturday open. I'm not so keen about going to the party.

Tonight we stayed home to write letters, etc. The house captains came around to count the government property everyone owns. It took about one hour before they were all finished. So at 7:30 P.M. everyone ran out to the show, folk dancing, etc. "Elephant Boy" was to have played tonight only. I didn't buy my ticket yet. Hope it's the other one because I saw the former.

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Received my shoes and my wool. The latter was mostly rayon so I may make some slacks. The shoes were okay. I ordered some yarn for socks.

Tuesday, August 25, 1942

Today we continued to proofread the master file cards. We only finished the K's and started on the Y's (half) today.

None of the girls seem enthusiastic about the party -- don't know if I'll go.

Today quite a few of the Japanese women married to Filipinos came to be notified about possibilities of release. If they have children and can be supported outside the western defense they can leave because the government wants these children to be given an opportunity to mix with the Caucasian community (and also save money).

At the end of the week we will call the residents (heads of families in, to get signatures on the change of address cards. It won't be necessary for us to know our destination by then (wonder when we will find out).

I got my newspaper article about the panel discussion on cooperatives into the paper today. Hope it turns out well. Sounds like a dry topic to me.

I had a visitor today from U. C. who told us that all the camps are pretty inadequately provided with facilities. There is inadequate lumber; the housing and maintenance facilities (showers, etc.) are inadequate; the food needs improvement, and all in all, things are lacking. Especially around the is there danger of dysentary. She told us that fruit juices, cheese, crackers, meat were good (not bulky foods), fruit pulp, milk, etc. The WRA funds have been cut in half so there will probably be a lack of a great many things, but if some private agencies donate, we shouldn't worry (Protestant groups are helping the building of a church in each center for materials). The administrative workers at Gila don't get food -- only housing and dinner outside. Thus, they must be provided with such from shipments inside. Tule Lake is considered the best as far as physical facilities are concerned. The others are very poorly equipped. The weather is hot even in Utah in summer and snows in winter. (Even the army admits we know where we're going, though they can't say). The rumor about Tule Lake moving out is entirely unfounded, according to my

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visitor). One of the girls in the master file project (former U. C. student) asked her to come in to see her, but she was afraid that it would be unethical for her to do so because she was supposed to be making merely a social visit.

Tonight I went to the movie, Sabu in "Elephant Boy" merely an animal story -- simple -- but novel in a way. It had no great plot, but was a good educational film.

I talked to one of the fellows who works in the administration office (senior clerk-accountant). He says most of the workers up there fool around a lot (contrary to popular belief). Even the administration officials do. Also, he told what a great conflict there is between the director and the service head; between the latter and the housing head, etc.

There certainly is a lot of politics involved -- the service head is a devout Catholic so pushed the idea of pew-like benches in that church only. (They have about fifty of these now.)

(My visitor told me of the big conflict between WRA and WCCA. The former doesn't want to employ anyone formerly employed by the latter.)

The fellow I was talking about is well trained in stenography and business (accounting) as well as in liberal arts (senior year now in college). He wants to get a position in stenography because he feels accounting is not real in these camps for the figures can be juggled and not be noticed. He wants to continue his education and take a joint curriculum to obtain his A.B. in accounting and also get his law degree in four years. I think he can do it because he is very intelligent.

Wednesday, August 26, 1942

Today we continued with the master cards. It's certainly a tedious job. There will be many week ends and nights of work involved I believe. I am still rather doubtful about whether to remain or to leave with the family. I am trying to

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persuade the family to go ahead since too much inconvenience would result if they remained with me -- as moving, being separated from their friends, etc. I think it's more important that they become located near their friends than that they remain with me. Wish G. could remain with me but I'm rather uncertain of the possibility.

We girls in the office are still rather uncertain about the party Saturday night. We're not decided as to the advisability of inviting an escort or of going with a bunch of fellows. There are many factors to be considered -- especially the choice of an escort. About half of us are very undecided on this issue. Oh well, will see how it ends up.

This afternoon we had some visitors -- the three secretaries of the U. C. YWCA. We just had a short chat about the prospects of our new location; about the YWCA; and about our various careers. The Student Relocation Committee is progressing very well. One of the secretaries told me that the Tule Lake Relocation camp is very satisfactory; that the administration is very well qualified; and possesses the correct attitude toward the evacuees and toward relocation.

They were anxious to attend a special meeting of a race relations committee. It's marvelous the interest such people have developed on the race problem.

They brought some fruits so some of the girls came to my house for a get-together tonight. There were ^{only} about six of us so that we chatted about more intellectual problems, like the change in attitude of a number of Nisei -- since the beginning of the war. To many of them this action (evacuation) brought the first inkling of doubt into their minds as to the sincerity of aims in the war and of policy in general. It's a shame. L. P. who has always maintained her sincere belief in America and its actions continues to do so. She feels that since no one has been able to convince her to the contrary she will continue to do so.

E. N. who has been wavering in her opinions about this war (although she does maintain her pacifist views) feels that she is not certain of her stand. At times

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she is very optimistic; then again she becomes pessimistic. She hopes (and so do I) that she will be able to develop a firm stand on that problem because it is so important now.

One girl (E. E.) who has always been a rather conservative girl (and has a keen sense of family responsibility since she is the only child) feels that although there may be many advantages to being outside she would not contemplate attending college at present, although she has merely one year to finish for her A. B. degree.

The other girl, S. U. realizes some of the injustices involved in the evacuation. However, she also feels this country has many advantages over Japan.

It is very interesting to discuss such problems. Wish we could do it more often.

I had a terrific cold (from the movie on Tuesday) so was feeling miserable. Hope I won't be forced to remain at home.

Thursday, August 27, 1942

Today we began interviewing the volunteer workers to the Utah camp. The system we followed was this: We notified the various department heads to send a certain number of their men (usually past employees) to report to us. Then we told them about the job which would be temporary, in order to prepare the camp for the evacuees. They would leave five days before the first group and their families would normally follow on that first group. At least they would be assured of a job (even if temporary).

The secretarial and clerical workers were the first to be interviewed. We obtained about ten girls from the master file and a few other departments for stenotypists. The method we used wasn't too efficient because we allowed them to fill them out themselves. In reality we should have written the applications for them.

Then we interviewed the guides for the camp. One of the members of the

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recreation department brought in a number of recreation leaders to perform the task of guide -- for many of them had done so in the past. Moreover, that was one way of continuing their recreational work.

The clerks (five) were four men from the timekeepers office and one woman (from our office). I was given an opportunity to apply, but the former told me I should remain behind. Of course, the family didn't want me to leave them so that it would have been difficult for me to leave. I was rather aggravated however.

Then four recreation leaders (members of the advisory committee in recreation at present) were chosen. These were very efficient in their work here so will probably continue in that quality. One of them wanted to become the social worker with his YMCA secretary training as a qualification, but it was just that which seemed to disqualify him. It was a shame since he is very well qualified for that position. The person chosen was a minister who has developed an especial interest along that line. I think he will be very successful since he has the respect and faith of most of the residents (although his religious affiliation might turn some of the Buddhists against him).

Then this afternoon we interviewed the kitchen crew. About forty had been called, when only about twenty were necessary (for cooks and assistants). We thought some of them would prefer to decline the offer, but they were not individually interviewed so that they became rather angry and refused to sign up. The senior clerk for the head of the lodging and mess division attempted to assign certain individuals to the positions, but the men were dissatisfied, so all "walked out" refusing to apply at all. It was regrettable that such an unfortunate misunderstanding arose. Hope we will be able to obtain adequate applicants for that section of the crew.

The last group to be interviewed today were the hospital workers, attendants,

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clerks, stenographers. About ten/girls and the rest were fellows. It is rather difficult for girls to leave their families like this, but if a large number of them leave together it won't be too difficult.

Tonight I spent a quiet evening at home. I must do something about my cold. It's getting worse all the time it seems.

Friday, August 28, 1942

Today we continued with the interviews for kitchen workers, laborers, and truck drivers. Many people don't want to go as laborers. Thus, they state that their families cannot be without them; that they are ill; etc. Of course, many of them are legitimate, but there is power in numbers and as soon as one begins to refuse, all those around him follow suit. We acquired our quota of seventy laborers, twenty truck drivers, ten cooks, twenty kitchen helpers; one social worker (a Protestant minister). A large percentage (about half of these) were Kibeis. Also, there was a large percentage of younger fellows about twenty years old.

There wasn't much work this afternoon because most of it was finished. The latest group was the mess hall workers. They were rather angry that they hadn't all been properly interviewed yesterday so didn't want to volunteer. We needed about one dishwasher and ten waiters when I left.

Tonight I had planned to attend the play ("Bishop's Candlesticks") but since E. N. didn't have a ticket and L. P. had a cold four of us just chatted. We looked at L's snaps taken at Cal. It was swell remembering all our friends and talking about what they are doing at present. A number of them are at colleges outside the western defense area, but the majority are at other relocation centers. (Of course about one third are here.)

We discussed the various rumors about the procedure of relocation. One rumor says one area will leave first and another says the opposite. Also there is the rumor

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that this camp will be divided in half so that part will go to Utah while the rest goes to Arkansas. In that case, many would not like to leave in the advance group. Such rumors, though unfounded, are very bad for the morale. Hope they won't continue for long. The consensus is that we will go to Utah, and Mr. G. assured us we would all go to the same place -- hope so.

We talked about some of the women with reputations. One is going to marry a Kibei (wonder why). Also, many of them charge fees as scrip books or even cash. This is merely a rumor, but is to be expected anywhere where there is a large grouping of people. Of course, this camp hasn't acquired as unsavory a reputation as others.

Saturday, August 29, 1942

This morning we worked. We're all rather excited about the party tonight. This afternoon we girls helped make the refreshments. It was such fun! It took us back to the pre-evacuation days when we could hold parties with refreshments and everything. We received lettuce, butter, eggs, celery, bread, and even roast pork, lemons and oranges from the mess halls. Then, we bought cheese, bologne, pickles, olives, fruit juices from the commissary. We ate about one fourth of it while we were preparing it, I think. The timekeepers came down from decorating the clubhouse so we had to feed them.

The cooks in the main mess hall helped us boil and prepare the eggs for the spread. It made our mouths water to see all the food, and yet by the time we had finished the preparation we felt full from just looking at the food.

I didn't eat any dinner, merely drank a glass of milk. Went to the party with L. O. He's considered "radical" by others. I didn't have a chance to have a very long discussion with him, but his ideas do seem rather out-of-the ordinary. For example, he thinks one of the officials who isn't very popular with the majority of

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residents is okay. He likes to chat and discuss but somehow the majority of people disagree with him. Oh well, individualists make this world an interesting place.

At the party we began with a speech of welcome from one of the head timekeepers. Then we had entertainment, a comedy act by a rather versatile fellow, but his sense of humor wasn't very appropriate to a party. He also performed a pantomime of a girl preparing to take a shower. Then we had a ventriloquist act which was very well done. The boy is merely fifteen years old, but is very talented. He made subtle remarks about the amount of work performed by the timekeepers. They seem to loaf most of the time. They took it with good heart so it was fun, especially for us girls in the employment office who work so conscientiously while they lounge around in the next room.

Then we had a magicians act. He is very well trained. One especially good act was one in which he has a card torn in two by a member of the audience; shows an envelope with a penny enclosed, seals it; asks for a cigarette from the audience (which he obtains); smokes it, opens it to find half of the card; opens the envelope to find a cigarette. It was very cleverly performed and enjoyed by all. Of course, there were a few numbers which were too well know, but a few were new.

Then we had folk dancing -- "Oh Suzanna" (grand right and left); Spanish Waltz; and a number of get-acquainted dances. It was really fun because one saw everyone else in the course of the dances. The teacher was the leader of all girls' activities and her method of teaching was very simple to follow.

Then we had a grand march -- in full -- it was fun. There was a clock hanging from the middle of the ceiling with a light inside the face. There was a meter inside which made the tick tock sound and the pendulum swing from right to left. A few times it fell, but on the whole no mishaps occurred.

Following this, came refreshments -- did we eat! The punch was very tasty since it contained all sorts of fruits and juices and it is unusual to have punch

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around here. Everyone sat in couples -- except for a few scattered groups. There was such a wide range of ages, since the junior timekeepers are very young -- some are even eight years old -- and the head timekeepers are about twenty-five years old. Also the girls in our office range in age from about nineteen to twenty-five. Moreover, there isn't that sense of unity among the junior timekeepers since they rarely see each other. Thus, when we danced, we danced all evening with our partners. I didn't like it very much since I would have preferred to exchange dances. I think L. wanted to also.

The fellows wore suits or at least jackets and slacks with ties. The girls wore flats mostly and ordinary wool clothes. About one fourth wore heels. It would have been better to have it more uniform, but it wasn't conspicuous. What aggravated me was that the lights were high so that it was difficult for fellows to tag or to exchange dances (especially since the music didn't allow adequate intermission).

We talked about the Caucasian friends we had outside and also about the hopes of many students to attend a college outside. It would certainly be wonderful if that could be arranged.

Sunday, August 30, 1942

Today I stayed in bed till about 7:30 A.M. because I wanted to get rested up to fight off my cold. I hadn't finished my breakfast when L. I. came over. She waited for me so that by the time we reached the office it was 9:00 A.M. We were supposed to be there by 8:30 A.M. We finished writing the appointment slips for signature of change of address cards ^{by} writing in the name, family number, address, time, and day. This afternoon the runners brought these to the house managers to be distributed by the house captains. First, however, we sorted them out according to barracks, as well as districts (house manager districts). Then, Mr. G. drove the boys out to their districts. We girls left at about 3:00 P.M. Then I went to see Z. T. who is still on crutches. She was knitting with two other girls

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and I knitted on my socks. I made a mistake by knitting on the inside instead of on the outside so I had to rip it all out. We talked about our probable destination. It's most likely Utah since it is to be a new camp and we will need an advance group to prepare the site. Then we discussed the probable method of evacuation (what mess halls and in what order). These girls felt #8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and then the infield and 15, 7 and 2 would go, but I heard that 7,8,9,10, 11, infield, 12, 15, and 2. Of course since the workers' families will have to go first there will be some disruption of the ordinary procedure. We also discussed the reputation of a number of the ill-reputed women in this camp. There are quite a number, but not very many in comparison to other camps.

Tonight I attended the fellowship. It was a panel discussion on the Christian aspects of cooperatives. I thought it would be rather dull, but it turned out to be very practical dealing with the various types of cooperatives which will be necessary; the proper attitude to develop toward cooperatives; the policy of the WRA toward developing training the Niseis to step into the shoes of the Caucasian directors as soon as possible; the various plans of the various businessmen to develop cooperatives in their own line of business; the need to dispel the accusation that the Japanese cannot cooperate; and many other practical problems. The prize-winning essay on cooperatives was also read.

There were about 150 people present -- not a very high percentage, but those who attended were interested in discussions or in the topic. Most of us felt it was rather well presented considering the difficulty of the topic.

Monday, August 31, 1942

Today we had the heads of the families sign the change of address cards (from home and from here). Most of the heads were Issei. Some of them asked the purpose, but the Niseis were the ones who were the most curious. They are merely change of

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address cards made for everyone so that they will not be compelled to do so as individuals. The post office will be aided also in this way. Some of the girls felt that a few of the Isseis were very curious and wondered if the future address would be put on as China then what would happen. Of course we didn't have time to explain the purpose fully, but we did read off the old address and Tanforan address to check the accuracy. Most of the mistakes arose from the spelling of the names. This was an excellent opportunity for a final check up. Afterwards, we made the respective changes in the active files downstairs.

There were ten of us girls handling the 2,200 family heads. Each one of us had four in every 5 minutes. Thus we finished by 2:00 P.M. About 1 per cent of the heads were unable to be present so we sent them to the homes through the runner. Also we sent out the cards for those who were unable to be present -- about fifty. This was a pretty fair percentage. However, some people felt it was very inconvenient to compel the family heads to come all the way out to the social hall merely to sign two cards. They felt the house captains could have done it more quickly. However, it would be too cumbersome and unsystematic to do so since they wouldn't all understand the purpose and all sorts of rumors would be aroused.

As it was, there were many rumors floating around. They said they thought they were to be informed of their destination, date of movement, and similar valuable bits of information.

We ten girls handled four each five minutes so were finished by 2:00 P.M. except for a few left overs.

This afternoon we made corrections in the other records from our findings -- most of the mistakes were in the spelling.

S. J. quit this morning and everyone says Mr. G. was very mad. He seems to have told her to get out. That's what I fear so I don't want to quit.

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Tonight I stayed home to knit and to read. My socks seem to be progressing quite well. I started my reinforced square heel tonight.

I also wrote two letters. I do hope my friends will be able to visit me before we leave.

G. went to the movie, but I didn't want to because I want to cure my cold.

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Tuesday, September 1, 1942

Today we worked downstairs on the canteen receipts -- we put them into the case folders -- it took us all day and still we couldn't accomplish the task. This morning interviews were held for translators (to translate the Japanese broadcasts as they came over). Men who are fluent in Japanese and English were desired. It pays about \$150.00 per month so is not very unappealing, but still, they aren't certain about the compensation for separation from their families.

Mr. G. said that the families of the workers in the advance crew would be compelled to leave on the first day of the regular movement. This will be rather difficult for the families involved -- especially those who wish to remain with their friends.

He also asked us if any of us would remain behind to clear up all the records. Only three of the girls would; the girls who were here longest.

I wanted to leave, but I was afraid that I might be put on the black list so haven't as yet.

This afternoon the carpenters came to make the tables for the proofreaders. Thus, Mr. G. jokingly told the girls they could take the afternoon off. They loafed outside for about an hour and then came back. Then we started to put the change of address cards into the case folders. Honestly, there is so much to be included in these records that soon we will require boxes to include all of them.

I had a visitor today and we discussed the possibilities of our removal. It seems that all indications point to Utah as our destination, but so many complicating factors may prevent this, so that the WRA doesn't wish to issue any official notice as yet. The official notice should be issued on September 4 in order that five days' notice may be provided for the advance group.

Today one girl left to marry a soldier; a boy left for Texas University and another for George Washington University in St. Louis; S. and B. left for Gila.

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Tuesday, September 1, 1942

After today no official requests for transfer between camps will be accepted. This will be rather unfortunate for some families who wish to be rejoined.

I certainly would like to leave for college or work because the atmosphere around here is very degenerating and rather stifling to the mind and to the sense of creativeness. Of course, there is adequate opportunity for expression of talents, but somehow many of us feel the hindrances -- especially those of us who wish to continue and complete our studies.

I received my scrip book and pay check today. I guess they will both be spent before the end of the month. There are so many clothes I want to buy that I know there will be little if any money saved as far as I am concerned. The snow is really rather frightening in some respects.

Tonight I continued with my knitting. I finished the heel to the bottom of the foot and am waiting for further instructions. It's really fun once I get started. I want to knit my slip-on red sweater soon. Hope the yarn comes.

I saw L. N. today. She says everyone seems to want out. Her boy friend does also. He wants to finish his Ph.D. thesis. Hope he gets out. She was telling me that there are a number of girls being released to marry soldiers but that they must obtain work to do so.

She is worried about her job possibilities at relocation since her talents are rather limited but she prefers nursery work or education if possible.

Stayed home tonight to get rid of my cold.

Wednesday, September 2, 1942

Today we continued with our filing -- of canteen receipts and other data. The work is becoming monotonous, it seems there is always plenty of work to do on week ends, but not on week days. Wish he could get the work more fully organized. It would raise the morale and induce more efficient work.

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I'm slowly recovering from my cold, but slowly.

Now that S. J. isn't here it seems rather lonesome. She was lots of fun.

We girls in the office seem to have developed a sense of unity. We get along very well. Hope we can be together at relocation.

Two of the girls have a strong Japanese ^{language} background so like to discuss Japanese movies and enjoy Issei shows; two others like sports; two of us like to knit and play bridge; the older girls have something in common ^{--all in all we have the office in common} and have personalities which are very easily adaptable to others. They are on the whole noncollege girls so that their interests are mainly petty -- like clothes, boy friends, sports, and gossip. It's a new experience for me to be away from college people, but a good experience.

Thursday, September 3, 1942

Today we inserted the canteen receipts into a few more casefolders. Then, Mr. G. wanted some typing and proofreading of the names of the persons in the advance ^{group} as well as in the last, so we did that. However, by about 10:30 A.M. we had finished. So we were free till noon. We wrote (typed) letters, etc. and were ready to write a petition for a day off, but just before noon we were assigned to alphabetize the duplicate S-3's (case records) which had been put into ID order.

This morning we called in some more of the advance crew to notify them that they were to leave on about the ninth and also to ask them if they would like to have their families go on the 15th or with their mess hall. About half wanted each.

Thus, it was worth while the trouble because they at least felt that they were being treated civilly.

We alphabetized the S-3's all afternoon and didn't finish completely.

The other girls typed the train commander's rosters for the advance group.

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They were done alphabetically and according to ID number.

There is really no system about the procedure of work. We work steadily for about two hours, then have no work; then work -- in jerks -- but on week ends they keep us very well occupied.

People are beginning to make crates now and it's rather noisy and messy, but it's better to be prepared early than late. Wonder on what day our family will be leaving. It's still not very definite what mess halls will be leaving on what days. I think ours will be in the middle someplace.

Stayed at home again. Everyone is preparing for the Mardi Gras to be held this week end. I think I will be able to participate in only the movie. I know we'll be compelled to work during the day of Saturday and Sunday.

Friday, September 4, 1942

Things are getting rather speeded up now. We are proofreading the rosters and group sheets of the advance group as well as continuing to file more material into the files. We are inserting work sheets and occupational cards.

Tonight I attended the movie, "Letter of Introduction" with E. Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and Andrea Leeds. I went with J. I. and some little girls. It was a very funny picture, but sad too because the girl's father was killed. The girl's determination to succeed was very admirable. Hope we can all maintain that same courage and determination. The movie was as crowded as ever.

I had a visitor today. A very close friend who is to attend Western Reserve University in October (scholarship). She is planning to undertake social welfare group work. It would be wonderful if I could attend the same college with her, although I know that would be rather hopeless, since I doubt if I will be able to obtain a scholarship and it is an expensive college.

She said everything is inconvenient on the outside, but the feeling is still quite satisfactory. We talked about our mutual friends. She has been working in a

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defense factory for two months now so has very little time to see her friends. Now that she is to attend college in the East she will be unable to maintain close contact with them except through letters. Hope she will do that for me.

She is engaged, so will miss her fiance greatly. He is attending PSR in Berkeley (theological seminary). The two make an ideal couple -- both in personality and beliefs. Hope they get married soon.

She bought me some stationery which I had ordered; it wasn't exactly what I wanted, but it will do. I shouldn't bother her with my errands, but it is thoughtful of her to do so.

Her fiance came with her also. He's certainly a lucky man.

Saturday, September 5, 1942

Today we had to work all day -- we were mad! This morning I finished filing the duplicate S-3's into the case folders; then I started to pull out both the S-3 originals and duplicates for those families in which one or more individuals are assigned to the advance crew to the September 30 or October group; and members of the medical staff who were assigned to definite days. This involved about 400 families. The typing of the duplicates which involves the transcription of the individuals excluding those leaving in the first groups -- to new S-3's.

It's really very complicated -- thank heavens there are only 200 and some odd cases, but even then that is a great deal.

We had to work all afternoon also. It's certainly aggravating.

This morning and early afternoon there was army inspection of the barracks so they surrounded the areas being inspected, preventing anyone from entering or leaving said area. As it happened, we were given badges (workers) but they weren't recognized by the army since they had not been notified of their significance. As a consequence when we went home for lunch we were detained fifteen minutes before Mr. M. (a member of the administrative staff) came to identify us. We hoped the

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same would happen on the way home, but as luck would have it, the man from the administrative staff who was sent down was very lenient and let us through even without our badges.

We hoped to work this afternoon, but not tomorrow. However, in my case, Mr. G. wanted another proofreader, and since G. said she wanted to stay with me, I submitted her name. She is to begin tomorrow -- poor girl to have to work on Sunday. Anyway, that simplifies matters about my remaining, for it is safer to have two of us here than only one.

Tonight I went to visit E. N., but she had gone to the parade, so I visited S. J. instead. She was very happy to see me since she no longer works in our office. We chatted about the new camp; the desire to reach there soon; the work in our office; the friends we have in common, etc. It was a very pleasant chat; of course, we didn't become involved in a very deeply intellectual discussion, but it was nice to just chat. (The trouble with me is I don't get into enough intellectual discussions, I think.)

Sunday, September 6, 1942

Today G. and I had to work all day from 9:00 A.M. We proofread the transfers of S-3's -- of individuals who are to leave on the first group, the end of September, and in October. It's certainly a complicated procedure, involving indorsement, typing of a new S-3 and indorsement of that if the family is divided into more than two departure dates. The typists become very confused in the latter case. What aggravated us is that in our proofreading we were first instructed to read every detail, but since that involved too much time we were next instructed to read merely the indorsements and the names on the S-3's. Two of the girls failed to report to work so that the rest of us had to remain until five o'clock instead of the scheduled 4:00 P.M. Even one person slows up the procedure vitally.

G. and I had visitors today from the Y.W.C.A. -- four secretaries; the assistant

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dean of women at U. C. (who said she had recommended me to Smith College in New York for Social Welfare, but had found that the school year began in July. Thus she is attempting to find other possibilities for me) and a number of other important people.

They were all very sorry to see us leave, but promised to write, and we did the same.

There were about 300 visitors up to the time our visitors were with us. Thus, they allowed the visitors to congregate on the balcony. This was much better for all concerned and seemed to make us all happier. There was an art lecture progressing inside the social hall, so that there was a great deal of congestion. There were lovely paintings on the wall which everyone enjoyed.

I didn't have much of an opportunity to speak with each of them since they had to leave in an hour instead of remaining all afternoon as was customary. Moreover, we had to return to work. Gosh, I'll certainly miss my dear friends from "dear ole Cal." Hope I will see them very soon.

Tonight I attended a movie "Kitty Foyle" with Ginger Rogers, an academy winner. It was very sad and even if I had seen it already I enjoyed it. This was intended as a young people's movie and was well attended by them. Wish we could have such high quality movies often.

There was a western thriller with it which was very passé. It was shown to the kiddies last night and shouldn't have been repeated. There was a drawing for candy -- five boxes -- we didn't get any but the boy next door did.

Monday, September 7, 1942

Today G. and I had a half day off (morning). We washed some socks and undies; knitted, darned socks, and did some writing. G. and Mom went to the canteen to buy soap and paper.

This afternoon we went to work. We pulled the S-3 duplicates, change of address cards, correspondence, and survey forms for each of the 200 workers going on the first (advance) group. The notices to embark on August 9 at 6:30 P.M. at

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Monday, September 7, 1942

Laundry 9 (near the tracks) to Delta, Utah. (I lost my bet that we would be sent elsewhere.) After that we had nothing else to do. Thus we were idle for about one hour. The typists were assigned to copy the orders to evacuees in order to seem busy while one of the W.C.C.A. officials was having a conference with Mr. G. It's maddening that we must work on week ends in order to make up for time lost during the week while he is "floundering" for some procedure to be followed in the work. (Since he is a WPA man he doesn't plan to do more than one thing at a time.)

This week will be a busy one for those leaving on the ninth, and also for all of us who must pack. The visitors won't be allowed after Friday. Hope mine won't interrupt my work too much, but I want to see them since it will be my last opportunity in a long time.

Tonight I remained at home knitting, writing letters, etc. Soon I must begin packing because we will be leaving soon.

Tuesday, September 8, 1942

Today we began pulling the S-3's, change of address cards, occupational cards, surveys, correspondence, and hospital records from the family records, for those leaving on the ninth. It certainly takes a long time and to think we must do the same for each family (2,000 of them).

I had a visitor from U.C. who bought me a typewriter. I was surprised I could obtain one at all. I hope it will continue to serve for the duration. Maybe afterwards I can obtain a larger one. She was very kind to get it for me. It's a shame I won't be able to see her for a long time. I've enjoyed her friendship and assistance a great deal. (She also promised to write a letter of recommendation for me for college.)

There were about 500 visitors this afternoon. We were again allowed to go on the balcony. This large number was surprising in view of the fact that it had been raining today -- a shower.

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Tuesday, September 8, 1942

I found out today that visitors could take out packages after inspection by the internal police.

Tonight E. N. came over and we had a very long chat. We talked about our respective futures. She wants to become a nurse, or undertake some useful career to help mankind, since she is so opposed to warfare in general. She also feels that this will compensate for her anticipated single life. Somehow, her personality seems to fit her fears, but yet, she may find just the right person.

I told her about my hopes for the future which are rather incoherent at present. I would like to continue with my college career, become a social worker and then maybe get married. However, if I remain inside the camp I don't know what I will do, although I may do personnel work, education, or recreation -- I'm not certain.

We discussed individuals and their personalities and attitudes. Many are difficult to understand.

Then we discussed our attitudes toward the war. She fears her attitudes have changed a great deal although in truth it has been gradual.

She has studied the history and theory of Japan and has realized the cause of their actions. She fears if she continues to study this phase more fully she may be converted to the other side. Many of her friends have used such strong arguments against her (on Japan's side). Hope she won't waver too long.

I feel that this country may have done many unfair things in the past and may continue to do so, ^{yet} her leaders are the people and that is what counts. In the totalitarian countries the people have very little say in the government.

Wednesday, September 9, 1942

Today we ate breakfast with the M's. They said they are to go to Berkeley today to get their professional equipment (pharmaceutical). They plan to have an

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elaborate dinner, to get all their possessions from home, and to see the whole town. They promised to see how our home is progressing.

This morning we proofread the rosters (train commander's and center director's) and continued to alphabetize and file the occupational cards of each person. This afternoon we began proofreading the lists for the September 15 group. There will be 500 in that group (about 12-13 car loads). One of the girls who's husband left tonight was not transferred to her family list so that though the family is assigned to leave on the fifteenth, she will be left behind. X. G. (the supervisor) felt it was too late to make a change now. It's too bad the interviewer didn't make a proper notation on all the cards concerned.

Some of the typists are becoming rather careless about routine matters like the date of embarkation and headings for items as age and sex (in reverse order). The procedure in the file room is very unsystematic. Certain girls aren't assigned to certain tasks, except two of our old workers. Thus, whenever there are odd tasks the new girls must do the proofreading so that there is no one to check the work. It would be much more satisfactory to have one old and one new girl for each task.

This afternoon about six girls from Mess 2 area (the last group to leave) came in to ask for jobs. Thus, we will have plenty of file clerks.

I had two visitors today. Z. K. (former prexy of the U. C. Y.W.C.A.) came to visit us. She is to write an essay on the Nisei Californians (evacuees). Thus we gave her information about the various Californians who have been working in various fields -- as recreation, education, newspaper, etc. It seems the leaders come from U. C.; of course, that is the largest college in this area, but still, there is a very large percentage of us here. This camp is noted for its large percentage of college students and graduates. Those who have gone to college from this camp are all from U. C. (For example, of the 20 high school teachers, 16 are U. C. graduates (including only 1 student) in junior high school; two thirds are

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U. C. graduates or students. In recreation all (practically) directors are California graduates or students. In the newspaper, three fourths are California students.)

She told us that the prices of food are very high. Eggs cost about 50 cents a dozen; since the Safeways have been closed for the past month, the other grocery store (independent) in that same neighborhood charges monstrous prices.

Everything seems unusual now. There are only three weeks before the end of the semester, and the students are very deeply concerned with their studies. This visitor came at about 1:00 P.M. and left at 2:15 P.M. since she had a week end house guest whom she had to see off at 6:00 P.M.

Thus, I went back to work for an hour to find that another group from the "Y" came -- the chairman of the Race Relations group and two other cabinet members. They were so glad to see us (and sorry to see us leave). They brought coat hangers, bobbie pins, kleenex, candy, and some crosses from the Interchurch Council to the Fellowship. I hope I can find all the people who belonged. We chatted about the golf course; the possible facilities in the relocation centers; the departure of 200 people from camp today; the movies we have been having; the possibilities of forming a "Y" group in Utah; the director and administrators of the relocation center; the paucity of attendance at the "Y" groups now; the large number of visitors and the slowness of the man at the gate in admitting the visitors (slowness of writing the identification slips); and all manner of other subjects including our party on Saturday.

It was swell seeing them all again. Wish we didn't have to leave since we won't see them for about five years.

Tonight I went to see the 200 workers leave. There was a very large crowd -- about 3,000 at least. Most were young people, since their friends were the ones leaving. It was sad to see them go. It seemed we wouldn't see them for a month.

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(We in the personnel office wouldn't see them for a month; but the rest of the people would.) It warmed ones heart to see how interested people were in seeing their friends off. The exit (around the laundry station) was fenced off with barbed wire. The inspectors called off each car at a time (five) to inspect the hand luggage of the travelers. Then they lined up inside to be inspected again. It took about one hour to get them all started on their way. One man was missing at the last minute so there was some confusion and loss of time, but it was soon settled (I think). The trucks came to pick up the individuals and their hand luggage, so that not much time was lost. It was really sad to see families separated since only the workers left today.

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Today we made the original list for the group that is leaving on September 17. These involved barracks 18, 19, 20, and a few families from barracks around mess hall 2 which is supposed to have been the last group to go. It seems Mr. G. decided to assign about five families from the ^{last} named area in order that the workers may move into the vacated apartments. I think the families without any workers who must remain behind are being chosen to be sent. E. N.'s family was listed -- was I surprised! At first I thought she had applied to be sent early in order to continue in the information office. But when I heard Mr. G. had chosen these families for each trainload I understood the reason.

We proofread the two rosters (train commander's and the WCCA roster -- for September 16). Also, we proofread the original list for September 17. We finished ^{the} proofreading/instruction sheets to the September 15 group. (These are the families of the workers in the advance group).

Meanwhile we filed the occupational cards and the clothing request forms. Most of the people who have received clothing to date are workers requesting clothing such as jeans, work shoes, etc. The average cost of goods is \$4.00 to

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\$5.00 per family. A few families placed large orders (of about \$10) but the majority felt that work clothes were sufficient. (This included only a very small percentage --- about one fiftieth).

On the rosters for the September 9 group, the earnings due them were included; the average pay seems to be about \$6. (The majority of workers are unskilled.) We are certainly being rushed nowadays. However, we have about six new girls from the mess 2 area who want to work, so they will relieve our burden a great deal. Today they checked over the files of the September 9 group. Mr. G. wants them to report on Saturday morning in order to relieve as proofreaders. It would be wonderful if the typists could be relieved too.

Tonight E. N. and I planned the party for Saturday evening for our gang. We want to have some games, a discussion on the future of each one of us as individuals, in relocation and in the post-war world. Also we want refreshments, so we planned on the two boxes of candy we received, fruit juice punch (everyone is to bring a fruit or juice), cookies from the canteen and from E. if we need it. We thought a quiz or "Information Please" period would be fun since we're all college students (or graduates). Also we would like an organized discussion led by one of us. Then we thought a souvenir name tag of some sort would be fun -- two of the girls are expert at that. Two other girls will be in charge of refreshments, and two others of the quiz program, and two of the games. Thus, we would all be contributing something. We want to organize a "Y" group on the basis of the college students who belonged to the "Y." Then, if there is a "YM" we could have joint discussions and joint socials. It would be a wonderful opportunity for us to have constructive discussions and group activity with a common bond, not only among ourselves, but with the Caucasian friends outside who are so kind and thoughtful toward us. We're really enthusiastic about it.

We discussed the people we might invite to our party; at first we thought we

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might invite anybody connected with the "Y" but finally decided that since everyone didn't get along well with the rest of us, we would continue to hold together -- the same group as originally. We had such a common bond of friendship and seemed to enjoy being together that we thought we should end up just as the same old group.

Friday, September 11, 1942

Today we continued with the proofreading and filing. We seem quite busy. In fact, tonight we were asked to "volunteer" to work. Of course, since I am more or less supervisor of our section of the work (filing and proofreading) I had to work.

This afternoon I expected a visitor, but she failed to show up. I was rather disappointed but realized that she must have been very busy.

Tonight I didn't feel very well (stomach trouble) and could hardly eat any dinner.

As luck would have it, tonight at work, Mr. G. had the commissary boys bring in some milk and sandwiches. Of course, I couldn't eat any, so I just ate some cookies. I felt rather embarrassed since everyone else was eating a lot.

We pulled the S-3's and other records (as for the ninth) for all those on the 15th rosters. We didn't quite finish, but since it was so late, we came home at about 10:00 P.M.

Saturday, September 12, 1942

Today I felt very ill so remained in bed in the morning. I ate a little lunch and walked around this afternoon.

This morning I listened to the radio. All of the neighbors are making a great deal of noise hammering and sawing crates.

This afternoon I knitted with a neighbor. Also I chatted with a friend, L. N. who is having boy friend trouble. It seems there are three fellows whom she can marry, but she doesn't know which one it will be. One is a college graduate (who wants to work for his Ph.D); another is a noncollege man in the army; still another is away, but not in the army. Such a dilemma! She is a member of the Book of the

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Saturday, September 12, 1942

Month Club and has received a number of good books. I would like to join also. I will when I reach relocation and am settled.

I would still like to attend college, but the family seems so against it. I don't know -- hope I can persuade them.

Tonight I attended the "Farewell Party" of the "Y" girls. It was really fun. Each of us brought something -- chocolates (from the "Y" people), cookies, crackers and cheese, tea, oranges, cheez-its, etc. Then girls made some placecards of the race-track, "Y," and U. C. on a bear; we each had one and got signatures. First we played games liked word building, "Simon says 'Hands up,' " Predicaments; laughing game, etc. It was hilarious to say the least.

Then we ate, and did we eat! The chocolates were swell and so unusual for Tanforan.

Then we began chatting about college opportunities; about two are awaiting replies; about three or four others of us want to leave but haven't seriously pursued the project; still about one or two others feel they would prefer to remain inside. However, we all correspond with Caucasians so won't lose our contacts in that way. We told the girls about who is to leave within a week. We learn ahead of time so like to tell our friends about it so they can be prepared in time.

As far as relocation goes, none of us is certain about the possibilities and what field we will each follow. We all hope to get something useful for us in the future, as well as aid the people.

Sunday, September 13, 1942

Today G and I worked all day. It's terrible how we are deprived of our week ends. This morning and afternoon we finished up the proofreading of September 17-20. Also we pulled the records for the sixteenth and seventeenth. Hope we will be able to finish all of the work by the middle of the week. I am to supervise the proof-

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readers so I will be quite busy. It's a very good experience in business administration. It doesn't matter how "crabby" Mr. G. may be because I have very little contact with him. The barracks 26-41 are to go on the nineteenth, and 42-60 (I think) will go on the twenty-first. I think our barrack will leave on the twenty-second. I hope so because it is rumored that we will be split into two camps, so that the last half will be sent to Arkansas or some such place. However, I don't think we will be split in that way since the workers will have to be guaranteed facilities to rejoin their families which might be very inconvenient if we were split.

I noticed that the car captains and train monitors were mostly house managers, mess managers, and many Christian leaders are. Most of them are college graduates. Mr. G. has the chairman of house managers help him appoint the men. Thus it is natural that house managers are in the majority. However, Mr. G. hates the latter. Today, one of the fellows who is now a mess manager who was appointed train monitor, came in to complain that some mistake must have been made in his notice since he doesn't feel capable of the position. Mr. G. told him to go to the car captains' meeting. (There was a mistake made, but since the real appointee's records couldn't be found he wanted to let it go at that).

About half dozen new girls came in to help proofread. They are from the master file project so they like to chat while they work so that there is a great deal of time wasted.

We worked until 4:30 P.M. It was mostly final proofreading.

This afternoon a sergeant in the state militia came in (from jail). He had not registered for evacuation since he was exempted -- from his position. However, he was arrested and sent in. It was a shame because no one seems to be exempted regardless of the circumstances

Mr. G. had a sign on the door -- "Closed" -- but some of the workers thought it applied to them so he took it down. He didn't have much trouble without it though.

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There was one family that was expecting to be removed to another center, but had met with some delay. For some strange reason Mr. G. was very polite to them and took special steps to help keep them here until their order of transfer would be received.

Tonight we received the final edition of the Totalizer. It is 26 pages and contains information about relocation, a summary of the conditions and activities in the four months of our stay; and opinions of various people (workers and leaders) about the future; all in all it was a very good issue and seemed to be very optimistic.

Tonight there was a church fellowship meeting but I didn't go. I was so tired from working all day that I just wrote letters and listened to the radio.

Monday, September 14, 1942

Today we didn't have very much work to do. This morning the typists weren't ready for us to proofread till 9:30 P.M. Before that, we proofreaders stood out in the sun and looked at and played with the little black puppies outside. After that we proofread the rosters for the twenty-first. We are not included in it, but many of our friends are -- from barracks 42-49 and 8-10. Since the rumor about us going to Arkansas was in the papers yesterday, many of the girls feared they wouldn't be sent to Utah where many of their friends will have been sent by the twenty-second. However, Mr. G. says that as far as he knows it will be one camp to which we will be sent. I was afraid our family would have to wait until after the but this afternoon the twenty-second rosters were typed so that I found our family would go on that date. Most of our neighbors will be included so the family and the others are happy. I didn't notice which was the last barrack included so some of the families feared they wouldn't be included and were wondering.

There were about six new girls in the office so we had some trouble teaching them the procedures. We wasted about two hours without work so it was very aggravating. I let half of the proofreaders off this afternoon so they wouldn't feel aggravated without any work; and moreover, they have been working continually for two weeks.

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I hope all of the girls will be able to have a day off. The typists are being replaced by new typists so they can substitute when (and if) the old girls get a day off.

This morning two students left for Heidelberg University, Ohio. It was sponsored by scholarships from the First Reformed and Evangelical Church of America. It's swell to see that they were allowed to leave before relocation. I guess it will take a long time but it won't be so bad since two of them are going. Another of the girls who is going to either that university or another is awaiting an okay by the mayor of the town. Everything takes so long -- the Army, Navy, government, community, and university, as well as the WCCA must give permission to leave.

There were about 100 people to see them off; mainly young people (students) and a few families. Since it's so close to relocation, everyone gets excited about anyone leaving voluntarily.

Mr. G. was saying the men at the gate didn't know anything about a party coming in yesterday or today. However, this party is inside, so something must have gone wrong.

Also, one of the officials resigned because he couldn't get cooperation from the workers or the administration.

A girl came in today. She has no family here but was sent in for some reason or other. It's a shame she has to be all alone.

We girls were discussing the possibilities of living together at the nursery school. It's a house with four rooms and is clean, with stove, shower, etc. inside so we won't be inconvenienced. However, since thirteen girls have signed up for it, and only ten can be accommodated, we don't know what arrangements can be made. Hope we can all live together. G. wants to be in a room with me since she likes to retire early and would be inconvenienced if she lived with a bunch of girls. I don't know what arrangements can be made. Two other sisters will be remaining,

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so we may be able to bunch in with them.

It'll be fun being together. The girls are very friendly. We are all of varied interests and our only bond is the office, but I think we can get along.

Tonight I stayed home to write. Gee, it's certainly tiring to work all day, especially on a hot / day like today. Hope I won't be tired all the time. I want to see the movie because everyone seems to think it's good.

Tuesday, September 15, 1942

We are still rather doubtful as to our future abode. It seems some of the girls feel the nursery school is too dirty to be useful. Maybe we will have to divide up into two rooms. The older girls in one and we younger ones in another. I certainly hope it will be possible to find something.

We're working on the rosters for the twenty-second now. Those in our family's group are all neighbors so it will be okay. Wish we were going too, because we could have swell chats because there are a number of young people included.

I didn't go to see the people off tonight since didn't know very many who are leaving tonight.

Wednesday, September 16, 1942

Today we continued with the proofreading of the twenty-second group sheets including a final check-up; also we began the twenty-sixth rosters. This morning we had no work for an hour but this afternoon we started off with work and ended up with some. However, in the midafternoon we were all waiting for work. All the people from barracks 77-102 will be leaving on the twenty-sixth. Many of our friends will be leaving on that day. Especially those living near us will be happy to hear they are leaving on that date and to Utah because they feared we would be separated.

Tomorrow I will have a day off. On the day after G will. We will also have Sunday off. We certainly deserve it. I want to get all my things packed and ready tomorrow.

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G. and I haven't exactly decided where our home will be. We wanted to live in the nursery school, but it seems there are many packages left around, but there is running water and everything there so it would be cozy.

Z. N., one of the girls who works in our office and who lives in barrack 10, told us to move in there because we want to go to a local mess hall instead of to the main mess. Two other sisters will live with us I think. We don't like to live in a stable but it looks as if we will have to.

We're really getting busy with packing now. Hope we will be ready in time. There are so many things we will need, both here and immediately on arrival.

Today S. Z., an ex '43 (engineer), came into the office with a travel permit. He's going to the University of Nebraska. He certainly is lucky. Wish I were going to college too. (I hear there are about six people who will be leaving before relocation.) This fellow has a very strong Caucasian background and backing, so he should be able to continue his associations quite easily. However, he does tend to lose his temper easily, so it may be a little difficult in that way. Anyway, I hope he makes good. Another girl who was recently married is to leave for Smith College for an Art Fellowship. She is very good so deserves it, but is married so shouldn't really leave although I hear her husband is attempting to leave also.

Tonight I remained at home to pack; really there's a lot to do.

Thursday, September 17, 1942

Today I had a day off. It was a relief since we're kept at work all week long. This morning I washed, helped pack (and removed my letters from their envelopes to reduce the bulk). This afternoon I washed my hair and then did a little ironing. Our orders came today. Everyone ran out to tell their friends what group they were in and to compare notes. Of course those in 77 and up were very disappointed. They couldn't be with their friends. There wasn't much compensation for that I guess.

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Thursday, September 17, 1942

We received some suitcases from our friends -- black ones. Hope they will be strong enough. Also we received some more articles from home.

I went to visit E. N. She is leaving tonight. Her room was empty except for her beds and mattresses. They were planning to ^{carry} over night bags and books, and some citrus fruits. She wanted me to return a book for her which I did. She plans to wear slacks after she gets on the train. The inspector wasn't very strict about inspecting her baggage, but was strict about her freight. They're all different though so one can't tell.

The main mess provided dishes for them so they didn't have to carry theirs.

She is rather optimistic about the possibilities at the relocation center. Mainly because she is so disgusted with this camp she feels anything would be better than this.

I went to see her off after dinner so she was just going out to the train. There were about 500 watching and many were on the roofs of the barracks. I guess they felt good to have so many give them a send-off with shouts and waves.

Friday, September 18, 1942

Today we spent one hour without work. However, I helped pull the records from the case folders for the twenty-sixth.

Then we made a final check of the eighteenth records for tonight. We found one family was omitted on one of the rosters. It would be a shame if it weren't discovered in time.

Then we proofread the twenty-seventh train commander's roster and R-6's. Also we began cross-checking these two but had inadequate time to finish.

A number of students came into the office to make arrangements to leave tomorrow. (And a few left today.) About six releases were received today. I wish I were going too. The more I think about it the more I want to leave. I think I

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would like to attend some social welfare college. One of the members of the S. Relocation Comm. stated that she had recommended me to Smith College, but that the semester began too early. Hope I can persuade the family to let me leave next year. The SRA wrote to me today to tell me that I have a possibility of helping on the Sociological Research Bureau at Poston. It would be a wonderful opportunity, but I don't relish the idea of living there. Maybe some arrangements might be made in Utah -- I hope so.

Today I saw S. J. who left tonight for Utah. She used to work in our office so she might have been with us still, but she felt her health might be jeopardized if she remained at work, so resigned. She promised to write. I wish we could live near each other, but will probably be working together or something. The boss said goodbye to her in a friendly spirit. I guess it wouldn't have been too difficult for me to resign. Oh well, it's too late now and I don't mind so much.

L. I. and S. I. have eye trouble from too much strain. It's a shame that Mr. G. keeps them typing constantly because it really is a strain to type eight hours a day (or more), 7 days a week. Now that we have a number of capable typists we won't have to worry about shifts. Today it worked out quite well.

She likes her new location (she and her family moved in yesterday). She doesn't know her neighbors very well (for most of her friends are in the infield or in Pomona (Woming now), but the room isn't unpleasant. (It faces the east and has no odor). She certainly misses the people in her former barrack and feels she could leave on Sunday with them, but her mother doesn't want her to because her eyes would be strained. She is planning to stay at home for three days. Hope it is improved by then.

Tonight I went to see S. J. off, but since she is in group 12, I became impatient about it and left to see the house we are to inhabit. The girls we are to live with go out and visit a great deal so we may be inconvenienced but I hope not.

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On the way home we saw all the employees of our office going to the movie. It was very interesting talking to someone every few steps. We have developed a true "responsibility" unity. Even with the newer girls. Hope we can get along for two weeks while we're alone.

Saturday, September 19, 1942

Today we proofread the rosters and group sheets of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. We also made a final check for the nineteenth. And we found some omissions as usual. Also a few of the numbers were incorrect. It seems odd these inaccuracies were not noticed previously. Anyway the check was worth while.

There were two students leaving today. One for Nebraska. This person is very intelligent, a child genius, so should make a very favorable impression on that score. Also there was one fellow (U. C. graduate in public speaking) who is to attend a theological seminary in St. Louis. He has a bad habit of artificiality -- especially in speaking. Hope he overcomes that defect.

Then two other students came to make reservations for a trip to St. Louis (University of Washington) for Tuesday. One is to undertake commerce and law, while the other is to continue her public health training. Both of them have ability to adapt themselves to others and have had a great deal of Caucasian contacts so it should be easy for them to get along.

Today a lady came in to complain about the treatment to her son (or a relative). He was working for the maintenance department and was scheduled to leave later. However, his family was assigned to go ahead of time (although the son hadn't specified such). In the course of her complaint she found that part of that same family was to be sent to Tule Lake. However, Mr. G. didn't want to take the responsibility for it so passed the buck. (One of the members of the family was a pharmacist so was assigned to Tule Lake.) This lady was very persistent and threatened to contact headquarters to discover the cause of all this trouble. More-

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over, she told him what she thought of the "officials" here -- that they were merely WPA men and didn't know anything about their jobs except to pass the buck. She said that if it were necessary to have the army come after her she would wait until such an occurrence before she gave up her rights. Mr. G. became so perturbed he had to phone someone else to come in to handle the situation.

Many of the charges were correct. However, I wonder if she is jeopardizing her future by making the charges now -- just before departure (though of course her day has been assigned already). One advantage was that she is not a man so he couldn't exactly yell at her. Hope no harm comes to her as a result.

We were rather angry because Mr. G. wanted us to work when we are up-to-date, merely because he will be here and because someone must be here to make cancellations for tomorrow. He didn't want to choose the workers. Wish he could have shifts working. It would be much more satisfactory to all concerned. The morale would be higher and more satisfactory work would result.

There are two girls upstairs who don't work all the time. They want to fool around so the head runner wants someone else to replace them. We did and had the two girls downstairs. They didn't like the idea of working downstairs. Wish we could separate them, but I guess we'll have to wait until they leave for Utah.

Tonight I went to see two girl friends off. We went just as they were going in the gate. Everyone was in by 5:15 P.M. They wore ordinary clothes -- not too dressy nor too informal (slacks, etc.). Most of them carried very little hand luggage -- about one overnight case each because all of their friends have advised them not to bring too much. There was a smaller group to see them off, but still there were about 100 in that half hour. Guess most people are packing and preparing for departure. Everyone was rather sad to depart from friends, but consoled each other by saying they would meet again in a week. Everyone promised to write.

It was good to see how concerned friends were about the departers -- which was seen in their presence at the station. My friend promised to write. Hope all of my friends will write.

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Saturday, September 19, 1942

I went to the library to call for another girl so we could go to the station together. They (about a half dozen "Y" people) were having a "farewell party" (the fourth). They had been waiting for boxes for two weeks and since they hadn't received any to date have been playing cards, talking, and having parties. The three girls are all intellectually inclined and the fellows are too, although they seem to like to "fool around" a lot. They joked a lot and seemed to be having a wonderful time. They all work or help at the library so knew each other quite well. The three girls were all anticipating departure from the camp to the outside world so they had a great deal in common since they were all very well adjusted to the Caucasians. (One had graduated from Mills College and two had graduated from U. C.)

Tonight I stayed home to help pack. We got half done, but dad was rather perturbed so stopped. I wrote an answer to one of my letters -- a rather important one.

Sunday, September 20, 1942

Today we had to work all day. Gee, we were angry. This morning we began the twenty-ninth roster and finished up the twenty-eighth. The twenty-ninth will cover the last twenty (or more) barracks of the infield. After that, there are very few scheduled to leave (150 on the thirtieth; 450 on the first of October) until the second of October when there are to be 1,100 leaving. Mr. G. felt he couldn't schedule part to leave on another day so inquired of the Army. (I don't know the result as yet.) In the final check for today we found no errors(the first time).

We have a choice of living at 8-6 or 2-3. We have more friends near the former and we can eat at a local mess hall, but the other one is cleaner (although the wind blows in too). I really want to leave with the family now because it's so inconvenient to move -- especially when we aren't certain of a room. We should be finished with the whole group ^{by} about the twenty-sixth. Wish we could leave then. There are a number of girls leaving in the last-remaining areas who could make the

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final check ups on the daily rosters (on the day of departure).

Tonight I went to bid adieu to S. I. She wanted to take a suitcase with her but they took it in the window for inspection I guess. Hope she can get it back. She promised to write. Hope I get all of those promised letters. Everyone was inside the laundry by 6:00 P.M. But it was 7:00 P.M. before the train left. They became more efficient with time. Maybe by the time we leave they will be finished in half an hour.

For dinner we had pie a la mode, chicken souffle (or a similar dish), stringbeans, and green salad. All in all, it was very good and novel. After this we must go to the main mess hall at 6:30 A.M., 11:30 A.M., and 4:30 P.M. It's going to be very inconvenient.

After supper we went to find a room, but they (stables) are all very unsatisfactory. There is a stable-like odor, the dust comes in and in one area we must go to the main mess. We visited some of our friends in the stables. One family was leaving tomorrow, while another is remaining till the end (the father works in the mess hall). One of the former employees in our office had such bad eyes from typing that she is unable to work so she has been allowed to leave tomorrow night. It makes me wish I could leave too since two of my best friends are gone.

Oh well, tomorrow I'll see if I can get a room near one of my friends.

Monday, September 21, 1942

Today we were supposed to go to the main mess hall for meals, but I didn't go to breakfast -- ate at home. This morning we finished checking the twenty-ninth rosters. Then we made a final check of the twenty-first and found some mistakes (the wrong person of the family was omitted).

This afternoon we finally began the thirtieth. It covers the last fifteen or so barracks in the infield plus a few families from mess hall areas 2 and 7 plus the hospital cases that could be safely taken on that day. On the first and second

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the rest of the people will be sent. Hope we are sent on the first, but I guess it won't be till the second.

A former Berkeley boy came in to make reservations for the trip to Cornell University. He has been majoring in dramatics (or music) so I believe he plans to continue in that. He is very fortunate to be sent to such a renowned college. Everyday someone seems to be given a permit to leave for school. I certainly hope I will be able to soon.

There was one doctor who is to be transferred to Tule Lake with another family. However, after some inquiry it must have been decided that the other family would leave tonight because they were left on the roster.

We were trying to get a room in barrack 2 (where J. I. used to live -- for three nights), but we finally decided on a room in barrack 9 since some fellows had signed up for that former room previously. We thought we would like the latter better since most of our friends live near (or in) that barrack. We certainly change our minds often.

At noon we ate at the main mess with the girls in barrack 2 because we didn't want to eat in the 11:30 shift with the family. We reached the door at 11:45 and were told to walk in, so ate early (before the rush and noise). However, (although the quality of food has improved) the atmosphere of darkness and noise and congestion is not conducive to an appetite.

Tonight we went to see some of our friends off but had to go to dinner at 5:00 P.M. so couldn't see many of our friends. We ate at mess 7 (where we will eat in the future) but the food wasn't very tasty (roast meat with stewed carrots and turnip; lettuce salad without dressing) so we didn't eat much. It doesn't seem the same to eat at another mess hall beside our own. Hope we will have better food for one week. We're planning to move in on Wednesday. I don't relish the prospect of sleeping alone with G. in this barrack, but I suppose I must. G. G. invited

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us to stay with her for the night, but it will be too inconvenient to leave our belongings in this barrack. Such trouble.

After dinner we went to see the people entrain. It went slower today and they were on the train at 6:30 P. M. (yesterday they were in by 6:00 P.M). It seems that today there is a pullman for everyone. Hope there will be one for us when we go. The crowd gets smaller all the time. There was only about fifty people watching the entrainment. By the time we go there will be no one. We will be assigned seats. Hope the family gets favorable neighbors. When we reached home we helped pack the baggage for the family and also packed our clothes for the week.

Tuesday, September 22, 1942

This morning the house was messy again since we were packing our baggage, but by the time we came home at noon, everything was gone except the beds and mattresses (and our things) plus the things to be packed in the hand luggage. Surprisingly enough the latter turned out to include a great deal of articles so that they ended up with about six bundles between the three. They certainly had lots of blankets and other excess luggage. When we go I hope we won't have that much.

We ate dinner with them and helped them carry their luggage to the station. It was rather sad to see them leave, but since there were two of us it wasn't so bad. We had to go all around a barrack to reach the gate so that the heavy luggage was extra heavy. Then, we couldn't get to the fence near the embarkation point (since it was out off) so we couldn't say goodbye at close range. However, we stood at the far end and yelled. The people seemed to be slower in arriving today. It was about 5:15 before they all arrived. Then by the time they were all in the train it was 6:30 P.M.

We saw a large number of friends (neighbors) so we stood there and yelled. It made me rather sad in a way and I would have been terribly lonesome in that

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barrack (only one neighbor remained) if two girls hadn't come to play "pit" with us. We laughed and joked till about 10:00 P. M. Before we knew it it was that late. It cheered us up, anyway and we didn't feel as lonely as before.

G. G. came over to invite us to stay with her, but we felt we could stay alone for one or two nights though we were a little hesitant.

Today I went to breakfast at 6:30 A.M. but it was so noisy, congested, and dark that I lost my appetite.

We worked only a half day at the office. We rechecked the twenty-second rosters and we finished the twenty-ninth, third, and fourth checks. We can't begin the first rosters yet because there is a slight conflict of trains and dates. There are about 1,100 people to be sent on the second, but that will be impossible. They may have to send them on the first and second and tenth or something like that.

Two people left for George Washington University this morning. A girl to finish her public health course and a boy to finish his commercial course and to begin his law course. They have both saved their money and are very earnest about continuing their education. Hope they are successful.

Then just before noon Mr. D. (the director) was in the office, commenting that he had received a teletype about a certain person to leave for school. He had thought it had been a person who had left on the ninth with the advance crew (same name) but had neglected to inquire as to the age and/or family number of the person. As it happened the first person was a forty-five-year-old man and the other (who was to have left tonight) is 24 years old. This was an example of carelessness and lack of foresight on the part of the officials concerned. Anyway this fellow was notified that he is to remain here until his permit arrives. Another fellow was given his release to attend Washington University also. He will leave tomorrow morning. A girl who has received a scholarship through her church group, and who has an excellent personality for adaptation to the Caucasian community will

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leave for Elmhurst, Ohio tomorrow. She has remained behind while her family has gone to Utah. I'm so glad she is able to go because she deserves it and will be very successful in her contacts.

This afternoon we helped the family pack their luggage and packed our own things. Then we went to investigate our prospective home. It is clean, swept out, and not too dusty or odiferous. However, there was a hole in the wall which will have to be covered up before our new neighbors come in. We wanted to sweep it out but thought it was clean enough without. We saw a lock hinge on an empty room door and were going to use it for ours, but a neighbor scolded the boy (a friend) who was removing it and glared at us until we disappeared through the other side of the barrack. It won't be very pleasant if she remembers us and glares at us every time we're here, but I hope she won't.

Everyone was visiting with his neighbors today sitting on mattresses piled outside the corner rooms. It was cheering and yet pathetic. It reminded one of the first day of arrival with the people waiting for their luggage to arrive. The barracks were empty, even the beds were outside.

The negro soldiers are supposed to be living in the camp (a few yards away from our barrack) so we were afraid to stay in our room but since there are a few neighbors near us (nearby barracks) so it won't be so bad. I saw some in the yard near the front entrance this morning. They did stare at us, but didn't seem particularly harmful.

We ate at 4:00 P.M. with the family in the main mess hall and then went to the gate to see them off. We had to go around a long (20 room) barrack to get to the gate. Also, we couldn't get near the exit to say "goodby" but yelled from the fence. It was sad seeing everyone leave.

It was so quiet when we reached home.

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Today we had pancakes and sunny-side-up eggs for breakfast beside cereal, melon and milk. It was a really heavy breakfast.

This morning at the office we alphabetized cards; also we began to check the alphabetical rosters. It's really cumbersome and mistakes are very likely to be made since a number of typists handle it each day.

At noon we ate at the main mess again. Before noon, two more students left, one for Elmhurst, Illinois (theological school -- although only one religious course is required). She has the ability to get along with anyone so she will be successful in her contacts. She wants to do social welfare work. The other person (a fellow) is to attend George Washington University in St. Louis for a pre-medical course. It seems everyone is attending that college -- hope it doesn't develop into a Japanese colony.

Today we heard rumors that the food at Utah is better than here. At present we seem to be getting more in quality and quantity. Wonder how the supplies can be obtained out in the desert. The barracks and almost everything is considered much superior. The only unfortunate incident was the poisoning of a young boy (twenty-one years old) by a scorpion. He had sat on it accidentally while working at the canteen. It seems he was so frightened and moved around so much that he killed himself in that way. We still don't know if he died, except that a telegram of his death was received by some close friends.

This noon as we were coming home we saw the hearse bringing in a corpse to the church. A service was to be held at 2:00 P.M. It seems so pathetic that someone should die in the midst of all the moving preparations. The area around this neighborhood is so empty and reminds one of a ghost town. It makes one wish to move out immediately.

I heard that some of the fellows from the recreation department who went early to Utah have begun a newspaper; talent shows and dances have been held. All

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in all things seem to be developing quite well. The only drawback is that the people in the newspaper don't seem especially qualified. Those in it at Tanforan were ^{very} well qualified and should continue.

Our moving seems to be rather undecided -- except that it will be tomorrow morning. We should have two others living with us, but the G. sisters don't like the neighborhood. I hope we get someone we know. Only about one dozen families in our area. The little boys go inside the empty rooms to take any wood, furniture, etc. that might be left (for boxes I guess). It's too bad, although they may as well use it since it is no use in an empty room.

We were very lonesome but two of G's friends came over and we chatted and played cards. It was fun and cheered us up. One of the girl's brother is a JACL official so she was quite enthusiastic about the sacrifices of the officials in working for next to nothing for the sake of the Nisei (are they?).

I talked to a friend who has majored (and graduated) in political science. She has not adequate training for public administration or any special field. However, she does have training in secretarial work. She thinks she would prefer the latter since it has more prospects in the post-war world. She is interested in personnel work also. I want to do personnel work because I believe it has more of a future than public administration. I would also be interested in social work. I hope I'm not being too selfish, but social work would be an aiding profession.

Thursday, September 24, 1942

This morning we moved into our new room. The odor was very noticeable when we first entered. However, we are used to it now. Mr. O. and Mr. L. came to help us tie our packages and to put away our bedding. Then Mr. L and Mr. U. came to help us put up our shelves. It was really very considerate of them. They put up racks for towels and for our clothes too. Also they swept and mopped the floor for us. We felt helpless. S. U. came over to help us get settled. She talked to us while

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we put the boxes up and hung up our clothes and made our beds. It was really comforting to feel these people thought about us and wanted to help us as much as possible. There were some holes in the cracks (through which mice and rats might crawl, so they stuffed them with newspapers for us.

Then it was time for lunch so we ate. It was only stew and biscuit -- not too tasty, but we couldn't complain. They served us milk at the table and we had jello. We ate with S. U. It is more comforting to eat with friends. Some other girls from the office sat opposite us, but we didn't seem able to carry on a conversation.

This afternoon when we returned to work we discovered that the boss had torn up the rosters for the first because too many individuals had been released from their supervisors in order that they might be able to leave on the first with their families. Mr. G. was very angry that these other officials interfered with his work so phoned the director to get cooperation in this matter without which he would resign. Thus we began just where we had begun the previous day.

Also I learned that G. O. had been asked to return to camp since the American Legion of Elmhurst had telegraphed to keep all Japanese out of that town. It was a shame, but there is said to be a possibility that she may be able to attend another college -- Cornell.

We finished proofreading the TCR's for the first.

Tonight G. and I stayed at home, but we had a number of visitors -- G's friends, both our friends, and my friend. We chatted for awhile. Z. T. came to sleep with us. We talked far into the night. We talked about people, our opinions of them and about principles, and about the possibilities of getting out of camp. She is very interesting to talk to though she tends to gossip a little too much. However, many of her statements prove quite true (though sometimes over frank).

The mess hall is much more convenient than the main mess, but I object to

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the flies. They clutter up the place. The salad plates are already set on the table (individual). Also dessert is on the table. One gets merely the main course at the counter. Waiters bring milk, water, or tea. Really we get lots of service, but I don't think the flies are very appetizing.

Friday, September 25, 1942

This morning we got to breakfast late since Z. T. wanted to comb her hair before breakfast. This delayed us 5 minutes. We felt rather uncomfortable that everyone was leaving before we finished. One of the cooks mistook Z. for the secretary to Mr. G. who had told him no information about the date of relocation for individuals could be divulged previous to the day of notice (5 days ahead). He felt that if we girls weren't going to help the workers we shouldn't eat in that mess hall. Z. N. with whom we were eating said that he had mistaken the identity of the two girls so he apologized.

This morning at the office we checked the rosters of the first and began to proofread the group sheets. I wanted to have S. U.'s family with us but decided she might want her relatives with her so didn't press the matter. As it happened, the girls in our office and their families will be included in our car so that we will have congenial company.

This afternoon we had to cross-check the group sheets and rosters but had to remain overtime to do so. We will work only one or two hours in the morning on Saturday and Sunday so that we wanted to finish the check up tonight. The notices will go out tomorrow.

Tonight G and I remained at home to write and to study. We were invited to attend the movie but since it wasn't a very interesting one and since we won't have the place to ourselves tomorrow we decided to get as much done as possible.

Today four girls were to be held back until their permits of travel were received. One was the girl who had not reached Elmhurst; the other, a girl who

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had applied to Denver University (but who had thought it was too late to receive a travel permit); and the other two were sisters to attend a college in the same town that had rejected the first. That seems strange but perhaps there is some unknown factor involved. Hope they all receive their permits soon because the year will begin in a week or so.

Saturday, September 26, 1942

Today I worked for one hour. We got to breakfast rather late again.

Today we only checked the rosters for tonight. I wish we could always have it as easy as this.

This afternoon I went to listen to the Cal-St. Mary's game at Z's house. We sat on the front porch and watched the people have their freight hauled off in trucks. There were a number of fellows helping with the lifting. One fellow in particular was strong enough to lift one large 3-foot square crate all by himself. This same fellow had written a reflection on his life at Tanforan which dealt with his feelings, contacts, and dreams. He wants to continue his Caucasian contacts outside (he had been a member of a fraternity at U.C.) and feels that this is merely a temporary stopping place. He had made the acquaintance of one Eurasian whom he understood very well and with whom he had a great deal in common but this fellow had left on the mixed blood policy leaving a deep gap in G. O. 's heart. Then he had met a girl who was morally decent, sincere, and with a beautiful soul. He felt beauty was merely secondary in this case.

All in all, he was thoroughly disgusted with this camp and is happy to leave. He feels his opportunities to leave for work will be improved at the WRA center.

The game was very slow with a score of 6 - 0 in our favor, but it was merely luck that gave us that touchdown. The St. Mary's team was very strong in offensive and we were weak in both offensive and defensive. Oh well, it brought back memories

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of other first games and will probably be the last time we will hear a Pacific Coast game in a long time. (Utah lost to one of the Pacific Coast teams.)

Tonight I went to see my friends off -- a number of former neighbors left. We arrived at 4:30 P.M. but the departers didn't arrive till 4:45 P.M. They straggled in till 5:15 P.M. The watchers have dwindled in number till now they are only about 200 at the most. When we leave, there will probably be none.

L ate at our mess hall again and we chatted for awhile after dinner. L.P. came to stay till she receives her final permit to leave for Denver University. She had applied to Wisconsin University but the navy failed to okay that college so she applied to the former college a week ago. In the middle of the week she received the acceptance of the college and this morning the Student Relocation Comm. informed her that her scholarship had been furnished by the WSSF and the Presbyterian Church. She will pay only her train fare to Denver. She expects her permit to arrive on Monday and she hopes to shop for clothes and to visit all her friends who had helped her obtain said scholarship. It is certainly grand that she can go. Wish I were going. I think I will begin to correspond with various colleges to gain acceptance. It may be rather late but it's better to be late than not to try at all.

We chatted until the wee small hours, about our friends, their present location, opportunities for us in camp and out; past experiences at college; our opinion of various people; and other "gossipy talk." She hears from many friends in other camps who tell her gossip; she hardly hears about Tanforan except from the outside. Guess that's to be expected.

Sunday, September 27, 1942

Today L. P. and I stayed in bed till 8:00 A.M. We didn't have time to eat any breakfast since I had to go to work at 9:00 A.M. We finished checking the twenty-seventh rosters and group sheets and came home, or rather attended church

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service (the final one at Tanforan). The speaker showed us that we can be Kings in our own community by helping others instead of thinking of ourselves. There were only about fifty people present. Of course it's a good percentage considering the fact that three fourths of the camp has left and about half of those remaining were having their baggage or freight inspected so had to be at home. It was rather sad to know that this was to be our last service in California but the future will be bright if we look forward conscientiously.

At noon Z. T. came over. We had macaroni and cheese, lettuce and tomato salad, and ice cream with apple turnover. Someone told us we were having something unusual; we were about to make a comment when the tarts came around. What a surprise.

This afternoon I went to bring the order of moving to S.I. She was playing cards. The area surrounding her home and our former home was deserted. Very few people were visible. The barracks were empty, waste lumber and cardboard were piled at the corners. The doors were opened. Once in every five barracks one might see someone sunning himself on a mattress and bed in front of the barrack. It was so forlorn and empty that it truly reminded me of a ghost town.

I met a former school chum. She told me she was planning to leave for another center on account of her brother (doctor), although I surmised this was not too pleasant a prospect for her.

Then, L. had her baggage brought over in a truck. She ate her lunch here, although the macaroni was not very tasty and the ice cream was melted. We went to get her mirror from her former barrack and on the way met two friends of hers. We chatted and joked for awhile then they came over but wouldn't come in. I was getting rather bored so went for a short walk and saw the twin daughters of a friend. They are almost two years old, can speak a few words, and are always in mischief. They are so cute -- not identical twins, but look quite alike. They have dark arms, legs, but their faces are not. One has a dark birthmark on her hand. They were

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playing with some doll furniture.

We wanted to get some crates for freight which will be collected tomorrow, but were unable to do so (since it was Sunday). Thus tonight Z's brother came over to make some wooden boxes. It took about two hours, but was finally finished. We had to reinforce it from the inside with cardboard. Hope we can have someone nail it for us tomorrow. We may have to stay at home in the morning but I hope not.

Monday, September 28, 1942

This morning we had to get a crate at the corporation yard because the nails in ours started to withdraw. We had printed our name on the latter, but it would have been dangerous to send them. Thus, I stayed home till 9:30 P.M. to pack. We had a crate about 2 feet square so we put more than half of our belongings into it. G. stayed home till the inspector came. He merely signed the inspection tag and went on his way. They called for our baggage within one hour so that by noon our freight was out of the way -- fast work -- but we were lucky because others in our barrack (opposite side) had to wait till the afternoon to have their freight hauled away.

This afternoon the fellows in this area helped load the trucks on a voluntary basis, after the announcement was made in the mess hall that they do so. It is only fair that people cooperate and help others at a time like this.

We did some cross-checking of the permanent roster and TCR's; also we began the rosters for the ninth. Three more of the girls in our office decided to remain behind ~~because~~ they have fun together and aren't very anxious to reach Utah since most reports are very unfavorable.

I received four letters from there today. They were favorable and pessimistic so that it all depends on one's personality and outlook.

Heard from mom. She seems rather content though she says it's dusty and cold and hot. We don't have everyone we know in our barrack though I suppose many

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friends live in our block.

Tonight I wrote five letters and was I sleepy! However, when I got into bed, L. and I started to talk until early in the morning. We talked about our attitude toward the evacuation. I felt it was unjust, yet my attitude toward the United States was still that this country has innumerable advantages over Japan. L. feels keenly that this country is the **best** country for her. I agree with her. I'm not certain if she recognizes the injustices very clearly.

She has determination and that is very important at a time like this. She corresponded with colleges without her parents' knowledge (though her father supported her attitude on this subject).

I hope I can be as determined as she is. Yet I have no funds whatsoever, so I'm not certain I will be able to attend, but I will try as much as possible.

She had a great deal of "pull" but I think I can obtain as much as she had. Well, we'll see how it all turns out.

Tuesday, September 29, 1942

Today L. came into the office just in time to see her permit come in. She was so excited and went home to pack. She had the inspector inspect her luggage and waited for notice of her time of departure. A runner went to her brother's house so (since he was working), she almost missed her opportunity to leave at 2:00 P.M. She was to have waited till 4:00 P.M. but as it happened, one of the administration's officers was leaving at 3:00 P.M. so he took her to San Francisco in his car. Thus she rode out in style. It made one feel good all over to think she was going out in a civilized way rather than in a ranch truck like most of them do. The gang (library friends) came to see her off. She was so happy. I know she will make good. Hope she will continue to correspond with me.

It was rather lonesome today but tonight we began to pack our baggage and I did some writing so I was occupied.

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Monday, September 28, 1942

Today there were reports that many had received cases of diarrhea from the food (Sunday night) at the main mess. One woman is critically ill and because of her age may not survive. It's terrible to think that such can be the case.

We ate in the main mess today. I didn't make breakfast but I ate lunch and dinner there. The lunch consisted of stew and rice and was quite tasty. However, tonight we had fish which must have disagreed with me because I have a stomach ache.

Wednesday, September 30, 1942

Today I went to breakfast at 7:00 A.M. It wasn't extra tasty. Don't know if it's worth the walk.

This morning our work consisted mainly of cross-checks on our permanent rosters. We seem to be behind with our work. We couldn't check our rosters for tonight till this afternoon because the girls didn't complete the final corrections till then. Mr. G. was very impatient and we finally finished. Hope the statistics reached the major in time (2:30 P.M.). We found a number of repetitions so it was worth while the effort of doing the cross-checking.

That lady who had been critically ill from diarrhea died last night. Her immediate family will be allowed to remain till October 9 because the funeral will be held tomorrow. It's a shame that this should happen just before departure.

One of the families whose daughter is in the Canyon Sanitarium in Redwood City went to visit her today. They say she is feeling and looking much better now. She had a case of pleurisy from overwork as secretary to the education department. Hope she recovers soon. The family was all dressed up and seemed so happy of the chance to see their daughter and to see the outside for a few hours. (They were gone all afternoon.)

Tonight we went to see the people off. Only about fifty people were watching. When we go tomorrow I guess there will be only about ten people, if any. I hope our office staff will be there at least. Everyone was wearing slacks, especially

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since it's so cold tonight. The trucks carry the luggage so that the people merely walk to the station.

E. O. came over to chat for a while. She talked about the new camp and showed us the map; about her school background -- business mainly; her hopes for a clerical job at relocation; the inefficiency of the officials here (though she feels that they must be a little qualified since they work for the government).

It was fun chatting with her especially since we spent most of the evening packing our baggage.

Finis