

BEN IIJIMA'S DIARY

Friday, May 22, 1942

The Day Off

Today I had my day off and so I decided I would wander around the camp to see all the barracks and perchance to meet my old acquaintances. First, I spent some time browsing in the library, which was packed with children peering at comic books and Life magazines. I thought how earnestly some were interested in their schooling despite the lack of facilities, for many had brought their textbooks along and were studying their french or conservation course in forestry in order to complete their semester. I noticed a friend of mine flirting with the girls in one corner, who were gaily dressed in bright bandanas, blouses, and sweaters. The books were mostly old ones with dust invariably covering them. I overheard one fellow say that, "If this is a library, I'll eat my bucket hat." Having stayed long enough to browse through the Life magazine, I sauntered off in the direction of Tanforan Lake.

I sat down on the west bank to watch the boys launching their small boats. Sailboats were made out of two by four blocks; some were elaborately designed into destroyers and mosquito boats. One man, apparently a recreation leader, threw in a boat bedecked with an American flag. As he pushed the prow into the pond he began to sing "Anchors Away."

I noticed a fellow sitting next to me wearing rimless glasses, wavy hair, and rather dark of complexion -- a lad in late adolescent age, possibly a senior in high school. I started the conversation by asking him if he were employed. He replied he wasn't. He had made model airplanes, and the P-38 interceptor planes droning overhead interested him. He was saying something about wanting to make a model of one of them if they started a hobby club. He was a Nisei from Oakland who came rather early to the assembly center and for that reason he spoke of how fortunate we were in coming when everything was in order. The showers, the food, and

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the general set up has improved greatly since his arrival. When I asked him specifically what sort of food he found insipid, he replied, "Just Beans Every Day."

I told him I had always wanted to climb the grandstands, so I asked him if he would care to accompany me up to the bleachers. He agreed, and together we ascended the stairs. From the highest row we could see the Bay in the distance and just beyond the barbed wire fences of Tanforan, the wooden homes of San Bruno, the white streak of Bayshore Highway, the smoke stacks of Bethlehem Steel. On the knoll above South San Francisco there is the imposing sign, "South San Francisco The Industrial City." How often I had seen that sign on my way to the University, and yet, from the grandstand seat, it seemed as though I were gazing on some strange landmark. "Yes," the fellow said rather quietly, "it does seem funny, doesn't it?"

The rear wall is a sheer glass unfolding a pastoral scene of "farm houses and neat stretches of fresh crops in symmetrical pattern." "I like this view," my companion said, "because it looks like a picture I had on my calendar back home." Turning to the barracks again, he said they look pretty good from here. Despite their dull color, somehow because of their similarity and ordered arrangement the place looks swell from up here; but when you get closer -- well, you know. "And the stables are hidden by the eucalyptus groves," he added.

We were both getting despondent. This wasn't good for us, and yet, here where we could contrast two worlds it seemed -- the old one from which we had come, and this new fettered one, we couldn't help but feel we were suffering unjustly. It wasn't the food, the sleeping quarters, the physical inconveniences (these discomforts were normal in a nation at war), rather the mental conflict of having been distrusted by our friends<sup>to</sup>/whom we had been loyal, and by loyalty, we didn't mean overt acts of flag waving, but a silent faith and conviction that this was our country, our way of life, our beginnings and ends.

As soon as we set foot on the race track all such ideas vanished. We were

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brushing with people again, we had lost ourselves in the hustling activity of others about us. Everything seemed normal and sane again. I thought of tomorrow's kitchen work, the potatoes to clean and the onions to peel.

Saturday, May 23, 1942.

This morning was spring cleaning for our barracks. With shovels, wheelbarrows, and sharpened pieces of board we scraped the grass from the front dirt walks. The working crew came along later to gather the rubbish on trucks and took it away. Everyone cooperated in cutting the weeds. One fellow with a wheelbarrow gathered the grass into piles, while those who used the shovels took turns with the cutting. The people were saying that a government inspector was coming around to inspect the barracks. Dad and I took the carpet outside and gave it a thorough beating. I think the place looks a whole lot better now without the patch work of wooden walks and clothesline. Now the front of the barracks from one end to another is smooth and even with the jet black earth. One of the workers was saying that the maintenance crew was going to lay down a gravel walk soon.

In the afternoon on kitchen duty we cooked rice; because the pans we are using are not the proper types (they are enamel) the rice sticks to the bottom and the way we bang away at them in order to remove the crust isn't going to make them last very long. At three o'clock a messenger informed me that Mrs. Davis of the "Y" wanted to see me at the reception center. Vernice Chamberlain was also there with three gallons of ice cream. Since there were no plates I ran down to the main mess hall to get some. When I asked the Japanese cook there who seemed to be in charge, he told me to see the American chef inside. The chef was busy pondering over the day's menu when I interrupted him. He okayed my request. I believe Vernice got a thrill passing out the ice cream to the little kids who came up in droves. One fellow said, "I'm not proud" and started eating the ice cream with his hands. Tom

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Hoshiyama led the group in singing Vernice's favorite songs. Mrs. Davis was saying that the University had acquired six more buildings for cooperatives. The summer session was not being attended by as many students as the University had anticipated, chiefly because most of the courses in the regular session had been deleted from the new term.

There was a naval officer visiting which I think is evidence of the sincere friendships many Japanese have made in their communities. There was one Filipino who was embracing his wife; both were in tears. A prominent lady with a fur coat was looking around for her former cook. Her arms were filled with bags of pastries and fresh fruit.

In the kitchen it is interesting to note the friction and complaints arising from the working hands as the initial enthusiasm waxes, in particular the pot washers who have to wash the pots immediately as they come off the service counters since they are needed to prepare the next meal. The dishwashers are even more busy supplying clean plates as there are not enough for two shifts. Most of the workers are between sixteen and eighteen. When they see plate after plate appear before them the kids become impatient and restless; especially is this true on Saturday nights when there is a dance, or talent show nights. Considering that this has been the first experience at drudgery work for some of them, they have come through wonderfully; but tonight the dishes piled up until they were strewn across the kitchen floor covering it so there was hardly any room to walk around the stoves. One fellow was saying something about wanting to quit. Another pot washer, older than the others, came up to me and said, "Those fellows are still kids and unless we provide more hands I'm afraid a lot of them are going to walk out on us." The assistant cooks joined in helping the dish and pot washers clean up. We left an hour later than the usual finishing hour, 6:30.

Sunday, May 24, 1942

Attended the Young People's Meeting where they had a "Get Acquainted" program. I thought it was one of the rowdiest church meetings I have attended. The college group may have been a little more sober; still games such as Lion's Hunt and Follow the Leader were plain silly. Tom Hoshiyama gave a talk on "Fellowship" in which he related his experiences in Europe; however, I was too far behind to hear everything distinctly. What interested me particularly was the reaction of two girls in front of me who were prominent Christian leaders, whispering to each other in a rather derogatory fashion whenever Tom embarked upon a plea for constructive work on the part of the Nisei. The speaker concluded the program with a short prayer. All the fellows I was sitting with in the back row were nearly sleeping. The college group finished its program around eight, but the high school group stayed until nine. Many college students remained to join this group because as one of them put, "Now, that crowd's got zip and pep." Quite obviously the boys came to meet the girls, and probably vice versa. Everyone was shouting and when they began to stamp playing follow the leader, the mess hall shook. Some fellows had their hats, a lot wore their jeans and boots. I went outside around nine o'clock where there were gathered sisters and mothers anxiously waiting for their children. One passerby asked me if this was a recreation hall having a dance tonight. A woman huddling with in a black coat, looking worried, said she wished they would hold church meetings during the day in a camp like this. "All my children do," she said, "is play, play, play, all day. I don't see them from morning until night. I hope they start school soon." When the program was finally concluded the group leader was saying as he closed the door, "We shouldn't hold these meetings so late or pretty soon the parents will begin to squawk."

I asked one of the fellows why they didn't start a "Y" group for the boys.

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He replied, "We don't want provincialism in the camp. Besides, the administration at present does not want outside or private organizations to participate. If we can do that kind of work here, it really doesn't matter what the name of the group may be." When I inquired why then they were planning to hold denomination meetings and break the group according to different cities and locales, he replied that, "that was the one way of maintaining former contacts and friendships."

Monday, May 25, 1942

Last night's downpour has turned the front walk into a "muddy, slippery, irregular, and uneven frontier road." Taking the walks away and cutting away the grass was really a mistake, for at least, they made walking possible to the mess hall. One of the places leaked so much, they couldn't sleep. They kept moving a small canvas from one bed to another, but the water still trickled through their hair and the blankets felt damp and extremely uncomfortable. One good thing though, the place dries very rapidly on account of a brisk wind from the west. The track despite the slushy sand, hardens quickly and makes for easy walking. I went to cash a traveler's check but Mr. Macdonald could only do that in the afternoon so they told me to come in the afternoon. I went in the afternoon and they told me to come tomorrow. I guess I should have brought cash instead of traveler's checks.

Signed up at the recreation center to sign up as an instructor in either public speaking or in mathematics. Many small children were in line registering for class. Some one was saying the bachelors are going to be removed from beneath the grandstands and schools are to be started when the place has been vacated. If there are enough students interested in continuing their school work the government will set up grammar schools. One man was saying that inspectors passing through the mess hall were astounded at the terrible manners of the Nisei waiting in line for their food. Hitherto, he said, the Filipinos were supposed to have the lowest ethical standard. Now, with all the thievery, the rowdiness at mess halls, the Japanese

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have assumed that role.

Took my physical examination at the dental clinic where they are examining the kitchen hands. The whole thing only took two minutes and I doubt that such a cursory examination can disclose any illness or disease unless it is extremely serious or obvious.

Tuesday, May 26, 1942

Today in the kitchen one of the fellows said that the doorman was having his birthday today. Somehow this was spread around until it was changed to the cook. They began to say the cook was going to have his birthday today. Then someone began to go around the barracks asking for donations for the cooks. When the cooks heard about this they were all taken by surprise for none of them was having a birthday. Well about four o'clock four fellows came parading in and during the ensuing conversation everything was ironed out. They decided to thank all the cooks anyway. I don't believe they presented any money, but during the meals the cooks were introduced one by one, and the people clapped to express their appreciation. It struck me as an extremely sincere community spirit which is being shown by everyone in one way or another. I think that explains why so many young boys and girls have volunteered their services either to wait at the tables or help in the kitchen. There is a feeling of satisfaction in being able to serve others or working with others. I think the food now is tops. As far<sup>as</sup> living here in the camps is concerned now, I am, and think others are too, thoroughly satisfied.

Went to the administration building where I got my traveler's check cashed. I think I'll write to my home grocery to ask for eats, such as cookies, candies, and pastries.

Monday, June 1, 1942.

This morning as I passed the hospital I saw a doctor and one of the

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administration officials in charge of the hospital supplies quarreling. The two were standing abreast of each other and from which I gathered from the ensuing shouts, apparently medical supplies have not been coming into the hospital. The doctor was saying we need more gas. There are patients who need it immediately but there isn't any available. The official told the doctor not to give him orders. The doctor replied by saying, "If you mind your business the doctor would mind his." When the official left the doctor turned to the crowd and said that supplies weren't coming, that they were using those which they themselves had brought.

I went to the office of the Tanforan Totalizer where I met Taro Katayama, the editor of the paper and asked him if I might serve on the paper as a reporter. The fellows there were disappointed because the administration had cut down their pay roll. Mr. Greene told Taro that there could only be one editor instead of the six which had been listed. That means the others will receive \$12, while those serving as reporters will have to work without compensation. Taro was saying something about pooling all the salaries and dividing them equally among the staff.

I was assigned to interview the fire department here in the assembly center. The department is located in the engineer's office. There I met the fire chief and his assistant who explained to <sup>me</sup> the functions of his department. He said, "the record here has been outstanding as there has been only four fires here since the center's inception, while the average number of fires for all the assembly centers put together has been two per day."

Then I went to see Mr. Kilpatrick who is in charge of the educational program here, about the program for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade students. They are to begin this Thursday and according to Enrie Takahashi, the exercises will be more intensive, the preceding classes having been run on a more recreational basis.

In the evening I went to the fellowship meeting, which was held for those

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who are interested in maintaining a spiritual group where former contacts and friendships can be carried on. Tonight's meeting combined those attending churches in Centerville, San Lorenzo, Berkeley, Redwood City, and Alameda. I was particularly impressed by a testimony given by the chairman of the meeting who said that when she came to camp she had one single determination -- the determination to be led only by Christ. She was afraid that here at camp where many people would be assembled there would be all kinds of temptations, and hence, her singular resolve was to hold faith with God. While I'm not too religious, I believe if that could be the axiom of all the children here at the center, there would be less talk about the children becoming out of hand.

One girl was extremely enthusiastic that high school would be started in the near future. Those who are intellectually inclined here do not always find recreation merely in out-of-door sports, but find their minds most interested and active, when they are occupied with their studies.

In the kitchen it is necessary for those who have not been at work to make up for their lost time by serving in the kitchen until their time has been made up. In many cases fatigue from overwork has led to lowered resistance, which in turn has been responsible for many colds. I know of three parents who are quite anxiously concerned over their daughters' health, and frequently urge them to stop working. One mother expressed the idea that some people are beginning to think of her daughter as just a waitress, which <sup>she</sup> doesn't like in the least. One girl said she didn't like the job because one loses all his individual importance when he does such humdrum work. But the waiters appear either scared to make their requests, or find the work too interesting -- interesting in the sense they are making new friends and doing something novel and new -- to quit their jobs.

June 2, 1942, Tuesday.

This morning at ten o'clock there was a speech to be given by Mr. Howland

of the WRA from Washington, so I went to the huge hall beneath the grandstand, but since I was a little early I dropped in at the office of the Tanforan Totalizer. The editor sent me out to the hospital where I tried to get some information on three things: the births, the deaths, and any announcements. Miss Mori, the head nurse seemed to shun anything that pertained to the press and she passed it on to a girl who hardly knew anything about the birth lists. She finally obtained a slip from the drawer; there were seven births listed. I crossed off one because the child had died prematurely. I was sent down to see Mr. Woelfen concerning the deaths. He told me that I should see Mr. Greene concerning the advisability of publishing the list of deaths in camp. When I asked if I should follow the same procedure in recording the births, he replied quickly, "Aw no, births represent progress!" He added that having worked on a newspaper himself he would be on the lookout for any announcements from here on. Just before I left he told me to send in any article the press was contemplating to publish before it was run off in order to receive his approval.

When I arrived at the grandstand the crowd was milling around. Mr. Howland had not yet come and some impatient people were clamoring for chairman, chairman, accompanying their shouts with bursts of applause. I noted one group in the corner -- all the house managers gathering around one man who was obviously an aggressive person. From what I gathered, he too seemed to have quarreled with Mr. Woelfen, but he was decidedly more vehement concerning the matter. Mr. Woelfen had either called, or was planning to call the policeman on this young man. The fellow was saying, "Now Woelfen can call the cop, but who have I got to call. If he wants to I can't do anything. All I demand is my rights in the best American traditions." The others, however, felt differently. "Wait awhile and cool off. Don't quit now; above all don't make it a personal matter, for then you're playing right into his hands. When we decide to quit, we'll all quit at the same time, and then

let the kids take it over."

Mr. Howland finally arrived around 11:20 accompanied by Mr. Greene, and an interpreter. Mr. Howland mounted a platform and began to speak in a very suave manner. He introduced himself as a representative from Washington to speak to us concerning the opportunities offered to those who were interested in working in the sugar beet industry. I believe this was the first time I ever heard a government man speak, and for no explainable reason, he impressed me as a politician. Perhaps it was the cigar in his vest pocket; perhaps the glib manner and total ease in which he addressed the crowd; or mayhap the circumstance -- the striking similarity between this scene and a politician addressing the farmers in the corn belt during a campaign -- anyway, I was enraptured by his choice diction, his wit, and above all his sharpness. When the interpreter finished one of the paragraphs, Mr. Howland interjected the former's comment with the following statement. "I can understand Japanese very well;" then with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "but I can't speak it." When a member of the audience inquired whether there were horse stalls in Idaho, Mr. Howland came back quickly with a beauty. "Does the gentleman in the rear have a horse?" The interpreter sensing the mood of the situation added his bit of diplomacy by repeating a statement over several times before Mr. Howland, and then asking, "Am I right?"

In the kitchen a very interesting situation arose. The menu had not come for the whole day, which was a precursor of some difficulty. Sure enough, the weenies which were to make up the dinner entree failed to arrive. We waited until four o'clock and still they did not appear. Finally the kitchen manager dispatched a messenger to the commissary, but to no avail, for when a supply car drove up, the men deposited everything except the weenies. It wasn't long before the cooks began to say the nation was suffering from a shortage of green vegetables as they had not been coming in since last Monday. Oddly enough there were two crates of cabbage,

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and lettuce in today's supply order. The requisition man came madly into the kitchen and told the cooks to get ready to scramble eggs. Before long the kitchen was packed with waiters, servers, managers -- everybody feverishly smashing eggs to prepare the emergency order. Messengers had been sent around the barracks to forewarn the tenants that the dinner would be delayed half an hour. Finally when the people came in the haphazard dinner consisting of boiled cabbage, scrambled eggs, boiled rice, and apricots were served, and surprisingly enough, no one seemed to be complaining, nor were many aware of the reason for the delay, until an announcer stood on one of the benches and chirped in, "The weenies which delayed the meal are still in San Francisco."

June 3, 1942, Wednesday

I rose at 4:30 this morning, groped around the rear stall for my shoes in the dark -- fearing the lights might awaken those adjacent to me -- and then without even stopping at the showers to wash up I went into the kitchen ten minutes to five. Most of the workers were there and the chief cook, for the first time in a magnanimous mood, asked how I felt today.

The carpenters are making an addition to the kitchen, a washing room for the people so they will be able to wash their utensils and dishes. I don't know why but the Caucasian workers are extremely reticent. While I knew before hand that the supplement was to be a washroom, yet when I asked the carpenter what he was building, he kept saying, "Oh! nothing." "A washroom?" I asked, and the answer was the same. I guess they must sign an agreement not to speak to anyone in the center, whether they are citizens or not.

I saw from the window the White House truck. It wasn't the old truck I used to see in Redwood, but a new one. Interestingly enough while the truck was allowed to enter the camp the driver was not permitted to get off the truck to

deliver the packages at the doors. One of the men working at the post office was on the running board performing this part of the service. He would take the package, run with it to the door and bring the cash back to the delivery man.

When I left the kitchen at 11 a.m. I saw before the hospital barrack several men talking. In the afternoon I went to the hospital to obtain some information on births and deaths again. I learned that four of the six had been born here in camp, while two of them had been brought to the San Mateo County Hospital. I notice while I was in the hospital there was a new supply of medical goods, including mattresses of much better quality than the cotton mattresses we have, boxes of gauze and towels, and a number of cardboard boxes probably filled with medicine.

The cook in the kitchen, as usual, was mad. Lately he had been saying that now a days he can't get up at four o'clock. There is no doubt but that he's getting tired of the place, but he puts in the most work. Depsite his occasional bursts of temper he works hard. I think, too, he knows the most about cooking and perhaps he is disgusted at the number of inefficient and inexperienced kitchen helpers. One cook doesn't like to take orders having more experience than the others, and so now he doesn't seem to work as intensely as he formerly did.

This evening, for the first time, I attended the Town Hall Forum. I felt most of the speakers spent too much time on the background of the evacuation, instead of properly devoting their discussion to the theme of the meeting, which was the Nisei's attitude towards evacuation. Interesting also was the utter unresponsive audience which hardly participated in the question period. Instead of bandying a question about to create a heated discussion, only singular questions were asked one after another. As one fellow put it, "If the Nisei are bashful or scared to speak among their own group, how can you expect them to voice their expressions before a Caucasian body?"

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After the town hall meeting I went to a bull session up in the office of the Totalizer. We all seemed to agree that the attitude towards evacuation itself was not important, but its bearing to our later reinstatement after the war vital. One girl poised the question, "Do the J.A.C.L. members feel differently about their former attitude of voluntary cooperation, now that we have come to camp and found conditions not as well as we had expected?" "Do you think we would have lost anything if we had fought vigorously before the military took a hand?"<sup>2</sup> No one answered, but I think everyone was asking the same question individually. I came home in the dark, and I was impressed by the utter solitude and eeriness of the dark barracks around me. It's no pleasure walking alone in this camp after dark.

Thursday, June 4, 1942.

I was awakened by the drone of airplanes 4:30 this morning. When I went to the men's latrine there was one fellow there already. Some people who dislike sitting on the bowls without any partitions between them go there early in the morning when no one is there. In the kitchen there was some vulgar talk going on between the cooks. I commend one lady, a married person, who comes to the kitchen to work, for telling the fellows off whenever anything like that starts in front of the three girls who also come to help.

From the conversation I held with two fellows a number of people who had questions in mind didn't get up to ask them yesterday. I asked one fellow who is an active Christian leader why he didn't attend the forum. He replied he didn't want to get mixed up with anything as hot as that.

In the afternoon I visited another kitchen which seemed to me very progressive. The walls were decorated with water colors, flags were displaced, and flowers with green leaves were placed on every other table. Compared to our kitchen, I noticed there were more cooks. Fred's list accounted for twelve, while

our kitchen has only six cooks. The shelves, too, were lined with more food than ours; chicken soups were abundant.

Mother was saying that someone in the showers left the hot water running, so that before noon the hot water became lukewarm. Despite bulletins to the contrary, the people seem to let the water drip from the faucets. It seems that since they are not paying for it they are not concerned over the wastage of water. In my shower, the leakage is also caused by the poor plumbing. None of the faucets will close tightly and three of them drip profusely. Mother was also saying that one lady brings her chamber to clean them in the sinks which are properly used to wash dishes and faces. While the chamber content is only emptied into the sink and cleaned, the very thought of something like that near the eating utensils is repulsive.

In the evening I went to see the talent show which was held in the large grandstands, I suppose to accommodate the tremendous crowds that have turned out previously to this show. I should say that of the two thousand people in attendance the vast majority -- over eighty per cent -- were all Nisei. Many girls were accompanied by boys as though they were attending a movie. The program consisted of a skit, several vocals, and solos on a variety of instruments. When a girl from Hawaii gave a hula dance the fellows near the top of the grandstand rushed down and from then on intermittent whistles came from the audience. I thought the most successful skit was a satire on camp life, depicting a family frying a chicken, blowing out the barrack fuse, and finally drawing in the house manager who joins in the feast. A sound effect of the cold wind set the audience laughing from the very start. From then on, because the scenes were so familiar and typical, the audience broke out into frequent bursts of laughter. Everyone knew what they were talking about when the mother didn't need to use a dust pan to sweep the floor clean, and when the barrack suddenly got dark. I think it's very good

that the people can laugh at themselves, and to be able to joke about the inconveniences which this novel way of living has brought.

One group of fellows dedicated their harmonic number to all the workers here in camp, the people who pitch in on the maintenance work and the kitchen help. As I left the grandstands, I noticed a few fellows removing a scaffold which blocked the exit. The size of the door is as large as an ordinary house door, yet the crowd, trying to push through, hardly seemed to realize its size. I overheard one lady say she was nearly squashed; the very thought of a fire made her shake with fear.

The small boys in their dusty trousers and sweat shirts appear too absorbed with their playing to think of the war or the meaning of the evacuation -- at least, that was my impression -- until today, a lad hardly ten years of age approached me and said in dead earnest, "I wish the war would end soon so we can return to our home again. I'm getting tired of playing, it isn't fun anymore." I guess even the small children realize what is going on and beneath their apparent gaiety they understand vaguely the problems we all confront.

Friday, June 5, 1942.

Gosh, but I sure find it hard to get up early these days. The thought reminds me of what one of the kitchen girls said the other day. She said, "I feel like quitting my job just when I have to get up, but then, fifteen minutes later I'm glad I didn't."

Andy Devine of the kitchen, the comical man who is always telling us how he is heckled by his wife, showed the junior cooks several dollars he won playing black jack. This was the first time he had gambled and was quite pleased at the results of his first try. One elderly lady near thirty-eight, saw the \$2.50 Andy was displaying and immediately began to reprimand him for starting such a game.

She told Andy that he had a wife and small son to look after who would suffer if he continued to indulge in gambling. One of her friends who became a victim came to her apartment only the other day to sell his jacket for money in order that he might have some gambling money. Unless the individual has a strong and determined will to abstain before the evil sport obsesses him, he will not only wreck his own career, but the lives of his kin as well. Another junior cook also mentioned a case where one man who fell prey to this game deserted his wife and children. Unable to remain silent any longer Andy threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I understand all that because I'm a Kibei."

There were two new cooks on hand when I entered the kitchen. Both are Issei and well past forty. This makes the number of cooks seven which is three less than the standard number of the various kitchens, ten. Since there was a lull from nine o'clock, we all began cleaning up the kitchen. I took all the rags which are used to wipe the tables and placed them <sup>a</sup>in a wooden box, deposited the onion sacks near the garbage pile, and packed the jutes in a cardboard box as they are used on rainy days for mats. While we were all working most of the younger people were assembled in one corner talking and laughing. One Kibei approached me and referring to the kitchen manager, who is a recent commerce 'grad' of U.C., he is too young, he doesn't work, ~~and doesn't assume responsibility.~~ and doesn't assume responsibility. Most of them (speaking of the Nisei sitting) want easy jobs in which you don't work at all. I think this statement is typical of the gulf between the Issei and Kibei, and the Nisei group. We who have been born here, never having been brought up under substandard living, are not used to hard work.

The way the clothes of the workers, such as hats, coats, and sweaters are placed along side the eating plates annoys me. I think there should be a closet for the workers' garments. After all you can't tell what kind of things these clothes have come in contact with. Definitely I think the food inspectors should

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look into the matter and attend to its correction immediately.

For the first time instead of pouring the canned milk into the coffee before serving, we placed the cans of milk on every other table. My family enjoyed drinking their coffee this way as they felt the cream poured in later made the coffee seem richer and tastier. The idea of placing the Carnation cans of milk on the table also bolsters the morale, as the people think everything served in the kitchen is of a comparable brand. It's amazing to note how very small things make a great deal of difference. I congratulated Yuri Oshima for her singing on the amateur hour last night. She dedicated her number to our mess hall, and I heard a number of kitchen hands also expressing their word of commendation.

In the room adjacent to the social hall the maintenance crew held a meeting to discuss whether they should support their foreman who resigned or elect a new one in his stead. As I understood it the foreman resigned because he was unable to obtain supplies, such as gloves, and hats from the administration. Finally the foreman and the director had a big beef which either led to his firing or his resignation. It also appears the administration is cutting down on the number of workers, for the chairman mentioned the crew would be lessened. Similar words were expressed by our kitchen manager concerning the number of waitresses we have.

The research group held a short meeting in the cafeteria where we divided our studies according to the groups with which we were the most familiar and close. Then there ensued a discussion centering around the activities of the J.A.C.L. and the pressure groups working behind the scenes during the Tolan Committee hearings. I think if there is one thing this evacuation will do to me is to open my mind to a number of things with which I never knew or cared about. Already I can see a number of cliques within the Nisei group and a feeling of dissension pervading them all.

Saturday, June 6, 1942.

This morning since I did not have to go to the kitchen I got up pretty late. I went to the Totalizer where there were a bunch of Issei men. The man next to me started the conversation by referring to the large size of my shoes. He asked me whether they were as heavy as they looked. He spoke of how one family which had left independently for another city came to his house just before their departure to express in a haughty manner the wisdom of their decision. "While you people move all over, our family will be able to stay in one place after this move." Now with everybody being moved out of California, that man is worse off than we are. I went to the lake in the afternoon to watch the little fellows with their sailboats. The water hose was running filling the lake with water. The sailboats have sails, rudders, and weights. I suppose this is the latest hobby here at the center with the youngsters, idle men, former sardine fishing men, and even women rigging up trim sailboats and motorboats. I went to interview several people who had victory gardens. One man scraped the paint off his window in the form of a "V." Most of the so-called victory gardens have been raised just as hobbies or pastimes. One patch included turnips, cucumbers, lettuce, string beans, and sugar peas. Most of the flowers such as begonias and geraniums have been taken from the flowerbeds near the score boards. One lady was afraid to answer my questions for fear that if the administration learned that she was growing green vegetables they would send her to a sugar-beet field.

When I walked by the lumber pile two Chinese eyed me carefully. Much of the lumber has been disappearing so now a days they deliver only enough lumber to last the carpenters a few hours. I don't see why they have to place so many Carl Fung, General Contractor signs when other companies have not put up any signs. One of the barracks has a bunch of U.C. students. Their room is filled with California and Stanford banners, and trophies. On top of their barrack is an American flag. The place is called "Ye Olde Shed Shack." One fellow had a picture of a nude woman beside his bunk bed.

Later I went to the visitors' balcony to see whether the people came for curious reasons or because they were sincerely interested in meeting their former friends. One lady in her forties with dyed hair came with a box filled with groceries. She was saying, "I bring these things because I'm very glad to." One group of ladies who were well dressed and appeared to me as club women, came with a regular dinner. They sat down in one of the boxes to eat their meal very skillfully with chopsticks. Two handsome college men came to greet a fellow skier, who was intently describing camp life to them. After seeing many people come back over and over again I'm inclined to believe many of them are sincere. While a few come obviously because they just want to see what things look like, the majority of them after the first visit rarely look at the grounds and barracks.

In the evening I went to the recreational center where I learned to play chess. I also met a former "Cal" student who was interested in starting a bull session to discuss the future of the Nisei. Later, together with him, I went to a dance at a recreational hall, but as there were only four couples on the floor I came home. Next week I'll arrange a date for the dance at the main hall.

I went to my neighbor's to borrow their Goh Game and when Dad came home he taught me the basic rules. At first I thought the object was to take men, but I soon learned the aim was to seize as much space as possible. The game takes a great deal of time and between the two, I find chess much more interesting.

Sunday, June 7, 1942.

I went to the canteen to buy the Chronicle as I thought my neighbors were not going to buy one. As it later turned out I was supposed to have gotten the Examiner. This morning I attended church services and was surprised to see the many new faces there. The family next door, for instance, never attended a church

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back home, but the whole family attended the service. Even dad and mother look forward each Sunday to the church program. The newly ordained minister gave the sermon entitled, "Beyond Tragedy." Later I heard a comment that his service was beyond our heads. His reference to history I thought was boring and only when he drew upon concrete examples we experience here at Tanforan was I interested. In general, I thought he lacked the enthusiasm and vigor that an inspiring minister should have.

I saw a former schoolmate who is interested in going to a college called Washington in St. Louis. He told me the people were tolerant back east. When he does go, he intends to go to a rural town, where unlike the cities, the people will be more friendly.

In the afternoon I went to see a sumo contest. In a small sheltered cove by a dip and eucalyptus grove, the crowd gathered around a dirt arena. The fans were mostly the first generation old men and women dressed in their dull sweaters and trousers. Sprinkled among them were small children. I saw Jim Hirano dressed in a light suit, with a maroon bow tie, sitting on a stump with his three children and his wife flanking him. Hiro was there with his "gal." Hiro had on his sport coat and light trousers.

The contestants were attired with only a heavy cloth wrapped around their waists. Some of the fellows wore their gym trunks, others, their briefs, but the rest were virtually naked. Personally, I don't think that was any place for girls to go to. The object of sumo seems to be to push the opponents out of the ring or to throw him down. The referee has a fan-like object in his hand which he uses to designate the winner. The older men shout out words of encouragement to their favorites and critically comment upon each man as the wrestlers come up in turn. After seeing several bouts I got unexplainably tired of it all, so I walked out to the track to watch the soft ball games. There were girls playing ball, too, throwing the ball with amazing speed and gusto.

Then I went up the grandstands to watch the visitors. One man was tell-

ing his friend that he wore his jeans and work shirt in order not to embarrass his friends whom he thought would only be wearing jeans. To his surprise he found everyone all dressed and now he's the one who feels out of place. One man approached me and asked if I knew anyone called Tashima. He asked me how I felt to be in jail. He began to tell me how terrible everyone was suffering from the war and that man was not civilized. Finally the party he was looking for appeared, and for two hours the two were engrossed in a conversation concerning abalone fishing.

In the evening I attended the young people's group which held a forum on the question: "What Should the Nisei's Attitude Towards Evacuation Be.?" The first speaker, Mr. Bando, believed we were victims of circumstance; and that we should accept a golden mean of voluntary cooperation. He denied "free will," as he called it, saying that the Nisei did not have any voluntary action. Mr. Wakai, of the Pacific School of Religion, spoke of Christianity as a religion of suffering and forbearance. That we should resolve to accept the situation as well as we can. Bill Sasegawa brought out the so-called facts of the Tolson Committee, and while he claimed he was not interested in changing our opinions, the facts and cases he cited had definite implications.

Monday, June 8, 1942.

I went around the different barracks to obtain a list of all the barbers that are available here in camp. The first barber I met stated he was not very healthy, and consequently he was not fit to work long hours. He didn't appear too enthusiastic of having his name published, and instead, insisted I see the other barbers. The second man I approached seemed to me already burdened with requests from his former customers and friends. His schedule was completely filled until next Thursday, and furthermore, he pointed out that his instruments were being broken by the dust particles that entered in his cutter. These broken

tools had to be repaired and as he was not obtaining any remuneration from the administration nor any funds from his customers he did not believe it right that he should devote long hours to hair cutting and expend his own resources for repairs. When I visited the next barber he wasn't home, but from what I learned from his wife, he, too, was only cutting on the side for his close friends. As I see it, many barbers are receiving some return for their labors, 25 to 50 cents, but they do not want to make public their names for fear the administration is opposed to any kind of private enterprise here in the assembly center. Those who are working on a noncharge basis, with the exception of one barber, also deliberately avoid publicity because they fear being swamped by many residents. I don't think it is necessary to publish a list of the barbers, for the people seem to know where the barbers are located.

The director of the grammar schools, Ernie Takahashi, who is in charge of the grade schools, expressed the opinion that it would be very difficult to begin high school here as the facilities are wanting. Moreover as it took Ernie more than a month to instruct the teachers, he couldn't possibly see how the teachers in the high school group can be instructed in the short time remaining.

In the afternoon I went to the art classes which are being conducted by Kimio. There were many students there drawing landscapes, carving with clay, while Kimio headed a group on anatomy. I thought the reaction of one Issei was very interesting. He said he had always wanted to draw, to do something creative, but he had never had the opportunity as he had been occupied trying to make a living. Now for the first time exempt from such cares, he has been able to do what he also wanted to. One girl drawing fashion designs told me she liked the work because it enabled her to continue her interest and work which was her major in high school.

Today the wind was terrific. It swept down the track in swirling blankets, getting in my eyes, nostrils, and hair. I had to run for cover whenever I saw the dust approach and sometimes as I turned my back to the dusty wind I was nearly swept off my feet. I never realized that wind in the bay region had such velocity, but

I guess the low hills hardly capable of protecting us from the ocean winds, explains it all. Anyway I don't think it's healthy to take in all this dust. It's no joke when I hear someone say, "I have enough sand in my mouth every morning to brush my teeth."

While I was visiting the different houses today I went to one place where a lady was lying in bed. She was pale and ill -- white like a ghost. I was afraid to stay in that room more than two minutes -- the place smelt like a hospital -- and I tore out of there without staying to ask the husband a few questions about a barber, as I had originally intended.

In the evening I went to the "rec" hall to play ping pong and chess. Two tables are hardly enough to play ping pong, and when I tried to play more than two games the girls brought the director along who chased us away from the table.

Beforecoming home I watched the little girls playing with paper dolls in one of the corners.

Tuesday, June 9, 1942.

This morning the fire department had its converted truck out in front of our barrack with the crew participating in a practice session. Each member of the crew was allowed to hold the fire hose and direct the nozzle a few minutes, long enough to get the feel of it. Each man tested it out for himself before handing it to the person behind him. Coincident with this activity was the gravel laying by the works and maintenance crew. As I watched the two teams go to work I thought how for the first time we Nisei were able to do something besides mere farm labor. Despite isolated quarrels among the crews and petty disputes I think everyone finds his task novel and interesting.

In the showers a kitchen hand with whom I used to work asked me if it

was true that we were going to move the end of this month. I told him I didn't know, that possibly it was a rumor originating from the news that other centers had been assigned to go to certain relocation areas. He was quite anxious to go to Tule Lake because the climate there is much like that at Shasta where his friends often go. He also thinks that the climate is good for convalescing persons, such as those stricken by T.B.

One fellow told me I shouldn't have quit my vacation as the kitchen crew will have a party soon. The mess hall crews plan to have a dinner and dance soon. It will culminate nearly a month's work for those students who will be stopping work since school will soon start.

Sis went to a bridge party today and didn't come home until after nine. Dad got kinda worried and mother told them to go see if I could find her. I went to my neighbors first to ascertain the place where the bridge party was being held. There I saw the head waiter who was visiting the girl. He had taken her to a musical hour. When I went to the mess hall no one was there. It was dark and windy out on the track and I was getting pretty sore. When I got home, Sis was in and when I told her off for having me go out on a wild goose chase, she told me to keep quiet because the neighbors will hear me.

I remember now an incident which transpired this morning as I waited for Dr. Thomas at the visitor's hall. I watched the different visitors come and go; two men neatly dressed approached the sign-up desk, and as they stood looking at the crowd, I noticed them looking rather sympathetically at the people. I guess we are a pretty sight to those people who come in to see us. They all look like a bunch of dogs trying to find their masters or something. There aren't very many ferocious looking men around -- mostly they are children and women -- and their faces -- why, they look like people meeting old friends after years of separation, making contact with civilization or something. The residents look forward to these

meetings and before the visiting hours are seated in the benches. The two men, apparently teachers, were the first to enter and as they stood smiling at the crowd one lady pushed her son towards them. He approached one of the men, shook his hand and stepped back shyly.

Saturday, June 13, 1942.

Today there were two things which highlighted everything: the high school education, and the political rally. The high school graduation was held in the small room adjacent to the visitor's hall. Seven high school teachers from Sequoia came with the principal to give awards and diplomas to the students. The principal spoke to the students telling them of the ceremonies they had in Redwood City. Then he introduced Mr. Blase, the history teacher and member of the American Legion, who awarded the American Legion Medal in United States history. I think he meant what he said when he said it was the proudest moment of his life. In awarding the medal he said she exemplified all that was the best of Americanism. Despite what I think of that organization, I think Mr. Blase is a truly fine person. He said he understood our position, but everyone is scared to speak in our behalf right now. Most of the seven women teachers were in tears. I don't know if they were all sincere or not but I guess it was a pathetic sight. The parents were there in their best clothes and they too were in tears. It seemed to me everyone was bawling. The alumni, who were gathered there, congratulated the graduates after the program. All the students were happy, however, as they clung to their school paper and diploma. One fellow that's always been complaining and looked obviously unhappy, was smiling today and in good spirits.

I went to the political rally in the evening. The candidates gave their talks. Each candidate gave a talk, half in Japanese and the other half in English. The majority were Issei men; the few Nisei I saw were crowded in the rear. What

interested me, was the emphasis upon Issei welfare. The candidates sensing the weight of the voting was on the shoulders of the Issei appealed to them. Whenever Iyama or Takahashi spoke of equal representation, the emphasis was Issei first, then Nisei. When the campaign speeches had been concluded one fellow, a shouter, said "I want to raise a question." He had a small beard, and I've heard since then he was a communist. When the chairman said no, all meetings are to be cancelled after nine, he shouted, "well, we'll go outside and talk." We all went outside, but when he got up to speak again the chairman again protested. Finally Iyama walked up to the platform and quieted the fellow. The man stopped as soon as Iyama interrupted, for he was Iyama's supporter. It made it look good when Iyama got up and the speaker stopped. One thing was clear, the speaker was on that platform to smear Takahashi. The chairman, a member of the Takahashi constituent, protested to protect his candidate. The fundamental issue that lay beneath it all was this gulf between the Issei and Nisei. The Issei felt they are getting pushed around into obscurity. Everything they say is for the Nisei's welfare. Newspaper, town hall gathering -- everything is written or spoken in English. They believe as parents of the Nisei that the Nisei should

(The original manuscript is incomplete)

Monday, June 15, 1942.

The political march was on tonight. I went down to Laundry 3 where the Takahashi clan was gathered. They are disliked by many people and no one seemed to be supporting them. The house manager who is supporting him brought a wash bucket around to make a lot of noise. One of the Takahashi fellows went to get a bunch of fellows they they all went to the baseball game so he came back empty handed. Takahashi then asked me to grab the pole. I grabbed one end, and as the group of fellows came in from the Mess Hall No. 3, we started. Iyama's crowd

was the noisiest. The people had small banners in their hands, the men had signs on their hat bands. Takahashi believed that we should be silent about our campaign as much as we could be. He believed that the house to house contact was the most effective way, and making noise was very unimportant. He jumped in between the two banners and with his children remained silently with his hands in his pockets and his children around him.

The barracks were lined with people, and children straining to watch the banners and candidates. Some marched shouting the names of the candidates, others banged away on improvised musical instruments as well as garbage can covers and tin cans.

We wove in and out along the barrack roads until we came to the grandstands adjacent to the visitors' halls where a meeting had been planned. As it happened, however, Mr. Davis cancelled the political rally and we disbanded after marching around a small circle before the crowd.

At the first opportunity I had I got away from that banner and ran into the crowd. When the banners had been taken away I emerged again.

After I came back Takahashi rounded up a few fellows and they went on a house-to-house campaign to ask the people to vote for him. They did this for more than two hours as they came back around eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, June 16, 1942.

This morning I got up pretty late; ma kept yelling at me for not having got up early. She told me I didn't brush my teeth so often as I used to back home. I guess I'm getting lazy these days for I don't even want to walk to the showers to brush my teeth. Kiyo was supposed to have quit serving in the kitchen as soon as school had started, but she doesn't seem to have. She still works there; I guess the number of people to turn up for that job was so small they still have to do some serving.

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I went around the lake to find out something about the sailboat hobby but everyone was too bashful to give their names. All the sailors today were old Issei men. I hear a number of former sardine fishing men have taken up the sport. The other day I saw a prominent doctor from San Francisco sailing a boat, and when I asked him why it was a lot of fun he replied, "Just make one and you'll find out."

In the afternoon I went to the polling place where for fifteen minutes I checked off the names of each voter as they came in to register. When Ideo Kariya, the chairman of the elections for our precinct left, I had to explain what the procedure was to the Issei people who couldn't understand what it was all about. I told them the names were written both in English and Japanese and they only had to stamp an "X" after the one they wanted to elect. A surprising number of Issei were there all anxious to participate in a process which was entirely new to them. The Nisei didn't need any explanations; they cast their votes quickly alone. Hideo came back later without the registration forms since he wasn't able to find any in the office. When he returned he brought a couple of ice cream bars along which we all ate together. One man was mad because one of the campaign managers was there in the voting poles. I understood those connected in any way with the election were supposed to keep away. I went to the newspaper office and Billy Hata was still unable to get the bulletin going. I guess I had better get together with them if I'm to be of any help. I went to one of the polling stations, No. 3 kitchen, where I met a former doctor from Oakland. He was well dressed, handsome, and obviously well-to-do. Eight months after he had opened his dental business, the evacuation orders came and broke his business entirely. He was obviously upset about the whole matter. He believed that the Nisei were unconstitutionally evacuated; he believed the Issei should be able to run for councilman; and above all he said we should fight for our rights. If you are complacent about anything you won't get anywhere. Why even here you have to yell for good food or you won't get it. Unless you yell for good treatment you won't get it in the WRA centers

either.

He believed the Nisei should have fought against the pressure groups. He believed the army could not clap a curfew on in Oakland as it was unconstitutional, and since Oakland was not under martial law the proclamation could come only from Congress. I went around the different polls to ask the opinion of the voters as they cast their votes.

1. Most Issei women are not very interested. Most Issei men are more interested. As a whole everybody seems to be more or less stirred up here in Tanforan. (Nisei girl, twenty-three years old.)
2. I think this election is a very serious matter. Everybody does it, so I vote too. (Fifty-six year old Issei.)
3. Surprised that the older folks showed more than expected. The competition was very great and interest shown was superb. There should be one Issei councilman and one Nisei councilman, as the Issei have more experience than us. (First voter, twenty-six year old Nisei, Male.)
4. I think it was a necessity. It was the most exciting affair I have yet seen here in camp. I didn't think the Japanese had it in them. The Issei should be able to run because they are prisoners of war. The Jap government pays for their welfare just like in all other wars like the civil war and the last World War. (Twenty-four year old male Nisei.)
5. I think its very democratic. In keeping with American ideals we should maintain it wherever we go. (Twenty-three year old male Nisei.)
6. They should have started earlier. The councilmen haven't got much time to work. Moreover, there should be more than five councilmen for eight thousand people. (Twenty-eight year old male Nisei.)

7. I'm concerned over what will happen after the election.

I'm wondering whether the council will be effective in voicing and doing what we ask. I hope everyone will cooperate to the mutual benefit of the Tanforan folks, than bickering among themselves to advance their position. I don't see why the Issei are being discriminated in the election. I received a letter from Santa Anita which stated the Issei were able to vote there. Citizenship is no privilege or distinction if the Nisei are thrown in this camp. You're worse off than we are because your own government is feeding you beans and pushing you around. (Fifty year old male Issei.)

Tonight the winner of the campaign, Iyama, came around announcing his victory and thanking the people for their votes. He shouted words of gratitude. Several constituents were there waving flags. They also shouted out the count for the persons.

Wednesday, June 17, 1942.

Today at breakfast I ate grapefruit, toast, and butter, and drank a cup of coffee. After breakfast I went around to get news on the election. First I went to Mess Hall No. 13 to get results of the votes in precinct 4. No one in the kitchen could tell me who was in charge of the election so I canvassed several homes to find out. All the house managers went to the meeting so I could not find anything informative. I went to the house managers' meeting where I thought the most significant point was that raised by VA who said despite the fact the election has passed, the issue which was raised concerning the representation of Issei in the council still remains vital. He declared the gulf between the two has been magnified, and a showdown is imminent, unless we return to the Issei and iron this difficulty out. The chairman recognized two fundamental problems: First, that

whether we are citizens or not we must live under the same conditions, eat the same food, and sleep under the same shelter; therefore, a representative must consider the welfare of the total group. On the other hand, there is this second problem; the second generation has its franchise rights to protect. As citizens there does remain a distinct privilege which we must jealously guard and cherish for the time when reinstatement comes. When I went up to the Tanforan office, they didn't have the results of the election since Davis had not released them yet. This whole edition depends upon the election and the detail obviously disturbed everyone. I came back to the hospital to get the vital statistics on births, but no one had any information as usual. There are four separate hospital buildings: the administration, the surgery, the clinic, etc. Sometime I go to one, other times I have to go to another. No one department seems to have the information completely. In the afternoon at the mess hall Iyama came to express his thanks. He was introduced by an Issei who addressed the crowd telling them that he would do his best as a councilman. The person next to me said he must be a farmer's son, he can't speak proper Japanese. Huh, was his attitude. Iyama addressed the people in Japanese and English. The crowd gave him a hand. At the mess hall the announcer said that we would have roll call from now on, starting tonight. At 6:25 a whistle will blow, and at 6:30 the man will come around to check up. In the afternoon I went to the mimeograph department where we ran off some of the papers. The girl down there turns the crank of that machine all day which must be very boring. Later on a couple of Chinese girls came down; they look so much alike, they can come down from the balcony. I arranged with S. to have a bull session sometime this coming week. I'm going to try to meet H and select another fellow to start a nucleus. I thought it would be best to hold the meeting right after a town hall gathering, but the hours will be late then. Sis went to play bridge tonight with her girl friend. Ma signed up for the English class, and she's thinking of going to the music department to learn to play the piano. Dad went to

sleep early tonight; he layed down a tar-paper floor today which looks pretty good. He got the tar paper from the carpenter.

There was a big quarrel in the paper today when the editor couldn't agree with the city editor about the make up. It appears that the quarrel was about arranging the material to fit the page, so that the heading would be placed in properly. The editor does not seem to like art headings which are indefinite, while the city editor believes they are more flexible. Taro said he felt like dropping the paper and that he had never worked so much on a paper as he is now doing. Bob says that Taro was making something over nothing. He seemed obviously ill-tempered today. Usually he is quiet and passive, but today he was aggressive and irritated. After that, I thought I had done my part and I expected the department would do its. I went back to the office and one of the fellows who covers the sport page spied the bulletin and then he said it was well. Up until now he passed the whole thing to me, but now it has been made up, he says he wants to gather the material himself in order to be acquainted with the news for his section. I don't know why, but I'm really getting tired of contacting some of the people in camp. You have to act so unnatural before them in order to make a request or speak to them. I think most of the people are so sticky around here compared to the former contacts where the relationship seemed so fresh and natural. Before lunch I met a former J.A.C.L. member who began to discuss with me some of the pre-evacuation events. He said that the whole evacuation activities started in the south and spread from there. According to him Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles phoned Mr. Kido saying that he was willing to make a bargain with him. Bowron said that if all the Issei and Kibei were interned, the Nisei would be left alone. Kido, realizing that many Nisei children would be left destitute refused. Whereupon, the evacuation was instigated.

Out in front of our place small children are wrestling in the traditional sumo fashion. I don't think that is good; I don't think this whole set up is good for the small children. The youngsters prompted by the older folks are tugging

around in the small ring in the best sumo style. I don't think I've spoken or heard so much Japanese in my life. You can't speak to the older folks unless you speak in Japanese even though it may be broken. If this keeps up all the children will have a funny accent when they speak English.

A number of Issei are taking up English. I believe I shall go to one of the sessions to learn what it is all about. Tonight I don't feel like playing chess or anything. I am at a low ebb.

Thursday, June 18, 1942.

I went to the showers this morning and started to shave, but half way through the whistle blew and I had to wash my face, pick up my things, and tear back home. The man came around to check whether we were all in or not. After breakfast while speaking of Santa Anita, I hear that twelve thousand walked out of their jobs because they were disgruntled over the food. Someone was saying that everyone over sixteen years old is drafted, girls included, and they are put to work making camouflage nets out of gunny sacks. That it's T. B. work because of the dust, and the fact that the sacks have not been properly cleaned. These fellows were complain<sup>ing</sup>/most over the wearing of their shoes. They wear so quickly it isn't funny, one<sub>fellow</sub>/explained, yet the administration isn't supply<sup>ing</sup> any new ones; we have to buy them ourselves. We don't know whether we're going to get paid for our work either. At least I don't know of any other assembly centers actually receiving their pay yet.

At the Totalizer office I had a beef with the city editor concerning the bulletin. He wants me to work on that thing because I'm not on the paper's pay roll. Well, I don't give a darn about the meas<sup>ure</sup>ly pay roll; I'm working on the paper because it's wonderful experience. Finally he came out with his true intentions, when he exclaimed, "your being on the pay roll will mean a large amount for our pot which we'll split equally." I agreed I'd take over the bulletin but

only because I want to and not because someone pushes me into it just for his own gain. It's really sickening to see how rapacious some people are when it comes to money despite the fact the fund may be small.

The schools are conducting their classes in the bachelors' quarters. The place is filled with benches. When I asked one girl how it was here, she replied, "Oh, the kitchen is just below and I can smell the food all day -- it is so distracting." When I went to the kitchen below the cook told me that the dust comes through the ceiling because the kids run all over the place up there.

I met one fellow who wrote a letter to his high school instructor describing living conditions here in the assembly center. He wrote of the beans he had to eat, and also of the mice that skirt around the stalls. He didn't think anything would happen to the letter until he learned today from a schoolmate that his letter had appeared in the school paper. He seemed scared to me about the possible consequences to him. He kept on saying that conditions were bad then but now they have improved.

I've been hearing many unfavorable reports lately of Tule Lake. They say it gets as cold as eleven degrees below zero, and very hot during the summer. Many people are being misled by the scenic implications of the name. Actually, the place is supposed to be barren of trees and the lake is swampy, becoming a perfect nest for mosquitos. Most people believe Tule Lake is the ideal area to go, because the climate is similar to the Shasta region.

In the evening I went to the office to work on the bulletin again. It took a long time to work out as I have never done any work like this before. I hope I can make something worth while out of it. Taro was working on the paper and particularly on the heads. I left the office at ten o'clock.

I met a girl I used to know long, long time ago in my home town. She moved away to Oakland and since then I never saw her, until today. She certainly

has changed. I didn't quite recognize her at first. I learned she's taking up art at the studio.

When I came home Sis said I had better go back to the census man and tell him my exact qualifications. All the information about having worked in an industrial craft, etc. would be good she thought. I don't think having worked in a leather factory can be considered much of an industrial experience.

Friday, June 19, 1942.

This morning I went to the recreation center where they had a in-service training class for the recreation leader. I thought a very significant point was made by Mr. Thompson when he said, "Rumor has it the W.C.C.A. and the W.R.A. do not agree; now I emphasize the word rumor." Despite his qualification, this was the first time I ever heard that there even existed a quarrel from an official source. Mr. Thompson went on to say that he wanted to sell this idea of recreation -- have exhibits, have personality, have pretty girls -- salesmanship in short. Why all this I don't know, except perhaps the visitors who come to the center must be impressed. Later on several fishermen gave brief talks on the art of making sailboats. I thought the most interesting talk was give by a former captain on a sardine ship who used to work in San Francisco. He pointed out that within the Japanese community the fisherman was looked down upon. They were all drinkers and troublemakers wherever they turned up; but in his thirteen years of experience in San Francisco he has found out that the condemnation is not categorical. There are many who are making good money and living respected lives. Then, he discussed the Kibei group who he said were outrageous and disgusting. Invariably they drank -- they in truth caused most of the disputes and troubles. He pointed out that many were sent back to Japan at an early age, were brought up without parental guidance, and as a result were a lot of irresponsive, misdirected playboys. The Nisei, he added, have a lot of fun, but their fun is different -- they rarely drink excessively or smoke -- raise cain -- their fun is going to the movie, or going to the beach.

When the war is over, he concluded, if no other occupation is available, we ought to go into fishing in inland lakes and places where the people would not be suspicious of us to make a decent living, a respected community for our children.

I stayed up until 10:00 p.m. last night making up the bulletin, and I rather expected to run the paper off today. Bob Iki said the deadline would be Saturday and so I really put a lot of effort to turn it out in time. When I presented it to him this morning he said it was fine but the hectograph had not come yet and the paper would not come out until next week. I felt terribly low.

Saturday, June 20, 1942.

This morning I overheard some people outside saying that there were fifty thousand acres of fertile land in Arizona. The trouble with it is the temperature rises from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty degrees there, making conditions intolerable for working. Some one was also saying that there would be a meeting for the resident members who seem to misunderstand the significance of the roll/call. The proposition was that unless the persons with<sup>in</sup> the assembly center attend to the roll call themselves the army will step in and take over. Just as the W.C.C.A. police are supplementing the work of the internal police, so there will be an official to check up on the roll call. One person was saying they must have a roll call at 6:45 in the morning in order to have the people attend breakfast. Lately many people stay in bed until the second shift at 7:30 despite their properly going to the 7:00 o'clock shift. Speaking of the police force, I fear that one of the functions of the W.C.C.A. force is<sup>to</sup> check up at each barrack to see that there are no meetings, and if there are any to see what is going on. Mother washed her feet in a hot pail of water. She filled it up from the bucket and she exclaimed, "It reminds me of the time I first came to America." During lunch there were several cameras taking pictures of the people eating. We

wanted to avoid the camera and luckily they were taking pictures of the other wing. The kitchen was brilliantly lighted up by flood lights and everyone was scurrying around trying to appear as busy as possible. One man with a shock of white hair appeared to be the director as he turned the camera from one subject to another. Some people were being photographed as they ate; they certainly looked uncomfortable. Most of the time they kept their heads down, and blinking in face of the bright lights that shone down upon them. As I left the mess hall I observed another camera photographing the picture of the people as they walked out of the dining room. Small children were holding their mother's hand and the parents emptied the leftovers into the garbage cans. I suppose these men are making a pictorial record of the evacuation. In more than one way I think it is superficial because the people worked much more industriously, and the setting is much more favorable. The other day, for example, we had only turnips and beans for lunch, but today we had a large bowl full of ravioli, meat, dessert, plenty of rice, bread, a salad, and chocolate to drink.

In the press room this afternoon I saw Mr. Iyama who has just recently been elected a councilman. He was telling me how many people came to his barrack requesting many favors of him. Most of them were Issei who were anxious to have repairs installed, who wanted to change their mattress, etc. He told me that the councilmen will have to have offices within their precincts, and there arrange office hours. As it is the councilman is so thronged by the people he can't even find time to read his papers. He was also saying something about a committee to form a constitution. The constitution will probably be much like the one written in Santa Anita. Bill was saying today that Thompson, who is in charge of the recreation department, recently declared the recreation department here in Tanforan is the best, principally because of its organization and leaders.

In the evening I went out to play chess, going to one "rec" hall after

another. But there was no one in "rec 2" to play, and so I had to abandon the idea. On my way back I watched the softball games near the lake. One burly chap socked a beauty out near left field, but as he raced towards home, he was caught between third and the plate and finally tagged. In the evenings when the strong wind dies down most of the sailboat fans appear with their craft. They make a very real picture as the boats glide over the rippling waters and dance on the glittering swells. If you close one eye you can just picture a real yacht making its way along a sea in the twilight. Kaz has just finished his boat which is about two feet long. I think I shall make a sailboat too. The tools aren't very plentiful around here, but then most boats are just made out of a chisel. Kaz said he would lend me some paint, and I think I can get most of my tools at Fujita's. When I went to the woodpile there were several grownups looking for pieces of wood to make a boat for the coming regatta that will be held soon.

Sunday, June 21, 1942.

This morning I went to the center store where I bought the Oakland Tribune and Examiner. If the Chronicle had been there I would have bought that too because Mother wants a stack of paper which we will use when we move again to wrap dishes and other fragile things. The water-car passed by the track and sprayed the dirt. I don't see why they need to wet the track because it gets dry mighty quick. I think it's just wasting water. If they are going to dampen it I don't see why they don't do something like that around four in the afternoon when the place really gets dusty. Mother returned the Montgomery Ward catalogue this morning to our neighbors. Last night while writing down the orders Sis tore the index sheets and mother was really mad. All day she kept telling me and my sister to be careful in handling the catalogue. Sis in the act of haste tore two sheets half way across. She tried to mend it as best as she could with scotch tape. When mother returned the catalogue she apologized for the tear and promised to send over a new one which

she hoped would come with her order.

In the afternoon I attended the Flag ceremony which was conducted at the center. We opened the program with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Captain Spears gave a talk in behalf of the administration which I thought was very well delivered. Of all the administration men, in my opinion, from what I gather from the house managers where he presides, he seems to be the most sincere and most likeable person. In his address he made several significant points. First he asked that all the lack of materials and failure to fulfill requests are not wholly due to the house managers, but definitely the inability at the moment to obtain supplies. Then he went on to say a word to the fathers. He said that many of you have been occupied by your work up until now and were unable to spend a great deal of time with your child. Now you can see that he will not make the mistakes that we have made. He said he was glad to see so many parents making sailboats and bringing them to the lake with their children. For once I thought one man from the administration came to the people directly. Not as a figure, but a human being he impressed me when he said, "You know I'm a father too." They had a lady sing two songs in Japanese and the translator interpreted Captain Spears' speech. I couldn't follow either of them so I walked towards the grandstands. There were many visitors there but since I didn't know any of them I walked to the eucalyptus grove beside the highway where I sat down to watch the cars pass by. Most of the people were on their Sunday ride and they slowed down their cars as they drove along. Everyone seemed to be staring at the barracks and particularly at me as the cars went by. Every once in awhile someone who I thought I knew would pass by but I guess that's just my imagination. Sometimes I thought to myself, well, I guess the folks out there may see me and be sorry for me, and then again I thought, oh, he's just a Jap. The soldier passed by with his gun and he looked ominous. Then I got the queer notion that it might be dangerous to stay out here because some maniac might

come along and not knowing that I'm a citizen take a shot at me. And then, I felt so warm in the sun, I just sat quite contentedly looking at the stretch of golden hay and low brown hills in the distance. The place reminded me of a road back home which had the same kind of hay field and hills for a background.

When I came back a girl two doors away from me asked me to come and play chess. I think she's just flirting. The other night when my sister and I went over for a visit she learned that I played chess. Well she has ordered a chess board, and now she wants me to play with her. It's okay with me if she wants to play silently, but the trouble is she asks "what shall I do" coyly and that gets me down. Who ever heard of anyone asking what he should do when playing chess. I think that's just like playing yourself.

Everyone around here is bridge crazy now. Since the "rec" halls started to teach the game everyone has become interested in it around my barrack. Mother says that she goes to a hymn class on Wednesday where they sing an hour and a half. Tomorrow she is going to the English classes. Dad had a swell day today enjoying father's day. He went to church, came back and took a nap, ate lunch, where he received a loaf of bread -- all fathers were presented one -- and then attended the flag ceremony. Sis's girl friend came today and together they went to church. She was very inspired by Dr. Smith's sermon. The other girl was saying that her girl friend said he sounded insincere at times. Sis has been quite despondent lately. I think it's her job which tires her considerably. Lately she looks like she has lost weight, and when she returns home she doesn't do much except stay up. In the morning she can't stay in bed late, and that, she abhors. It's been her tradition to stay in bed as late as twelve noon.

In the evening I attended church where they held a young people's service. I thought the sermon was extremely boring. When an Issei speaks English the grammar is terrific and the omission of the articles is very distracting. I wish those Nisei ministers spoke to us instead. I was speaking to one fellow who wants to

make a canoe to sail in the lake with. He was thinking how much fun it would be and how popular he would become. I also met a former track opponent of mine who asked me to go to the Saturday dance. That I would very much like to do except I don't know anyone now to ask for a date. Well anyway I think I might ask the girl in the next barrack, but Sis says I shouldn't ask anyone I don't know as the girls are very reluctant to accept such dates.

Monday, June 22, 1942.

Went to the recreation meeting where Mr. Thompson asked the workers to turn in a record of their former experience, etc., in order that he might turn them over to the W.R.A. He stated the purpose was to continue the recreational program in the relocation areas. Then I went to the newsroom where I had a considerable beef with the city editor again. This time it was the sailboat story which brought about the argument. I contended that since sail boating here was not on a professional standard it should be treated as a feature story. Feature writing as I understood it to be tried to bring in the human angle, and as a hobby, many old men have taken up this sail boating. Bob, on the other hand, felt the writing lacked information; he wanted the exact statistics such as their speed, the ratio of the Issei to the Nisei. I emphatically pointed out that these points involved exacting patience and time to obtain. Then when I told him he had asked for a feature story, he replied, "But this is essentially an information bulletin." Well, to make things calmer with him I went out again to obtain the ratio. After all, if I want to get the mode, I would have to stay out there for a whole week. Instead, I asked a person out there, whose guess is as good as anybody's.

Since coming to this place I've learned a lot about opinions of people. Today, for example, I learned that Rev. Smith is a racketeer, a moron, and a big hypocrite who is working only for his own gains. Hitherto, I only thought of him as a devout Christian and sincerely interested in the Nisei. While I'm not taking the new appraisal completely, I should like to follow up the lead. Kenny Murase

sent up a paper on the Nisei which he intends to turn in to some writers in the East. He wanted the fellows to add some criticisms to the paper and then, turn it back to him. Well, everybody began to tear it apart -- they called it a mimic, absolutely nothing in it, began to call him a frustrated fop. In the end they agreed he was too young, too sensitive -- why remember how he wouldn't jump a freight train. Now, of course, I don't know Kenny too well, but I hate to hear people criticizing or smearing some one when he isn't there and hasn't got a chance to refute some of the accusations. The talk up there really began to get vulgar. There are two girls up in the office and I think the fellows ought to keep it clean. Some people think it's big and tough to talk dirty. Personally, I think it's just a front. Now, I don't believe in being an angel, but I think that sort of thing properly belongs only in a men's bull session, not in public.

The romance shaping up next door is coming along. The fellow comes over almost every night. While the girl is a very reticent type, lately she has begun to speak to him more. Last night the two families celebrated father's day by holding a party. It was a very interesting affair because they tried to keep it as quiet as possible. I overheard them saying something about using the stove. The elder daughter who is married frequently comes over. She is always wanting to hear dirty jokes. There's one about "What's cooking?" The reply, "soup," then something follows that. The boys keep telling her it isn't proper for girls to hear such things. She keeps on saying, oh, come on what's the other part? You ask your husband the boys add, as they depart laughing.

The corporation foreman came into the editorial office today to take the venetian blind down. Everyone got mad and the editor tore up to Este's office. He came down later, told the carpenter to take down the blind in the room adjacent to us where the landscapers stay, and then turning to the rest of us said, "I am going to quit if they take the other shades down."

The carpenter told me that over ten thousand square feet of lumber has

disappeared. He said it was really disgusting and made a terrible impression on the officials here. One fellow was saying that it was probably because facilities were so lacking here. Then the foreman said still we aren't going to stay here permanently. Some people are making a number of unnecessary things.

The editorial office was the scene of moving picture cameras and floodlights this morning. They took pictures of everyone working. I made a small sign for the editor. It's very interesting to see how people react -- Jimmie who rarely comes to the office early -- was there right on time. The editor seemed flustered, and the secretary was dressed smartly. The copy boy ran back and forth. They also took a picture of the fellow who fixes the typewriter. He brings the typewriter in here to be close to one of the girls working in here. It's all so very interesting to see the varied situations when people are concentrated like this.

Tuesday, June 23, 1942.

This morning I had a headache and really didn't feel like working at all. However, I went down to the recreation department to see Mr. Thompson about an **interview**, and later I dropped in at the Tanforan office. I had another beef with Bob. This time it was a matter concerning the treasure hunt which we ironed out quickly. The next thing that happened was attending the P.T.A. meeting in the afternoon. There were about one hundred mothers attending. The meeting took place in Mess Hall 13 and started about 2:30. After the pledge of allegiance led by Miss Itatani, the audience sang America. Frank Kilpatrick then gave a short talk on education. He spoke on the importance of education, and to keep the children informed of their work so that when they get to the relocation areas they will be advanced in many respects. He said it was a pleasure to see so many interested parents and he appreciated their cooperation. Miss Shigue Mitsuyoshi then presented some youngsters who gave a short greeting skit. Ernie Takahashi then went on to give a short history of education at Tanforan. He said, "After the first week

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we realized the urgency of an educational program here at Tanforan and so a committee met after a week to set up some kind of an informal program. The objectives of the program were to continue the child's training, to increase initiative, and to prevent the children from getting into mischief. When Frank J. Kilpatrick came to Tanforan he met this committee and four teachers with credentials, then set out making a program. They were present<sup>ed</sup> a problem -- that for forty students without facilities, etc., what would you do. The initial plan took in such courses as Americanization, singing, arithmetic, folk dancing, handicraft -- little formal education. On May 25 surveys were taken which showed that there were six hundred pupils for those between six and eight. Four mess halls were used as classrooms. Over two hundred registered at the first registration. Teachers training courses were then started. Eight more teachers were added, and they met every afternoon. Six hundred children attended the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. Aid was received from such organizations as the International Institute, Emergency Relief Fund, American Friends, San Mateo's Teachers Manuals, Alameda, Raphael Weill School, and San Jose State Teachers College, San Francisco Teachers College, and Mills, sent in recommendations. The education department was very grateful for its many friends. Two thousand books and \$300 worth of supplies were made available.

On June 16, the seventh and eighth grades were started with thirty-five teachers, nine hundred children, the program has become formal. The school cannot work without moral support and approval from the parents. Your voice and opinions are needed. Up until now your children have been taken care of by professional instructors. Now it is up to you to look after your child's destiny. The parents must become conscious of their child's welfare. In the WRA the State Department of Education will look after the children. Right now we need your financial support. These teachers have spent many hours preparing their classes, ten hours were spent by each.

Ernie then introduced Mabel Yamamoto who introduced the faculty. Mr. Goto then spoke in Japanese reviewing what Ernie had said. Miss Helen Takahashi rendered a piano solo. Before concluding, the chairman who spoke in English asked the parents to turn in their address and name for future notices. Pictures and composition work were on display. Each bulletin was marked with the class group. An instructor was posted at each place so the parents would be able to speak to them after the meeting.

The news spread around that inspectors were coming around to confiscate all Japanese literature, except the dictionary and the bible. Everyone scurried home. Why I don't know. At home we spread out our tools, saws, files, hammer, wrench -- I heard that files would not be allowed. Mother brought out the medicine trunk, as alcohol was declared prohibited. I layed out all my textbooks on the table. The inspectors left before they came to our place; they will start again tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 24, 1942.

This morning I went downtown, that is what we call the grandstands, the store, and the post office, to cash the traveler's checks. The line formed at the booth where we had our medical examination when we first came. There were about eight of us at first, mostly Issei in their baggy pants and nonmatching coats. One fellow drew his watch out of his pocket and said it was ten past nine. Pretty soon a military car drew up and Mr. Beck and a man with a money box got off. This man was the banker who immediately told those who had traveler's checks to sign them before coming to the booth in order to save time. One fellow withdrew \$100 from his savings account. The thing that got me down was the charging of ten cents for each traveler's check. When I had the traveler's checks made at the strong suggestion of the W.C.C.A. and the bank, I was charged for converting the cash into checks. I don't think that is fair since no charge is supposed to be made again. I think, as another one in line said, they are taking advantage of us. When I

stepped out, the line had grown very long and extended over twenty-five yards. I don't think the banker will have enough on hand, nor do I think one bank opening for one hour once a week is hardly sufficient to accommodate the needs of eight thousand people.

A fellow came around the press room today with a petition urging President Roosevelt to start a second front. He told me he drew up the petition and with the signatures of the progressive people in camp he is going to send it to President Roosevelt. I told him that this second front was a matter to be decided by the military as they were the ones who would know when and where best to strike. He told me the purpose of the petition was to show the Nisei's loyalty to this country by showing their interest in the course of the nation, as well as to exercise the franchise of democracy.

At the kitchen today one of the men announced that tomorrow's dinner would be served from the main mess hall. It seems that the stove has broken and it will be necessary to have the food prepared in another kitchen. The announcer stated that we may have to return to the cafeteria style as the food may be delayed and the waiters may not be able to attend to the tables in the family fashion.

The treasure hunt also began today and as I passed the recreation hall on my way to the Totalizer's office I saw Mr. K who told me to go to the head-quarter's to obtain instructions. Apparently he had gone to the place but being an Issei and unable to read the instructions written in English he turned back. There were some fifty boys and girls crowding around a sign which gave the instructions for the contest. Before long I saw groups of fellows -- one number ten, running to a telephone pole. Coming home I met a boy with whom I play chess running down the track with a slip of paper in his hand, I learned later he was on this treasure hunt as well.

Mother went to the hymn singing class this afternoon. She has always

liked music and back home she used to play the harmonica. Sometimes when we visited our relatives in San Francisco she used to sit at the piano and play her favorite tunes. She was saying that from next week she will have to bring a dime which will be used to finance a small party to follow each hymn singing session. Mother is very enthusiastic about the program and looks forward to it each week.

The inspectors came today: he took the saw, two files, but he didn't look at the books or anything. I hear the inspectors yesterday were reprimanded for bringing too many things, such as rubbing alcohol, scissors, and Bibles. There's a dance today at "rec" hall 6. I haven't got a date yet which kinda yets me down. I used to make dates by telephone, but there aren't any telephones around here and it's kind of hard for one to ask a girl directly. My slacks, too, are torn and the only shoes I have on hand are my boots, which I found are pretty heavy on girl's feet. I shouldn't have left my shoes in the trunk in the warehouse.

In the evening I attended the town hall meeting where they spoke of how Nisei and Issei interests might be coordinated. Mr. Iyama who was speaking when I entered said he did not like the distinctions being used to designate the Issei and Nisei. He said that the two groups should all be granted equal representation. Rev. Goto, I thought, gave the most concrete proposals. He said, "We should consider all this as one large family, that we should plan together, and we should work together." He pointed out that cooperatives would soon be established and that we would be able to work together. He said that America was one large family consisting of all kinds of races and people. Therefore, we should all work together here as well.

Mr. Iyama tried to speak in Japanese to explain the matter of councilmen, but he was reminded that English would be spoken at all gatherings of this nature. The council would be supplemented by Issei advisors who would meet with the councilmen to discuss mutual problems. The question period tonight was more stimulating, possibly because the chairman passed the microphone around the audience and

prompted the members to speak. One Issei man got up and said he was just as loyal as any American citizen, that citizenship alone was not a criterion to determine a person's faith in America.

Thursday, June 25, 1942.

I thought the cafeteria style would make things different, but it wasn't so. What happened was that the cafeteria style wasn't even used. While the food was prepared at and brought from the central kitchen beneath the grandstands, it was placed in dishes and served to us as it always has been done. Nor was it served any later. I went to the art studio today where I learned that one hundred paintings and sculpturings will be sent to Mills College where they are holding a meeting for the Institute of International Relations. They are having classes there in printing, designing, painting, and clay work. Every Tuesday a member of the faculty gives demonstrations and lectures. When I brought the information over to Bob he told me to type it out. I did, four lines of it, but he changed everything around again. I went to see Noboru Takahashi who is in charge of the treasure hunt. He told me he got scared when he saw so many people interested. Many Issei turned away because they couldn't understand the directions. He was saying some fellows had torn down a lot of things in their enthusiasm. One fellow was seen climbing a telephone pole at ten o'clock at night looking for one of the clues. Another person went into the library to find out the definition of Alpha Omega.

I saw Mr. Uyeyama leave today. He was saying good-bye to the people. Rumor has it that he is being kicked out of here because of his continued arguments with the hospital administration. He seemed to be rather sad; someone was saying he was preparing to leave for Tule Lake. There was a large truck before his house and about seven fellows standing around bidding him farewell. His wife was also clasping her friend. One person was saying that moving here to Tanforan

wasn't much because it was so close, but the thought of going to another state and not being able to return here does make you swallow.

At the afternoon mess I heard that electric stoves may be used. Our side of the barrack gets to use it from seven to eight, the other side, eight to nine. One fellow said we'll eat over your side from seven to eight, and continue the eating on our side. It seems rather strange that stoves should be allowed, when as I heard at the managers' meeting, food will not be allowed to enter. I don't quite understand why they should suddenly permit the stoves to be used.

The copy boy in the office today made a hit with all of us. He is fifteen years old, from Alameda, where he has associated with only Caucasians. He showed remarkable knowledge of history and he asked everyone what happened in 1870, in 1880, etc. Then, he told us that there weren't any pretty girls here in camp. He said that all Nisei girls and boys are too bashful. Then he went on to say he was popular with all the girls because he was truthful with them. If a girl had a certain hairwave and she asked him if it were good, he told her no if he thought it wasn't good. He said he liked to read Superman, Out of the Night; the music he liked was Wagner, Beethoven, and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. He and Anne Kunitani get along because they like music so much. One fellow thought Al was a big conceited, self-centered boy; but most of us agreed he was a precocious lad, that he brightened up the press room, was unaffected, and way beyond us in brightness, etc. Bill Hata told Taro he was material for the Horse's Mouth, the editor's column. I walked home with Jimmie and Lillian. I think that in a way my recreation column is taking a lot of work away from Lillian. I'm not on the pay roll while she is. She seems to be concerned with the pay roll because she has to pay off some bills. Someone said, "How can you pay them with script books?" Well, "if it's good enough from government to me, it's good enough for anyone else."

Alex Yoruchi and I had a confab about what we should do about getting

permission for the press staff to eat in the mess hall for the workers. The situation is this: Mr. Cooper who gives the real approval will let us eat only at Mess 2 if we can get the kitchen manager's approval. The kitchen manager will give his approval only if he can get extra rations from Doroughty who is in charge of the commissary. It seems that Doroughty in turn will give us his approval only when Cooper will give his approval. In a way, it's a vicious circle and in all likelihood we won't be allowed to eat there. The reason is very simple. It does wear down one's shoes trudging around here and I don't see why we reporters shouldn't be allowed to eat there. After all, a number of us are not working for pay and the least we can get is a fair meal.

In the evening I went to the library where I accidentally came across Professors Bellquist's and Barrow's articles on the evacuation question which was pending at that time. If we have been placed here under military necessity then I don't feel any wrath or bitterness, but if we have been deprived of our privileges by self-seeking groups, by pressure groups, then it does make me furious. Someday I guess this matter will come up for constitutional consideration, and then I hope things will be made more clear.

Just before coming home I ran into a group of fellows on their way to the lake to sail a boat. The lad had just finished it and was accompanied by several companions. One fellow carried the radio, another a long launching stick. The water looked like a river as it rolled down towards the east bank. When he put it in the water the strong wind sent it flat against the water and it dragged all away across. I guess the keel wasn't heavy enough. He was saying he would add more lead to the keel to keep the boat upright. The boat is a slim affair and is modeled on the ranger scale, the fellow was saying. High above the ducks were flying in formation against the dark skies towards the bay in the distance.

Friday, June 26, 1942.

Hay Mattress -- The Saw -- The Mess

Three things transpired today which upset me very much. The first thing

upset me because it was all so disgusting and shocking. It was like this. During the noon hour while we were eating the announcer who is the man who makes public different notices and reports, told us that one o'clock at the corner near the woodpile new hay would be brought in order that we might change the hay we have in our mattresses at present. The idea was very heartily approved by most of us, for the hay we had in the mattresses had not been removed since our arrival, and that was more than a month and a half ago. Mother said she heard some one say that worms are germinated when the hay is not changed, as it dampens. Well, after lunch dad began to grumble that it would be difficult to pack the three mattresses all the way to the woodpile. (The other remaining one is cotton as dad is over sixty.) I had an appointment with Bob Iki who is in charge of the inservice training department of the recreation and so I said I would go to the office, but I thought I ought to help dad on account of his age, and so I went with dad and mother carrying two of the mattresses, father, the other one. When we got to the place there were several people there already taking the hay out of their mattresses. It might be pertinent to describe the exact situation. This spot is located at the north eastern corner of the assembly center. It isn't exactly at the corner of the center. I guess it is about one fifth of the way west from the northeastern corner. There is a huge woodpile here, the largest in the whole center, at least it used to be, because now it is leveled down nearly to the ground, as the people have come here to get the wood. It used to be a woodpile about twenty-five to thirty square yards and about twenty feet high or more when we first came. There are also two huge sand lots where children make sand houses; a tin pile where all the tin cans are brought from the kitchens, flattened out, and neatly piled up to be taken to the smelting factories; and a sheltered area, which lately has been converted into a small garden where people come to relax and where those fond of gardening come to squat and putter around with the plants and earth. The fences,

the two barns are all lined with barbed wire. Beyond the fence can be seen the parched prosaic hills of <sup>South</sup> San Francisco, and dotting them are the white homes of that city. The clouds that hover over the range cast a bright blanket over the land beneath, and the factories, cars, trains, smoke stacks, and trucks look like a miniature setting on a stage. This place must have been a junk pile before we came because there's an old iron race starter, old oil drums, and lots of scrap metal lying around. (I don't see why they don't come for this scrap.) I saw a painter sitting out here with his water colors and he seemed to find some kind of harmony and beauty in the random and natural way the junk was strewn about. Well, this is the scene. Today there were nearly seventy-five people with their mattresses all over the place when we came. Some were just emptying them, some had just emptied them and had them out in the sun to be sterilized, some fellows were sitting on a fence which skirts the sandpile, curiously watching the people. The wind was blowing from the west, as usual, and when the people threw the hay out, the wind caught the small particle up and scattered it everywhere. These people were in front of us and the smashed hay flew at us, covering us, getting inside us, and worst of all in our eyes. I could hardly see what I was doing because the hay got in my eyes. After taking the old hay out, I asked the fireman who was directing the people where we were supposed to get our new hay. "Wait here, there will be a truck along soon," he replied. So, mother, dad, and I sat down on the grass. Mother asked if there were any poison oak. We sat there for half an hour watching the people bring their mattresses, clean them out, join us; and also the fellows who were working a huge barbecue cement stove in which they were burning the hay. Impatient people began to say "why in the devil didn't they bring the hay here first;" "why didn't they break up the number of people into so many barracks instead of having a mob like this;" "it's the same old story, inefficiency;" "I feel like going home." Finally one person got up and said to his neighbor, "I'm going to fill mine up again, I'm not going to sleep on just springs." The

neighbor arose, and as if to justify his actions, replied, "It's better to get a whole load of old hay and really pack your mattress instead of filling it sparsely with new hay." That started it off, and it wasn't long before old women, twelve year olds, men, and fellows began putting the old hay into the mattress again. After all that work of getting the hay out, dad began to refill one up. I told mom not to do that to the other two because you don't know what kind of people might have slept on them--a sick person, mayhap. About 2 o'clock, I got up and told mom I'd go home. She gave me the keys, and when I got back, grabbed the towel, and took a shower. Just as I returned, dad was back with one of the mattresses filled with new hay. The fellow next door was also back and he was saying that there was a lot of foreign matter mixed in clover. I started back to the hay pile and then began the worst part. As the truck came in with hay, which was packed in bales, the people jumped on the trucks, the men folk grabbed their bales, and when the truck stopped, they rolled off with the bale, and dragged it to their family. Feverishly--and I mean feverishly, the mother, the girls, and the husband, pushed the hay into the small opening in the canvas bags as rapidly as possible with utter disregard of placing it in evenly. The idea was to get it in fast, so they could get more hay in. One man grabbed a bale and fought his way through the crowd. Just as he untied the binders, one man came along and started to take a chunk. "Hey, get (Issei) the hell out of there," were his exact words. "Quiet, this hay is for everyone." As the man walked off, the owner shouted "God damn you." That was only the start, one Nisei lad who was atop one of the trucks clung to a bale and was desperately trying to shove it on the truck's roof, (he was about 17), an Issei (50) jumped on the running board, pounced on one end and began pulling it down. The lad stoutly clung on, and down they came, all three of them, the boy, the man, and, of course, the hay between them. There commenced a brief tug of war. "This is mine!" the boy cried out. "Shut up, you squirt." It was all so disgusting. Grown ups pulling at a piece of hay, I thought, and yet at the same time, I was asking two fellows

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can I have some. Well, these two Kibei replied, "There are three of us and if there is enough left over, you can take it." I took it anyway. When I returned, mother was busy pushing her lot in, and a girl behind her was slyly taking the hay away lying in back of her. The girl was 12 years old. I was furious. "When the next truck comes I'm going to jump on the board, if anybody gets fresh let the fists fly," and so I waited. Two minutes later another green truck carrying about 15 or more bales appeared, and as it came through the crowd, one bale after another went off. I jumped on board, grabbed a bale simultaneously with an older Issie. Well that was it, I pulled, he pulled, down we went. I was beside myself, I felt like fighting, but somehow, here was an old man, about dad's age, and it wasn't fair hitting him. Despite his age he was spry and vigorous about all this though. It didn't seem right, everything I knew before wasn't like this, I never saw people jumping at each other like this before as if they were primitive beasts. I felt ashamed too at the thought of my being swept away by the rest. I thought an educated person should restrain himself more, and suddenly I felt sick. The Issei were repulsive, they behaved more outrageous than the Nisei. I thought this rapacious quality must be found in all the Japanese. Maybe there was something in saying they were terrible aliens. I walked back to mother empty handed. I told her how disgusting it was and she said, "Well, that's the only way you can get it." This was surprising, too, because mother was so scrupulous about decorum. I surveyed the scene and the paramount thought was---Here's a grand picture of the survival of the fittest. Speaking about rapacious people, why everyone was having a free for all--clawing for that hay--. I found dad had a whole lot of hay. He had the hay all right. He wasn't disturbed. Well, I thought as I picked up the mattress and began to trudge home, all that puritan background has been harmful. I never was religiously zealous but I thought if a person would abstain from im-

proper behavior he needn't go to church ; but I insisted on certain ethical standards. All that seemed to be shattered. Maybe I shouldn't even try to do the right thing. You just don't get anyplace. This world is dirty, and if you want to get any place, you got to play the same game. Yes, I've seen and heard a lot of things I never knew before I came to camp but this was the most sickening of all. I wonder how the smaller kids took it. At dinner mother was saying she felt sick because the heat was so hot and she didn't have her hat. Dad was all in too. The showers naturally were filled today. When I returned to the spot later there was a large stack of hay there.

The second thing that got me down took place two hours after this. I went to Bob Iki's place in the "Hollybowl," so called since the barracks are built in a circle. He is about twenty-nine years old, has a wife, and ran for councilman in his district, but was defeated. When I approached him he was busy sawing the barn door, the door that is used to cover the inner stalls. I began to help him cut. We put the door on end, so it rested perpendicular with the ground, and then I began to saw vigorously until the saw struck a nail and began to screech. I stopped, withdrew the saw, walked around to the other side, since I thought I might be able to avoid the nail. Meanwhile, Bob, who was on the other side, went to the side<sup>where</sup>/I was formerly standing. The door which measured three feet by three feet was large enough to cover him. I didn't know that he had leaned close to the door and was examining the spot where the nail was located. Not knowing this, I shoved the saw through my side. "Hey, God you cut me." Looking around the door I noticed a blotch of blood over his nose and his wife came running out. I began to run to the hospital, Bob following me. He told me it was nothing and to wait. I had been upset by the hay experience and my nerves were on edge. I stopped, waited for him, and we walked briskly to the hospital. He said it was nothing; he said he broke four teeth, his glasses, and his nose in a football game. But I was jumpy all the time. I tore up the hospital steps; they told us to go around the other side.

The nurse recognized Bob, took him to the nurse as an emergency case. They wiped the blood off; the nurse called the doctor who began pressing it to find out whether it reached the bone. It was luckily a shallow cut. Bob asked why it didn't hurt. The doctor replied, because of two reasons: the nerves, or merely a superficial cut. His wife came. I wanted to get a mirror to show Bob the cut. The nurse later began to cut a butterfly bandage. The assistant asked why. "In order to have the skin grow together." Bob said, "well, I guess this will look like a dueling scar." The nurse replied it would be covered. When I thought that it might have been his eyes instead, I shuddered. We walked home and I began to cut the other door and finished the first one. Together we made the closet. All along I felt awfully uncomfortable. The best I can do is to work here I thought. Gosh, I always do the wrong thing. The two were very nice about <sup>it</sup> his wife kept saying, it's all so silly. But I'm really concerned and I hope he recovers quickly. Today really was a mess.

The last thing I don't even feel like writing about -- because I don't feel like writing any more. It has to do with my getting permission from Cooper to eat in a mess hall. I'll do it when I'm feeling better.

Saturday, June 27, 1942.

I went to the Totalizer's office today and casually picked up the Chronicle that was lying on the table. Suddenly I saw staring me right in the face a head which said in so many pretty disgusting words that Webb, a native son of the Golden West, was trying to deprive all Americans of Japanese ancestry of their citizenship. The proposal submitted by Webb, who incidentally, of course, but most avidly desires to be an attorney general of our beloved state, is to make an amendment to the constitution making it plain and simple <sup>that</sup> we are persons without a country, and that foreigners who can't speak this language, who are as far removed from this soil as any foreigner is, be substituted in our place. Now, I realize that the

proposal itself is not adequate to be effective, and that an amendment of that sort cannot easily become an ammendment particularly during war when legislation of that kind would take up so much time. But the very thought, the idea of denying us of our citizenship is disgusting. Why, those native soners talk like little kids. They have no more sense of tolerance than the worst of the undemocratic forces. Why should they take everything out on us Nisei. We seem to be the scape-goats of everything. The editorial enclosed in a small box was most repulsive too. It was kind enough to say that we should deplore such a proposal; not because it was undemocratic, unconstitutional, but because we needed the time for more important things. It implied when we are less concerned with the war, when the war is over, then we shall take up the matter. If they do anything like that our document will be called the unconstitution of the United States.

The very fact that a thing like that should get me an gry, though, shows how much we are concerned with our citizenship. Everyone in the office was talking about it. I never did think much about those organizations, "The Native Sons of the Golden West," or the California Crusaders. The excessive concept of Americanism to the extent of excluding persons born here, and living here is so bigoted and petty.

I went to the visitors' hall today to meet Ken Coats. Bob Aramatsu used to be a secretary in the Y.M.C.A. and he told me the other day the gang would be over. When I arrived at the visitors' hall there were several girls from the "Y" who had come in cars and arrived early. One girl told me that Tule Lake was very nice. I asked her if there were a lake there, and she said, "Well, there used to be one but now the place is semi-arid and treeless." That kinda destroyed all my fondest dreams of going swimming and the anticipation of going to a place resembling the wooded glen. When Ken came he was all full of pep and vitality as he always is. He greeted us with that warm vigorous handshake of his, and began telling about

the terrible ordeal yesterday of taking three examinations. Larry also came and immediately he began to tell us how they are remodeling Stiles Hall. They knocked out the wall between the dining room and the gathering room where we used to get around the speaker, and made it into one large hall. Then they put in a hardwood floor and made it so we can hold dances now. I think that's swell. I liked the "Y" because it wasn't excessively religious; we had a religion of the present there, I thought, a faith in living with others. Of all the clubs at the University, I got the greatest enjoyment from those meetings. Poor, rich, scholarly, athletic -- anybody -- came in to have a lot of fun. I think I'll write to Ted Klassen and Irv Woodward and ask how they are coming along. I remember Ted and I had a long talk on our philosophies of life and I don't believe I ever shared my views with a person so intimately as I did then.

In the evening I went to recreation 3 to play a game of chess with a bunch of fellows. They are conducting classes in chess there and I learned how to get a man out of a stalemate. The first fellow conceded the game to me after losing his queen and castles, but the second man took me down in the same manner. Even though I don't belong in their section, they let me play a couple of games. They are going to make a ladder and the winner will be decided after a tournament.

Sunday, June 28, 1942.

I went to church this morning by myself and heard a sermon which put me to sleep. My eyes were open and I heard a lot of words but none of them were absorbed. He talked of cool cold crystal clear water while the temperature in the "rec" hall was humid. He talked of the yellow bright melons glistening in the morning dew, while I felt as though I were in an oven. Before coming home I dropped in at the canteen where I bought the Chronicle and the Examiner. I like to buy the Examiner because it makes me feel as though it were Sunday, which it is, but somehow it's so difficult to keep track of the days here. Why, unless I write my diary the very

day the happenings occur, I'm all confused when I try to write them later. If I'm not careful and if I don't make an outline of the events, I'm apt to record something that happened one day, some other day.

In fact, it got so warm I took a shower before noon in the showers nearly a half block from here. Our showers still have not been fixed, and the water is cold. As I hear it, the fixture within the heating system has broken down and the men were forced to take it outside the center to have it repaired. It's been like that for more than two weeks and I guess it will stay that way for a good time to come. Incidentally, there are about thirty fire extinguishers in the showers. They are to be filled with water and lined up on the side of the barracks. Our barracks have already been fixed that way and there are two on our side.

In the afternoon I went to the eucalyptus grove near our barracks and began to converse with a lot of friends of I knew. R.T. and B.S. who never used to smoke back home were puffing away at cigarets. We began to speak of all kinds of things. One fellow said that if they would only bring the materials we would gladly dig the necessary pit for a swimming pool. R. T. said he works on the maintenance crew only because it's so very monotonous doing nothing. B.S. had an Elgin wrist watch, but since coming here, the dust has slowed the time piece considerably. While we were talking about how to play poker, several girls in shorts passed by. In fact, there were exactly seven of them. I have never seen so many Japanese girls with shorts on as I have seen since coming here. The fellows make a lot about girls having crooked legs, but we all agreed that these seven were not bad at all. They were going out to play soft ball somewhere; where, I don't know. R. T. said later, that speaking of visitors, we got to hand it to those people who have friends and relatives fighting in Bataan and elsewhere, and yet who come to see some of the Japanese. It goes to show that while democracy may have not been perfect, we have had the right idea. Just then one W.C.C.A. official passed by whom we all recognized as a former salesman of automobiles back in Redwood. I graduated with his son who

is in the navy now, and all the fellows were saying that he was a grand fellow. I used to run on the track field with him; his specialty was the 100-yard dash. There was R.S., too, who used to play football; he's in the air corps I hear. All the fellows back home it seems have signed up with the service. I got a hold of a couple of the issues of the Redwood Tribune and saw some picture of T.C. and his marriage. I remember how I used to box with his younger brother, Jim, back in high school.

John Yoshino came and asked me to be a speaker on the fourth of July program. He said he heard I used to be a debator at "Cal" and that while he had wanted to have me speak on Fathers' Day he decided to reserve me for this more important occasion. Now, that really is flattery, smooth and glib. But John has never spoken to me before. Always he seems to have pooh-poohed my salutations, when I say hello, he looks the other way. But now, oh now that he wants me to do him a favor, as he calls it, he comes on hands and knees and puts on that slush. I asked him if he wanted a sentimental, eloquent, peroration on patriotism, or one objective, rational and logical. He said the morale in the camp is at a low ebb. He wanted me to give some sort of a pep talk, a challenging, pointed, stinging speech. I told him I could promise nothing now. Since coming here my enthusiasm for some things have waxed; others still remain firm in my mind. Whatever I would decide though, I told him, I would tell him tomorrow at lunch.

In the evening I went to church. While standing out by the fence I saw the girl I met in the hospital the other day. She was with two of her girl companions and I couldn't help but look at her every once in a while. After the service we went to the adjacent recreation hall where the group had folk dancing. I tried to maneuver to be her partner, but she always was in front of me. She's about five feet two inches, large eyes, long hair, but not too long, and -- well, she's cute. I was determined to ask her if she would attend the dance with me on the

fourth, but I couldn't quite muster the courage. In the first place, I don't know her name and in the second place, I've never asked a girl to a dance yet in my life. I tried to see her after we left the building, but she ~~was~~ away with her friends and I couldn't speak to her alone. Well, I walked behind them for about a block but turned back. I'm afraid if I don't ask her soon she will be dated. Tomorrow I'm going into the hospital to ask her.

Wednesday, July 1, 1942.

John came over this morning and asked for the outline which he is to bring to Mr. McSween to have it checked. Well, my speech is plenty short. My conclusion <sup>even</sup> hasn't/been made up yet, so it's very general. This morning Mr. and Mrs. Kauffmann also from Sequoia were here. All the graduates of Sequoia High and those still continuing with their school work were there. Two fellows asked Mr. Kauffmann to send down "math" books on trigonometry. Mr. Kauffmann said that the trigonometry text which he could give them would not be the text he uses for his class. In his class they have solid geometry, trigonometry and an introduction to calculus. The fellows didn't mind that. Mr. Kauffmann asked them if they had finished one of the exercises which he had asked for. The answer was no. About the grades, Mr. Kauffmann told L. P., "If you turn in the exercise I'll give you an 'A'; but, for the time being it will be a 'B'." P.S. piped in, "I wouldn't work hard if I could get a 'B'. I would let it pass for that." I asked Mr. Kauffmann how Maurice was coming along. "Oh Maurice is coming along fine." In high school he always had an inferiority complex because he had a mole on his mouth. He thought, too, his father was a lazy man, and that he inherited this quality from him, and that he had a bad strain in him. (Maurice is a friend of mine who used to attend the same high school with me; he was in my English class. He always used to raise his hand and get the other students mad because it seemed like he wanted to kiss around the teacher. Actually he was a very keen student and ever curious about things

about him.)

Then we talked about Darrol Davidson who was also my former classmate. He was the fellow down the other day visiting me. At present, he's working for Pan-American Airways at Treasure Island. The teacher said that he used to get "D's" in his school work; he never was a scholar. After graduating from Sequoia, he went to a technical school in San Luis Obispo where he was able to work with his hands. While he never became a mathematical genius, he was able to grasp enough of it to understand the working of machinery and to learn the principles of aeronautics. At present Darrol is working with the D-1, in order to complete his education as well as prepare himself for military service.

Mrs. Kauffmann looked at me and said you don't look very healthy. You seem to have lost weight and you don't look husky. She always says that whenever I see her. She thinks more of the physical build of an individual than anything else. Though I must admit that the physical build of a person here is very important. Before they left I asked Mr. Kauffmann point blank, what do you think of the Native Sons of the Golden West. I don't think much of them; there are narrow-minded people here in this country. Why I suppose they would claim that it's un-American for me to come and visit you as I am doing, but I think it's far more un-American to say such a thing or to deny me the right. The fellow next to me said I think the American Legion which is formed after this war will be more different than the one following the last war. I think the fellows will be more interested seeing to it that what they are fighting for will not be lost. Then Mr. Kauffmann said the persecution or whatever you want to call it, was far worse in the last war than it is now. He told me not to lose hope. He brought a couple of Life magazines, Time, and New Yorker's along. I think those Kauffmanns have got guts, courage, and belief in democratic principles. Most of the other instructors in high school are afraid to come or are not much concerned. The Kauffmanns have brought candy and magazines. As the name implies, their parents or grandparents were of German

extraction, and hence, of all the teachers, they should be the ones most afraid to visit us. Yes, you got to hand it to them; I think they are swell.

Thursday, July 2, 1942

I haven't written in the diary for the last two days because I haven't felt like touching any writing. Everything depends on how you feel; sometimes I feel like writing and other times I get very lazy and I don't feel like doing anything. This morning I went around the race track and stopped at the opposite end where I watched the fellows playing ball. One man was sitting on a swing and pulling himself back and forth by yanking a chord. It was very funny to see an old man such as he having fun with a child's sport.

I went to the hospital to get the statistical information concerning the births and deaths in camp. There was a new hospital manager there whose name is Mr. Don Wild, formerly a supervisor of medical welfare in the San Mateo Community Hospital. He seemed to me a very nice person and also very efficient. While I waited for the births from Ky, the fellow who has charge of the records, I noticed Mr. Wild go through the requisition. He is a tall man about six feet, a sharp prominent nose, handsome man, twenty-seven years old. He was very smartly dressed in a brown suit. When I asked him if there were any medical announcements to be made, he turned from his papers and said, "Well, let's see. First, Mr. Woelfen has left." Apparently Mr. Woelfen left the same time as Dr. Uyeyama left. I asked Mr. Wild if Mr. Woelfen resigned. "Oh no he just left. I'm taking his place and I wish you would put in the paper that I've been working and visiting the patients in the San Mateo County Hospital." I asked a messenger who works in the hospital how this new man was. The boy replied, "He's very much liked and he works very efficiently." Up until now I have always had a great deal of difficulty obtaining announcements from the hospital. Mr. Woelfen who is said to have been one of the organizers of the Painless Parker, the dentist, and also who has worked with the

press, always told me nothing. The only information I ever got from him was that blood donors were needed by the hospital. The blood donors were not for the soldiers or those wounded in battle, but for the patients who have been sent to the San Mateo County Hospital. They just type the blood and whenever the County Hospital needs blood they ask for fine men who have type 1, and these men are sent down there. Most of the fellows who go leave because they want to get something to eat. I hear the fellows like to eat pies and drink beer the most. Speaking of Mr. Woelfen, though, he was a very short man, five feet four inches, with a bow tie, short trousers above his heel, and walked in a jerky manner. Whenever some one irritated him he would stand on his toes, swallow several times, move his bow tie back and forth. He struck me as a small fry who was always scared of the man above. I remember when the army and navy officials were down here inspecting the hospital just after Dr. Uyeyama and Mr. Woelfen had a quarrel, Mr. Woelfen looked extremely uneasy for a while, and then apparently after he had received some favorable word, he smiled and beamed at everyone.

Mr. Wild proposed something which was the antithesis of Mr. Woelfen's actions. He said he would pass a paper around to all the members of the hospital staff so that each doctor could write something after his name in case there were any announcements to be made by him. This paper he would turn in to the Totalizer's office, by having the messenger run up with it to the paper's office. While getting the list of births and deaths from Ky I ran across a baby who had died prematurely. I asked Ky if I ought to list it among the dead, but he said the mother didn't know about it yet. I went to see Dr. Togasaki later about the maternity ward. Dr. Togasaki is in charge of the ward and she, I believe, is the only woman doctor in camp. She is very short, with glasses, her hair is set in the Japanese style with a bow in the back. She said the capacity of the maternity ward is ten babies and ten mothers, but usually there are only seven or eight. Each

day the number changes so that it is impossible to state how many are here on one day. Then she went on to say that she wanted a notice put in the paper asking all the invalids who were not able to get their typhoid inoculation to contact the hospital or the house managers in order that she might be able to come around and give the shots to them at their homes. She also wanted everyone who has received the injections before coming to the assembly center to turn in their immunization certificates or they will have to take the injections over again at the relocation areas. Some people in the center have not even taken the typhoid injections. Dr. Togasaki will have to turn in a list of these people by July 15 to the army health service which will attend to the injections from here on. She wanted me to stress the point that she wished everyone would cooperate before the army stepped in. Dr. Kitagawa was also in the hospital clinic where he was attending one of the patients. He said he hadn't slept a wink last night and was very groggy. One of the tenants who used to stay at my aunt's home on Bush Street and who was attending the University medical school in San Francisco, came today, after having taken a state board examination. The centers need doctors urgently and as he was finishing up his third year they were willing to accept him. He said he had come down here with the idea of influencing some of the doctors here, try to tell them you ought to copy our system, but surprisingly enough he discovered the setup here far more superior than the one in Stockton, "Walerga." He said the organization and setup was just as good as that in the University medical school. I guess that is exaggerating things a bit, but there are quite a number of doctors here in camp. He brought along a huge cake and a box of candy from Margaret Burnham's Cottage Shop.

I went to Mess Hall No. 2 at 11:30 since that was the time we ate yesterday, but the timekeeper told me he wanted us to eat 12 o'clock because the number of workers were increasing (those who ate there) and the job of serving them was

getting too hard. I think the real reason though is to give us less food, for when we ate at twelve there was less of everything. The announcers in this mess hall though are more vigorous in their reading of the notices. While one fellow spoke in English in one wing, the other spoke in Japanese to us. We got some figs as we walked out. The fence that encloses the soldiers' barracks has a barbed wire fence around it with an electric wire attached to it. I always thought the wire was merely put along the fence in place of the telephone poles, but A.S. said it's probably fixed so that if any one touches it he'll get electrocuted.

I went to the variety show at night. First I sat down with K.T. who is an interested fan of sailboats. From the grandstand he timed the fastest boat on the lake at the time, since he's also going to compete in the race that is scheduled for Sunday, July 4. The train passed by as we were watching, and one fellow in back said, "Oh, that train." T.K. looking at the stage exclaimed, those curtains are really expensive because they are pure wool. The blankets are the army blankets that we received. Sis also went to the talent show with Y.K. who is her girl friend. Back home they used to go to everything together, including a trip to Yosemite, but now since Sis is working and Y.K. is not, they only get together when they go to the talent show.

I went <sup>up</sup> to the Totalizer's office after the show where everyone was working on the paper. Charlie was there typing his diary; I started to but quit because it took so long. Jim was having a lot of trouble trying to arrange the stories on the pages, and B.T. who is the city editor, exclaimed, "You make something out of nothing." Charlie piped up, "Oh, put the pay roll first." Jim who is a lad from Santa Ana and who is interested in journalism, exclaimed, "I'm going to snip off some of the figures from your story." There followed a discussion as to the importance of the pay roll. Bob and Charlie said that more people were interested in the pay roll so it shouldn't be left out. You ought to go out and speak more <sup>to</sup> the people

around here, Charlie said in his usual tough manner. Jim is the literary type, he's got an easy going disposition. He would rather sit around on his seat, while Charlie says I can't write and hounds the news. He's got terrific energy, a conceit, confidence, practical intelligence. Taro the editor of the paper is twenty-eight; he's very quiet and never likes to order people around. He's very meticulous; he takes his time making the heads, Once he stayed up until two o'clock doing them. He's rather slow in writing, like me, in comparison to Bob. In writing he has a very choice diction; he can write. He dislikes Lillian, the Phi Beta, because he believes she just ground her grades out. Whenever you ask her to do something, she always gives some excuse. Taro thinks highly of Yuki, the stenographer, who although she is only a high school graduate, works very efficiently. Yuki is glad she got to work on the paper because it's a lot of fun. She was saying she is glad she doesn't have to work for Ernie Takahashi because he makes you work too hard. His secretary, whom Yuki knows, has to attend the town hall meetings and take down the notes.

Dad helped mother with the laundry today. He has always been laundry conscious ever since we were back home. After coming home from work he would bring in the laundry from off the line. Mother always used to get mad at him because sometimes he brought the clothes in even when they were wet. After helping her wash he went to Barrack 176 where they are playing Go and Shogi.

Friday, July 3, 1942.

This morning we had a very good breakfast: cantaloupes, cup of coffee (the first cup always has sugar in it, the second doesn't), mush, toast, and jam. After his first cup, dad took a second cup but there was no sugar in it. He said to me, get some sugar. I told him there wasn't any. Then he just took it down. John Yoshimo came in this morning; he's the public relations man. He brought a program of the July 4 events. This is what it looks like:

W.C.C.A. Assembly Center  
 Tanforan, California  
 Independence Day Ceremony

July 4, 1942

Grandstand

9:00 a.m.

PROGRAM

Drum & Bugle Corps	Boy Scouts of America (30th Infantry)
Flag Raising "To the Colors"	Buglers
Pledge of Allegiance	John Takeachi
Declaration of Independence (Reading)	Hiro Katayama
National Anthem	Drum and Bugle Corps
Invocation	Reverend Fukamoto
Greeting	Councilman Kosakura
Young America (Talk)	Ben Iijima
"Over There, Over There"	Drum and Bugle Corps

Finis

All veterans and members of the Townsend Harris Post American Legion Department of California, will serve as ushers of the day.

The historical sketch which was to have been put on by the Tanforan High School was cancelled by Mr. Greene and Mr. Kilpatrick because they felt it took a part from American history which they considered was a very low ebb in our history. The part the high school faculty under H.T. picked was Valley Forge. Then John went on to speak of the candid discussions he often had with Mr. Greene. Even his personal friends do not know he works here. Why, he didn't say, but possibly because he would be disliked if others knew he worked here. On the train, when it comes to a stop at San Bruno, the passengers say, oh, here is where all the Japs are put. The people who work here are afraid or are not liked by those on the outside.

Well, when I heard that, I told him, what does Mr. Greene think about the Nisei. He doesn't say, but he's suspicious of everything. Teek, my sister, began

to worry. She said that I ought to bring my speech over to one of the administrators and have it checked. She said if they misinterpret Valley Forge, they will misinterpret something you are going to say. I got mad because I think at least we have freedom of speech. Christ, I'm not saying anything disloyal. If they misinterpret what I say, why it's not my fault. Good lord, if you try hard enough you can misinterpret anything. Then mother gets all worried. By this time I was mad ; I told her she has to go and worry about everything. If they have spotters taking down what I say, let 'em.

Think and remember you are not speaking just for yourself, but other Nisei's as well, mother added. So I wrote down what I'm to say and brought it over to Mr. Greene's office. Mr. Greene was speaking to one of the house managers at the time. They were discussing what to do with two persons in camp. One was blind, the other deaf and dumb. The deaf and dumb didn't have a watch and he was destitute. Green then told the house manager that he would go see the man and possibly arrange to have the two stay together.

At this point, I interrupted Mr. Greene and told him I wanted him to approve the talk I'm to give on the fourth. So you are the one that is going to talk he said. The following is a copy of the talk.

I approach you this morning, not as an experienced, worldly wise man with a wealth of background and information, but instead as an obscure and insignificant individual whose singular asset is in being young. I speak for and to you who still have the enthusiasm, the eagerness, the incessant curiosity, the vitality, and impetuous spirit of youth, who can't imagine that he is washed up, but who cherishes his ambitions to be a somebody someday, and feels he's bigger than all this.

I speak for and to you who can still sling a mean curve, and take

a girl to a Saturday night dance, and have a lot of fun. For sometimes, I think, the commonplace and simple incidents in life, which you and I discern and relish, speak far more cogently and eloquently of our conviction in the American way of living than an extended and stilted peroration.

Why, what could be more demonstrative of our spontaneous and unconscious devotion to the American tradition than enjoying a hustling baseball game between the mess hall gang and maintenance crew, with all the bronx cheering, the disapproval over the ref's decision, and cheering the runner home. It's spreading the meaning of the Fourth of July everyday of the year that counts, that shows our genuine love of this land -- its customs and ways -- than a sudden flourish of speech making. Let us not lose this young and vigorous spirit, for America needs us, for the time will come when we young 'uns will come into our own, and assume the responsibility and leadership, ~~in relocation areas~~ areas. Above all, it will stimulate our present happiness as well as our reinstatement after the war.

Mr. Green added baseball to the word game and then turning to the part which says "assume the responsibility and leadership," he added, "this part casts a gloom because people will think we're going to stay in relocation areas for a long time if we stay there until the 'young 'uns' grow up." So then he crossed out the part; then on second thought, he said maybe you just need to cross out the part "in relocation areas."

I told him I never could memorize a speech and so while I would put the general idea I could not repeat the exact words. Well, then you better read it. I told him I could <sup>not</sup> do that either because it isn't the way I talk. Well, if you keep and stick to the substance it's okay with me.

In the afternoon at Mess Hall 13 there was a meeting for the students who were interested in being relocated to schools. When I arrived there were about ten boys and girls all seated in the last few benches by the entrance. As the students filed in they moved forward. The mess hall has two wings, and after the place had nearly been filled, the persons were told to move to the other wing. On the counters and tables we jumped and sat down. Henry Tani came forward and in his peculiar way of speaking English said, "We have with us a section of the people who have formed the National Student Relocation Committee." They have come here to explain to us some of the procedure. The first fellow he introduced was a young fellow, nearly twenty-eight, six feet, slight of build, wearing a smart tan tweed suit -- looking very collegiate. I didn't get his name though, because Tani mumbled it out in his usual slurry manner. This chap entered into a discussion concerning why they were interested in the work. First of all he told a story. He was obviously a New England lad, as his story spoke of how a person driving from Hartford Connecticut was looking for a certain place. He drove down Arlington Way, but when he asked a farmer if he were on the right road, the reply was no. In his confusion to explain the roads the farmer finally blurted out, well don't start from here. Well, this speaker stopped here and went on to say I don't know how this story fits in with what I'm going to say, but I am using it for a start. It was a pitiful joke, really. Then in his highly pronounced eastern accent, in a very polished language, said that there were too many organizations of all sorts interested in student relocation and that they were not coordinated, and so the National Student Relocation Committee was formed. The government had placed its approval on the program, and it was apparently meeting favor from those private sources that had combined to form this group. He himself had come out to the West Coast and was surprised to discover the fine people working so enthusiastically over the plan. He found in Joe Conard an energetic and magnanimous individual --

he went down the line mentioning the people. Then he introduced the second person who was a very weak looking man, flat chested, white face, but when he began to speak, his clarity of address made me forget his less impressive qualities. He said that essentially the work was along the line of a survey. The aim is to compile the data, to have all the facts so that the council which is to select those people will have an overall view of the problem, the needs of the student. The eastern office will provide the service of finding out where the students may be placed, and when the function of the West Coast committee, he reiterated again, was to obtain information. Henry Tani, then asked the pupils and those gathered there if there were any questions. On second thought, he added, may be it's better to break the group in half and send one half to one wing and the other half to the other wing in order that the questions might be more readily asked. On third thought he added, perhaps we better try out first by asking obvious questions here.

Some of the questions asked were:

1. Will there be a preference for graduate students over undergraduates, of undergraduate students over senior students just out of high school.

A. That will all be decided by the council consisting of professors, counselors, etc.

2. If we have no preferences for any school is it better to leave it blank, so that the committee may fill it for you.

A. Yes, in many cases the committee members would know much more about the suitability of certain schools for certain people.

3. Will transportation to the schools be provided.

A. That is up to the committee to determine yet.

4. What of some fifty-eight students who have left for eastern institutions just prior to the freezing order. How are they faring.

A. They are coming along fine although we have not received word from them all.

5. Will those school which have already rejected us change their minds if asked by the committee to allow for students to enter them.

A. The committee is working on that now.

6. Will the residential fee which is asked of students from other states be removed in our case.

A. The committee hopes to; scholarships, if possible, may be in the form of not paying for tuitions.

7. Upon what will the choice of the committee be based upon.

A. It will be based upon scholarship, character, adjustment.

8. What if I am offered a blanket church scholarship. Should I contact you first because going on with the other procedure.

9. Jim at this point added, "if you're broke say so."

After the questions were asked the meeting was adjourned with the final announcement to the effect that: All forms must be filled in triplicate, they must be turned into the office of Mr. Kilpatrick by July 4, four o'clock. Several students remained including Tally and I who were going to ask the committee members some questions. Tally asked a question and then we left. I was speaking to one fellow as to what the kind of courses would most likely be useful to us. He said he believed public administration was because everything was run by the government now. After that, social welfare, because we haven't got enough social workers in these assembly centers, etc. When I asked if there was any place for a lawyer, he replied, "I think law is a too technical field, it's interested more in making laws and would not afford the proper background." I should have asked him what he meant by "proper background," but Tally appeared so we left.

At this point I should like to make a clarification. I hope I haven't made it seem, by writing about student relocation, that I am anxiously desiring to to to school and hope to get there by working on a study of this kind. I am, to be sure, like many students, interested in going, but working on this study and my

interest in student relocation are two different things. I am working on it because I feel these records will be valuable when the war is over, because unless I have some kind of disciplinary measure, even so trivial as writing my daily activities, my mind becomes lazy and dwadles, because when I remember that I must write these things down, I tend to observe things more than otherwise.

Went to the dancing class in the evening. Went to barrack 104 which is our recreation hall. Each division of the camp is divided into the recreation districts -- each having a "rec" hall. Our section was made without a "rec" hall, and so while the "rec" headquarters are located in one part of the camp the playing hall where all the ping pong tables are placed are within the oval part of the racetrack. It's just an ordinary house barrack with all the in-between walls taken out and the doors locked. When I arrived there all the fellows were lolling around and the girls were sitting on the benches in one corner. The first thing we had to do was line up along the walls, the boys on one side, the girls on the other side. There were about twenty-five girls and thirty-five boys. There were some fellows about fifteen to twenty-three years old. The predominant boys age, eighteen years. The girls looked very young, but I suppose seventeen to eighteen were the predominant ages also. After learning the boxsteps and the turn, each fellow grabbed a partner (the fellows without girls danced with each other) and then for a half hour danced.

Fellows and "gals" that rarely ever came dancing back home were there. They never went to the dances at school, or when they came, they only played ping pong. T.S. said "this is proving a blessing to some of the fellows who have never had a chance to learn." This beginners' class started seventy thirty and concluded at eight thirty and was followed by the advanced class in dancing.

Saturday, July 4, 1942.

This morning I got up pretty early - seven o'clock - went to the showers,

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where for the first time in a long time the hot water was on. Everybody was talking about it. Then I went to breakfast where I ate very little. Came back and started to dress for the program. I started to put on my blue shirt and ma got mad because she said she spent all her time washing and ironing the white one. Dad began to polish my cordovan brown shoes and Sis began to yell about my hair being too long. I told them not to come if they were going to be embarrassed by my speaking. Waited until nine forty and then started for the grandstands. Mother's final advice was go to the latrine now while you are on your way there. I told her not to worry so much.

When I got to the grandstand there were only about a hundred people there. I went to the large hall beneath the stands where I met John; I asked him where the speakers were to meet. He introduced me then to Carl Hirota, who was in charge of the chairmanship. He just started to prepare his introduction and everything he wrote down on his outline seemed irrelevant to me. Mr. Kosokura came later and he began to tell me how they had him change his speech. John came up to him the other day, asked him if he could turn in one in one and a half hours since he would have to present it to Mr. Greene. John told K that he knew just about what Mr. Greene wanted and didn't want so he could very well check it himself. He deleted a number of things (what, I don't know), and then gave it to Greene. We were talking about the Valley Forge incident and just couldn't understand why a period in which **endurance** and courage were more exemplary than in that epic. Mr. Hiro Katayama came later and brought along Shizue Arishi who presented the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. She, too, had received the notice only the night before. I think I was given the longest notice and had the shortest talk. Reverend Tskamoto came, introduced himself and shook hands with each of us; then Carl chirped in, "we had better start for the grandstands now." We were seated in the first row; I told Kosakura, "This is better than gaping at the crowd trying to look

important." We all were concerned about the mike -- how close or far should we speak before it -- six inches advised the Rev. T. who has probably had the most experience with us. The place was really packed by now; the kid in back said there are more here than at talent shows because the Issei have come. The first number was the drum and bugle corps. The fellows had red and white drums, the bugles were decorated with a satin banner. Then Kosakura got up and gave a windy oration on independence, democracy, and Abraham Lincoln. Rev. Tskamoto gave the benediction. Honestly, I don't remember anything they said, but it was all very flowery. I tried to make myself less nervous by looking out at the boys, and the clouds flying over the hills by South San Francisco. Finally my turn came. I slouched my way to the mike and looked up at the crowd. About ten rows in front of me was a bunch of small kids about seven to ten. I recognized R.A. a friend of mine looking at me indifferently. When I spoke into the mike the words seemed to be absorbed like a blotter. Rev. Tskamoto was listening intently; Hirota and Yoshimo were restless. The adult group was courteous, but the kids were very restless. I spoke in simple and common parlance, but that didn't even reach them. I could only see part of the crowd as the grandstand is constructed at an extremely acute angle. When I concluded the address and sat down the Reverend said it was a fine talk. I think that was sincere. Kosakura was quiet because I indirectly slammed him when I said that I didn't believe in ostentatious speech making, but in the common, ordinary, diurnal things. When the program concluded prizes for the treasure hunt were given out. Fred introduced Nobomitsu Takahashi -- introduced him by saying that he woke up early, wrote out clues, and put in a lot of work. I admire Fred because he will give credit where it is due. He isn't the jealous type. Funny thing about people here, they won't tell you if you were good or lousy. They hold everything back and talk behind you. My speech, for example, I can't find out how I sounded. Not because I want to be flattered, but because I want to know if my voice was too high over the mike, etc.

After this, I went home to get my sport coat off. I just felt conspicuous wearing a coat and tie. Slipped into my jeans and waited for ma to come home. Pop said it was okay, mother said my voice wasn't vigorous enough. She was impressed by Kosakura's firm voice, but that is precisely what captures people -- the eloquence.

Now that it's all over, why did I speak in the first, why did I accept the chance. One: Persons want to make themselves known, he wants to know a lot more people. Two: Speak, because the morale of the fellows were shot. Three: Because I like to talk. In taking the particular point of view I felt that patriotism in the more overt manner had been presented many times, it was becoming trite; moreover, if you try to stress independence here you will not reach them, they might become more cynical; and furthermore, I sincerely believe the every day things we do, our likes, count the most. Actions speak more cogently than words. People are getting tired of words and when the day to reconsider the justification of putting us in these camps comes up again, it isn't what we say on the fourth that counts, the every day, common, unappreciated things we do unconsciously, we do not because we try to, or think about, but which we do because it's so natural to us -- they are going to speak.

About this time I met Taro as I went back to the office; he was white, nervous, fidgety, he had a cigarette in his hand. Davis was madder than the devil when I went into his office; he was sitting there just waiting for me. He sat there with pouting cheeks, and as mad as a wet hen. Some things that he didn't like were the occupational survey, the script book, the constitution. I thought it might have been the part of shipment of goods to the canteen originally scheduled for China which sounds ironic. It seems that Mr. Greene, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Gunder were all up there. Mr. Greene, according to Taro was better than the other two. At least, he invited him to take a chair and defended him in spots. We always send our papers down to the sentry box where Mr. McSw<sup>e</sup>en comes to pick the news up.

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Mr. McSween works for the Burlingame Tribune and is the censor man. Mr. Davis one day gets the brilliant idea to inspect the sentry box and with a red pencil he marked down what he didn't want. In regard to the script books he didn't like the part which said the script books would be issued sometime this month, because it was to be issued sometime this week. With his red pencil he inserted "this week." Well, he did the same thing to the constitution, etc. deleting objectionable parts with the red pencil but not signing them. Now, Mr. McSween uses a black pencil and so when the papers were returned, Bob Tuda and Jim and myself, and for that matter, everyone, thought someone had made those funny red marks. Consequently, we observed only the corrections made by McSween's black pencil and typed everything out where the markings were made by the red pencil.

And so when Taro went to Davis's office he pounced upon him. "Go get the papers." Taro, "I will get them, but what do you find objectionable?" "Don't stand there and argue with me, go get the papers." Well, we were all going to lunch, at the mess hall they gave out the yell, 1, 2, 3, banzai for the cooks. They passed out pretty good food -- the waitresses had red, white, and blue hats on, and a giant firecracker was made out of cardboard and brightly covered with red paper. I finished pretty early and so I started up to the office. Just when I reached the visitors' hall I met Taro. He asked me if I saw Alex, the circulation manager. "We have to get all the papers back. They'll get a truck around here in front." I ran down to kitchen 2. We found Alex, put him in the truck, together with Lillian and Sam Yanagisawa. I ran like hell around those barracks with my heavy boots, telling the house managers that they had to bring in all the Totalizers. These are the exact words: "Are you the house manager. Well, get all the Totalizers you passed out and bring them up to Davis's office. Something that wasn't supposed to be in there went in." House manager, "Ok, but wait, what is bad?" Then I hopped on a maintenance truck, but the driver kicked me off saying you're not supposed to

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be on here unless you are a worker. Alex ran down one set of barracks, and whenever we met each other we shouted which one we would take. I felt like Paul Revere running down that road, "Knock, knock, the British are coming." Most of the house managers were out for lunch, so the next time I saw Alex, I shouted, "Hey, Alex, we better go to this mess hall." We dashed up the stairs pushed through the crowd, and ducked under the counter asking for the kitchen manager. "Are you the Kitchen manager? Well, get all the house managers together and tell them to pick up all the papers. Censorship!" I told Alex I'd go ahead; just as I reached the middle of the oval I met Captain Spears with the truck. I jumped on the running board and told him I would cover the infield. Then I started running into the infield first to Barrack 112; no one was there. It was the same at 120-2. So I went to the nearest mess hall. I did that all around the place. By the time I finished I was wet to my shirt with perspiration and my legs felt as though they had run a fast mile. My legs were stiff.

I went around the rest of the afternoon asking for dates. I asked five girls in a row, but one girl said, "My mother doesn't want me to go out with a boy after dark." It's very hard to get a date. This was the first time I have ever tried to get a date, and when I could get one I decided I would forget about it. Some of the races were really funny. Old men had relay races with tin cans on their heads. Women had <sup>an</sup> orange peeling contest. About thirty fellows raced around the track but only fifteen fellows came in. The fastest time was five minutes eighteen seconds. While watching the meet I asked one girl with a white polo coat on and a pair of slacks, if she would like to go to the dance. Well, I had seen her at the dancing class we have on Friday's, but she didn't seem to recognize me. Anyway, she also refused. A couple of Kibei were watching, too, but they weren't mixing in with the fun. They were pressing each other's hands, possibly to find out who had the most strength.

I came home and after dinner I decided I would spend the evening writing

out my paper. About seven thirty someone knocked on the door. It was Sam and Lillian wanting to know if I would go to the dance with them. I told them I didn't have a date. "Well, I will get Yuki to get one for you." That's okay with me, and I changed my clothes, putting on my slacks and coat. Next door the fellow who has been courting M was asking her to go out. She's a very strange girl. She abhors crowds. Her parents definitely encourage G. S. to ask her to go out with him, have trouble with their daughter who can't dance and doesn't want to learn. She stays in the house all day long and only comes out when it is time to eat. She is pretty but pale. No amount of persuasion either by G.S. her parents, or her neighbor could get her to go.

Dad went to a Japanese Shibai tonight held beneath the grandstands. This was the last the Shibai was to be on. I understand they are professional performers; the men wear a woman's mask. The neighbors were saying, Mr. Iijima slipped through while the attendant wasn't watching leaving his wife behind.

Continuing with the story on the dance, when we went to Yuki's, she invited another girl over called Kiyō, and together we went to the dance. Yuki wanted to rope Taro, the editor, so we went over to his place. Taro was having a bull session with the folks next door. He was reluctant to go at first, but the fellows inside also insisted that he go. When we got to the Totalizer's office, we met Charlie and so Yuki went back to pick up her sister whom Yuki had left behind as a reserve. When we got to the dance Charlie's date disappeared and she didn't turn up until the entire evening had been spent.

I danced with this girl, Kiyō, several times. She must have been much older than me and spoke in a very coy manner. I was able to get a dance from Y.O. who used to live in Redwood. She had moved to Mountain View and then to Oakland. She kept talking about how tired she was over everything. The same people come to these dances, the same people dance together. She said all her brothers and sisters have learned to jitterbug since coming here.