

Sam and Lilly walked arm in arm together and just near the sand pile Sam said he wanted to take Lilly to see the lights of South San Francisco. We left them there and continued our way home.

Sunday, July 5, 1942.

This morning at breakfast T.Y. was very despondent. He had invested money in bonds and stocks in a firm which had recently been declared bankrupt by the government, and the news had come over the radio. He began to say also that he was being "henpecked" by his wife and his two girls. They blabbered away at him in English, and then yelled at him for not learning to speak English fluently, finally drove him out of the house. He said he wished he weren't married; he doesn't need a family in here. In fact, one can live much easier if he weren't married. T.Y. formerly was employed in an importing and exporting firm as an accountant and resided in Redwood among the Caucasian group. If there was any family integrated or attempting to assimilate into the community it was that family. The wife joined the P.T.A., attended the Baptist Church, and the two children did excellently at school. Both daughters were commencement speakers at Junior High School. One of them was chosen secretary of the school. The eldest daughter was a CSF scholarship life member, president of the Junior Toastmaster, as well as a medalist at the graduation; she won the American History Medal presented by the American Legion. T.Y. was saying he didn't have any future -- he could not support his daughter who was now at the eve of a college education. While she might be awarded a church scholarship, it would mean that she would have to obligate herself to life work in that field.

A man came in this morning, formerly a gardener who has the reputation of being a miser. He is reported to have worked until the very last moment of evacuation. He used to come over to our place to get the Nichi Bei, Japanese daily from San Francisco, after it had been read. People said he only ate a piece of bread

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for lunch. Since coming here, despite his seemingly strong build, he has been laid up in the hospital. He bought a pair of rimless glasses in order to protect his eyes from the dust. They only cost \$12, he says, and told us to get one because it is so very cheap.

Well, he wanted someone to write letters to his former employers. Up until now he has been asking my sister, but because he considers me selfish, he didn't want to ask me. When I was signing up at the W.C.C.A. center in San Mateo, this H.U. had just had an automobile accident and wanted me to appear as an interpreter for him. But I refused because I was so busy preparing for the evacuation.

One of the letters addressed to a party in Woodside ran as follows:

"Dear C: Thank you for the five dollars you sent me. I wanted to write to you sooner, but I had difficulty in obtaining the post cards. I am glad to hear that your snap dragons are doing so well. I hope the war will end soon so I will be able to work in your garden again. I would appreciate it if you would send me a picture of you and your children, whose faces I miss terribly. I want to put them up in my room so I can forget the loneliness.

Sincerely H. U."

There were five post cards in all, running along in the same manner. In the afternoon I went up to the Totalizer's office to restaple the papers again. Taro came in very happy saying that Mr. Davis had apologized. "I'm sorry I blew my head off yesterday. You fellows in the newspaper office are doing a swell job." Taro said they both kept saying they were sorry. Knobly, our copy boy, was shouting yesterday when all this fuss was being made. "So this is freedom of press, freedom of speech, blah, blah, blah. " Taro was really tired out. He figured he would have a good rest over the fourth of July, but as it turned out he worked all

Sunday and the Fourth.

Well, Davis came into the pressroom about four o'clock, and asked us how we were coming along. This was the first time I met Davis. He's about five feet and ten or eleven inches, ruddy and red cheeks, light brown hair, blue eyes, fairly rotund around the waist, and was dressed in a tan suit. He had a very amiable face, a very tender one -- as though he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I couldn't visualize him in an ill-tempered mood. He was very condescending, soft spoken, and wanted to know if we needed anything. Taro immediately pointed out that we needed a new box to make our heads on the stencil. He nosed around the office for awhile, and when he left, the first thing that Charlie said was "Boy, I bet he was standing about fifteen minutes before coming in." Then we began to say we ought to ask him a lot of things just when he's in that spirit of forgiveness. Ask him for a lock, put Ben on the pay roll, get a typewriter, etc. Taro said we better not go around the assembly center telling everybody that Davis apologized because that might get into the administration's ears and he would be in dutch again.

In the evening Lillian and Nobly dropped around to go to the recreation headquarter where we played ping pong, cards, and chess. Taro and I had a fast game of ping pong, and I learned the basic principles and rules in the bidding phase of bridge. Yuki didn't do so well with Taro tonight. Taro seems to have liked her for her efficiency and all that, but sometimes Yuki's likes, etc. become very simple. Sam and Lillian played cards together, etc. On the way home everyone said, let's go see the ghost in Barrack 26. So we started to go and when we reached entrance to the Hollywood Bowl, so called because it's in a bowl shape, why the internal cops demanded that we keep moving. The place where the ghost was, was very dark. Last night, some two hundred people were milling about.

Everyone then began to tell ghost stories on the way back. Taro told of

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the time he saw three dead bodies in a pool room. He kept making faces at the imaginary woman's face that seemed to take form from the blanket in front of him.

I went to S.Y.'s house. He's staying with an artist, a former "Cal" man. S.Y. has quite a library, consisting of "The Decline of the West," "Slang Dictionary," "Cleopatra and Anthony," and "Macbeth" by Shakespeare, "Writings of Plato," etc. There were about five fellows playing black jack with chips. Two I recognized as former "Cal" men. I joined in with a quarter I borrowed from S.Y. When I got through I was eight cents behind. Well, I thought, as I walked home, I haven't played black jack for over nine years and that was the first time I ever played for money. Apparently the thing goes on nightly with the highest stake running up around two bucks. I guess I'll go there to study that bunch.

Monday, July 6, 1942.

I went to the Totalizer's office early today, eight thirty. Taro had to go to the house managers' meeting to explain what had gone wrong with the paper. I went up, opened the place, and started to staple some papers with Alex. Then I went around delivering the papers. The people wanted to know what had gone wrong. I just told them that only the constitution had been changed. We had to retract about seven copies from each group of papers given to the house managers because not all of them were returned. After I got my deliveries made I went to the "rec" headquarter. D.K. was telling what were some of the reasons: You notice they have withdrawn the names of those who left camp to teach Japanese -- that was supposed to be a military secret. Also the part where councilmen can sit in with the administration -- why, that is just like learning all that is going on inside. They also withdrew the part on the occupational survey since the other centers might obtain the information that Tanforan has, say, one hundred employed in recreation. How come we haven't got that many. Before long there would be a competitive friction arising amongst the different camps over which one had the best set up and why it wasn't equal.

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Also heard that four thousand of us here will be sent to Arizona by the end of the month. While I was waiting outside the "rec" hall, I was sitting pretty near the fence. Across the highway at the gas station the attendant was speaking to three girls dressed in jeans and by all appearances, residents of the nursery nearby. When they turned around, and waved at me I waved back. Just before going home and before hiking up the road, they spun around and shouted, "goodbye." I don't know why, but that sure made me feel good. It made me feel good all over. I thought how all the common people were so nice to us, and those damm politicians and newspaper men, yes the educated elite -- oh! how imbued with tolerance they were. I remember just before I left how dismal I felt and how very kind my friends were to me. The more I think of this evacuation, I think it was expedited by a few people who had the power, money, and influence to accomplish the change.

I asked dad what he did today. In the morning he did some washing -- he carried the laundry for mother. Apparently that is the only vigorous exercise he can get. Then he went to the lake to watch the sailboats. On the way back he sat on a bench smoking and meditating. The rest of the afternoon he slept.

Mother went to the adult English class today. Last week she was asking me what choice she should make. One teacher would ask questions such as "How do you like Tanforan?" Each pupil would answer individually. If there were any mistakes the teacher would correct them. One person just couldn't speak. There is a man there eighty-one years and mother says most of them are quite old. Mother came home with a writing paper with an "A." She showed it to us and exclaimed, "Why they think we are just like children," but inwardly she was happy.

I just turned on the radio and I hear waltzes. When you come in here one likes to hear sweet music. It makes him forget all about the hard life here, and the fond memories of the past come back.

Taro was saying that Mr. Greene said he believed it was terrible living in here, but that we were serving and doing our part in the war effort. He thought we Nisei were just American like himself but that the Issei and the Kibei were

the cogs.

Tuesday, July 7, 1942.

On the way to the "rec" hall I walked by the garden they have started just adjacent to the hospital. The patch is about fifteen yards square. It is spaded and divided into beds for flowers. Fence posts have been erected, but plants have not been put in yet. I guess the reason for having a garden close to the hospital is to provide some sort of a resting place for the patients. Which reminds me of the garden just recently started at the corner near the Hollywood Bowl. The Hollywood Bowl is the barrack of stables arranged in a circle. The garden is enclosed by a wooden fence six feet high and is one hundred and fifty square yards large in area. At the entrance, are two fence posts like decorations which add a touch of a public park effect. The garden has several beds about three feet wide, and fifteen feet long. In the center is a large circle of flowers. Some of the flowers are chrysanthemums, marigolds, bachelor buttons, morning gold, stocks, petunias, asters. There is plenty of fertilizer in one corner. One man said jokingly, "All you have to do is go into the stables and you'll find plenty." There are four gardeners there with one as the head gardener. He was particularly anxious to have his name placed in the paper and wanted the people to come and visit the new attraction. He pointed to the three benches that were made and placed for the convenience of the visitors. In fact, he was so anxious to have the visitors come he was willing to offer five boxes of asters and stocks to those who wanted them. Just beside the garden, in fact built next to the western fence, is a greenhouse where the plants are nursed. All the boxes in which the plants have been planted were made from the woodpile. The gardener was saying that the greenhouse originally was used to grow plants to decorate the racing grounds.

Just as I passed the lake where they are constructing a park, I met a fellow talking about a huge snake about two feet long on a lady's bed. It scared

the devil out of her and she remained petrified with horror while she screamed for her husband a good ten minutes. One fellow said he caught a rat about eight inches long. It was the biggest thing he ever saw. This latter story I don't doubt, having trapped twelve mice in a row in our stable alone. The record so far is fifteen. The lake which is to be made into a park is lined with a cypress promenade on the eastern shore. The lake has been emptied and eucalyptus trees have been cut and are being used as posts. Apparently the whole bridge is to be made from eucalyptus trees, as they are the most abundant trees around here.

There is a family story which I would like to relate here. The family lived in my same community. There are five in the family. A husband, wife, two sons, twenty-four years and eighteen years respectively, and a daughter, twenty. The family had a nursery where they specialized in growing carnations and, I believe, lately in gardenias. The father was taken by the F.B.I. to South Dakota early in March just when a majority of the menfolk were being taken there. Just recently their father returned from South Dakota. In order to celebrate the occasion several people in the barracks received an apple pie. That day the children were all very happy. The mother had been in a hospital just prior to the evacuation and had undergone several major operations. She had been in such a critical state, the W.C.C.A. authorities were reluctant to send her here to Tanforan. I recall, hearing the younger son cried terribly when he heard this, and said he would stay with his mother and not leave her ever. By appealing to the officials she was able to come. She was so grateful for being able to come with her family. The night the husband returned he coughed all night. This continued for three days until finally the hospital learning that some man had a bad cough in Barrack 21 sent for him and after diagnosing the man, directed him to leave for the Canyon sanitarium in Redwood. He, the husband, had been a vigorous man prior to his departure to South Dakota, but when he returned he was very thin and without pep. I understand that when he left South Dakota

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he was told to depart immediately to the hospital upon arrival to Tanforan. The daughter and mother cried all day and during the early part of the night. When I approached the son, who is the timekeeper for our barrack, and told him how sorry I felt about his dad he replied sharply. "I'd rather not talk about it. Know you are sympathetic but the less I hear about it the better. Deep down in my heart I want to forget all about it." After dinner that day I saw his younger brother leaning against the fence which lines our barrack walk and looking empty-eyed into space, despondent and spiritless. I don't doubt he felt bitter; I would too if I were in his place. The daughter used to be very intelligent; she was a C.S.F. life member, and often told her mother she wanted to continue to college. Often she would come home and say, "Gee, ma, there are lots of girls less capable than I who have swell jobs." But because her mother suddenly took ill, all plans for the daughter's college education to San Jose State were shattered. My mother always tells me when I say I want to go to college back east, "it's always best when your family is together. Then, everyone is happy. We haven't got much -- no money, no material wealth, but we have all of us together." Think how terrible it is with those folks. Why they would give anything to have their father back with them.

Ernie Takahashi came over in the evening. I don't know why he has dropped over but he came the second time. Ever since he saw me with Dr. Thomas he has asked me what I was doing. I told him I was studying mostly the youngsters and fellows my age and the change which the evacuation has brought. This evening I learned from him that he was the vice-president of the J.A.C.L. in Fresno and was making nearly \$200 a month. But he didn't like optometry; he wanted to take up either philosophy, sociology, or educational administration, and for that reason, despite his being out of college for four years, he has signed up with the student relocation. I told him how very doubtful student relocation seemed. Why, apparently, they are ^{only} going to take a survey, not for the purpose of selecting the students, but to present the

picture of the student problem to the governmental officials in Washington and say, "Here, now there are so many students who need education." In other words, they are yet in the stage of selling the idea of relocating students to the men who exercise the power to approve and sanction such a project. Two things which are holding almost every program back here in camp (according to Ernie), are (1) lack of facilities, (2) suppression by the administration. Ernie gave my dad some of his pipe tobacco which he said he ordered from Los Angeles. Last night they also had a party for Mr. Kilpatrick of the education department. The theme of the party was "Kilpatrick Bread," and there was bread galore. One of the contests in which the supervisors participated was a jam and bread eating contest, the jam-coated bread being suspended by a string. They had a skit depicting Kilpatrick's life so far, and Kimio Obata presented a fishing picture, trout basket, and a portrait -- all from the art department. Mr. Greene was also there. When I saw Mr. Kilpatrick today just prior to Dr. Thomas's coming in to see us, he appeared very jovial and in a happy mood. The skit, I understand, ended with one of his secretaries saying, "Oh, Mr. Kilpatrick is super."

Everybody is talking about his pay today. The fellow next door who works for the Works and Maintenance Department received \$2. Some one said the payment office located in the grandstands would be open until twelve o'clock tonight. Ernie was quite anxious to receive his payroll today as he said he had bought some four script books which he used on his secretaries, since he often asks extra work of them.

In the kitchen today a request was made for an extra cook as one of them has come down with the measles. In fact a whole section of Barrack 21, which is just above ours, has been blocked off under a quarantine sign. If a person does come down with the epidemic, not only the victim but all the members of the family are confined within their quarters for three weeks. I can't possibly see how anyone could endure such an ordeal. My sister was saying they ought to remove those persons and save that much convenience for those not affected.

I went to the recreation hall where I played rummy with a fellow who is a dance shark. The other evening he didn't take the girl he really wanted to for she backed down at the last minute, saying, "if I go out with you my boy friend with whom I have been going steady threatens to avoid seeing me forever." So I didn't go until the last minute; I met a girl who was anxious to go. I tried to play bridge with three other fellows later, but I don't understand the bidding part. One fellow said he learned to play since coming here and it only took him a week to learn.

Mother told me tonight that in her English language class she is attending they held conversations. She spoke to her classmate next to her; such questions as "Which mess hall do you eat at?" "I eat at Mess Hall 9." "Why don't you come to our place to eat?" The teacher then had them hold a piece of paper in front of their lips. If they spoke in a low voice the breath would be so weak it would not push the paper down. Only when the paper flapped down when the student shouted, "which, who, why, when," did the teacher pass on to the next pupil. I think that is a very clever way to make the people speak louder.

Everyday it gets to feel like you are cooped up in here. The feeling and memories of the outside are wearing out, and as I become acquainted with the place, discover how the area really is in here (two square miles), the more of a confined feeling I get. Nobly, our copy boy, was saying as he stuck his finger out of the fence running along the highway, "Gee, I want to touch free air. This is free air!" he exclaimed as he poked his chubby fingers outside the steel fence.

Wednesday, July 8, 1942.

Coming out from the mess hall today I watched the people washing their dishes in the sink which was built for that purpose just adjacent to the dining room. It is only about ten feet by fifteen feet and hardly suffices for the two hundred people who eat in one wing. There are two large sinks, about three feet by two feet, one filled with hot soapy water, the other for rinsing purposes, just plain hot water.

Beside the sink is a garbage can which is used for that purpose. T.K. said as we walked away that that place is fertile ground for epidemic. It's very unsanitary, everybody washing their dishes in the same place. It's an ideal and fertile ground for T.B.; many people probably have it, and when we came in no careful inspection was made to weed those people out.

I went to the Mess Hall 19 to obtain the story of the clothing drive. It is going to be called "The Basic Clothing Service." Just before I entered the building I met an elderly couple who inquired where the clothes were to be given. They had also come yesterday but there was no sign of such a service anywhere. I really didn't know very much about it, so I just pointed to the mess hall and said, "I guess that's the place." Mess Hall 19 is located in the center of the oval within the track and inclines towards the lake. It stands near the huge flag pole which impressively towers directly at the center of the assembly center. The mess hall is not used as a dining hall, and formerly was used as the administration building for the high school before the students were transferred to the large hall beneath the grandstands. One wing of the mess hall is used to accommodate the twelve barbers who will start a barber shop sometime next week, possibly on Monday, June 13. I walked into the other mess hall wing and I found there seated on one of the mess tables two men and six girls discussing the organization and plans to set up the clothing store. The two men were Dave Tatsumo, formerly an employee of the Nichi Bei Beessan store in San Francisco, a small dry goods store located in the heart of San Francisco's Japan town. Mr. Shimomura was formerly employed in the Nippon Dry Goods in San Francisco. Three of the girls were employed in the dry-goods store on Grant Avenue. Two of them have had no experience; one of them worked Uptown, that is what the Japanese town is called. All the girls as well as the two men have come from San Francisco. When I sat down on the seat I noticed the table was littered with three or four Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck catalogues, shoe measuring

devices, scratchpaper, and ordering forms. They were all listening to Dave Tatsumo who presented the allowance figures which were as follows:

Adult males over eighteen years will receive \$						3.82	a	month
"	females	"	"	"	"	4.61	"	"
Boys, six to eighteen						2.15	"	"
Girls, " " "						2.85	"	"
Children one to five						2.60	"	"
Infants, from birth to one year						2.25	"	"

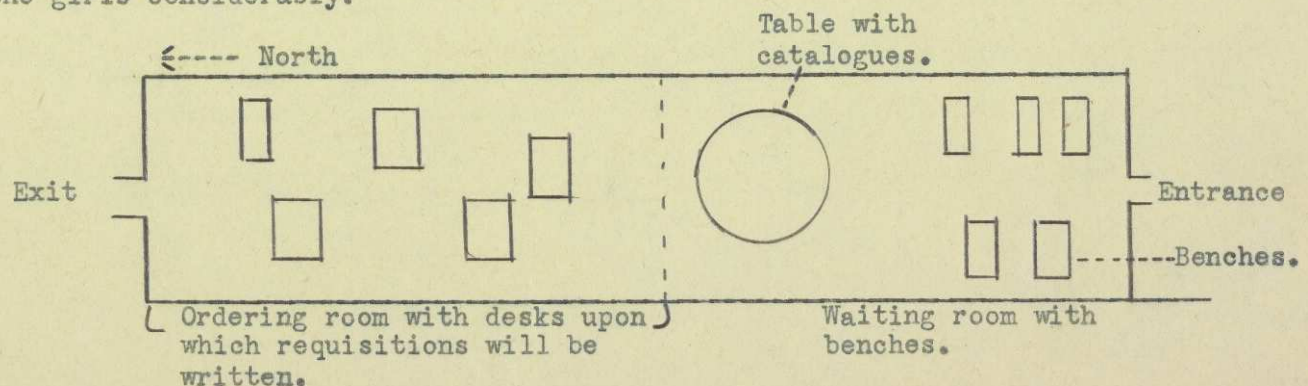
The first allowance will be calculated from the day of arrival to the end of July, which for the most of us will be about a two months' allowance. Dave added that it would be advisable to buy all you could while the person was here at Tanforan, as the credit cannot be extended to the relocation areas. The allowances will be based upon the family unit and hence will be flexible to the extent it can be transferred from one member to another. (For example, father to son.) Dave said that those who are from six to eighteen years wear their clothes out the fastest which is especially true of boys. I don't know how the amount was determined and why they picked such uneven figures as \$3.82 and \$4.61. It was stressed that the girls tell the people to select basic clothing. By basic he meant clothes which were absolutely essential and necessary to the individual. That drawing a line would be difficult David did not deny. In fact he cited one man who had brought only one pair of slacks to camp. As most people dress up on Sundays when they go to church, he just needs a pair of slacks. In this case, the speaker felt basic could also be applied to slacks. Also to be explained was that this service is not on a charity basis, but an opportunity to obtain clothes. I suppose David felt some sensitive person would not come to get clothing, believing he was receiving charity, but I doubt very much such an idea after observing the eagerness with which people jump at anything that is free. Even those things which receive very slight notices are flocked and jammed

whenever the offering is without obligation.

The method by which the people are to put through their applications is this. First the head of the family and also any member who wishes to select clothes must appear at the mess hall on the assigned date for measurement and to select the clothes. By assigned date is meant the house managers will notify those persons who are to have their appointments. This barrack method is to avoid the long lines and congestions which inevitably accompany the bread-line system. When they come to the mess halls they must bring with them the following information.

1. A list of the articles and items of clothing placed in order of preference. The quantity is unlimited and is set only by the amount the person may purchase.
2. The sex and age of each member of the family. This data will be used to classify the people into the various divisions and determine their allowances.
3. The I-D number which is the identification number given to the person when he arrived in Tanforan. This is different from the family number which was given to us at the W.C.C.A. office from where we left.
4. The date of induction or arrival (to determine the first allowance.).

A diagram of the east wing appears below describing the set up of the waiting and ordering room of the clothing service. While the plan submitted on this page is tentative, it does demonstrate somewhat the efficient and neat procedure being followed by Mr. Tatsumo. He shows tremendous zest and enthusiasm which, I thought, inspired the girls considerably.



As yet/^{it}is not known who will receive the contract, which the Army is at present negotiating. Whether Montgomery Ward's or Sears Roebuck's bid will be accepted is still undecided. While the sizes taken from the Montgomery Ward catalogue will be final and determinate of the final size of the item, the exact shape and pattern of the desired article cannot be guaranteed. The speaker stressed the importance of explaining to the residents that the catalogue be thought of as a reference book. One of the girls asked if cloth could be ordered to make clothes. David was hesitant in answering, but replied, "I don't see why not." Definitely blankets and sheets are not to be included in the ordering lists. Some of the red tape involved in securing the clothes was brought out clearly when the precise procedure was explained. When the customer enters the department he must first of all fill out an ordering blank and sign his name on a printed form. The two forms are sent up to the finance division located in the administration building, and the data on the ordering blank is transcribed onto the printed form which contains the signature of the applicant. This signed piece is sent to Mr. Greene for approval and upon his signature rests whether the order can continue to the purchasing division which, I gather, is an outside agency that does all the buying. There is no way of telling whether the clothes will ever arrive or arrive on time before we are relocated. There is no tax involved or postage charges as it will be in government hands. The girls were asked to bring their own catalogues as there were none available. They are to be deposited in the ice box -- a very unique safe -- over night.

Mr. Tatsumo and Shimomura were anxiously concerned in giving the best service they could offer. They felt the service departments of this kind fell in with those mess halls, etc., which were most susceptible to criticism. Already the mess hall 19 had been filled in the morning asking for their clothes and when they were informed that the service was to begin this Friday, they shouted out, "More efficiency; what the hell have you been doing." There had been a recent bulletin

notice passed around the barracks announcing that the clothing department would commence July 7. At this time Dave mentioned that he had heard that one fellow -- very unpopular with the others -- was beaten up by some ten fellows when they pounced upon him in the corporation yard. Anybody around here that tried to rope all the gals, becomes mighty unpopular. About this time, a man in jeans, short, with glasses, came plodding in and wanted to have a word with Dave. "I wonder if you have any position open for a job. I just heard that a new department had started." When Dave told him that he was sorry but he could not do any direct employing, the fellow added, "Yeh, I know but I heard lots of fellows get in by pull into a lot of jobs. If that's the racket I thought I ought to follow it too." Dave then said, "I have no authority to pick men; they have to be selected by Gunder's office. Why even to get these six girls here I had to go to Greene. At first Greene wanted me to handle all the eight thousand people alone." "Well, then," the fellow replied, "I'll go to the employment bureau." "You do that," Dave replied, "and if we need another man I might suggest your name."

Before leaving the mess hall I went to the other wing where there were twelve barber chairs lined up in the mess hall. Besides chairs were small wooden boxes about three inches by seven inches which I presume will be used to keep the instruments intact. The chairs are not able to go up or down, but can be spun around. No part is constructed of metal. All of it is made of wood. I sat down on one, bounced up and down on it, and I found it firm and stout. I went to see Mr. Futasuki who is organizing the barber shop and from him I learned that they are going to use electric clippers, shears, combs, towels, and neckstrips. Twenty cents will be charged in script, which will be used to obtain barber supplies. They will not be part of the wages as the government is paying them. Their exact status -- professional or skilled -- is still indeterminate. Women's hair cuts will also be administered. All hair cuts will be made by appointment. Customers are asked to have their hair washed before coming in order to prevent grit and extraneous particles from ^{clogging} the instruments.

All the instruments belong to the barbers. Whether running water will be available has not yet been ascertained. The two types of hair cuts will be with **side** burns left and just the plain, close shave, leaving a crop on top.

Last I went to the administration hospital building in Unit 5. The carpenters were constructing partitions separating the offices and the supply of medical goods. The noise was loud with the hammers banging away and the saws buzzing. Mr. Wild was busy talking to Dr. Kitagawa who has just recently been promoted as head doctor of Tanforan concerning the passing out of milk at the meal tables. Up until now there has been a considerable milk shortage and only the very young children are allowed to drink it -- five years and under, I believe. If a patient is in dire need of it, he must first secure a pass from the hospital notifying the kitchen manager and the waitress that the person needs milk. Only, then, unless he works in the kitchen, can he receive milk. Apparently some arrangement has been made with Mr. Fogarty, the head of the commissary to permit a more lenient distribution of the milk. At this time Dr. Togasaki entered and interjected, "Mr. Fogarty told me not to sign a permit and then changed the procedure." In a very hesitant manner, Mr. Wild went on to say, "As of tomorrow persons seven years old and under will be given a half pint of milk per meal. This will be true also of those sixty years and over. Bulk milk will be given to those up to the age of nine. The infirmary would also like to have everyone with permits to return them to the hospital since new ones are to be reissued." Mr. Wild thought very deeply about the news of the hospital which might be run in the paper. He suggested we run a schedule of the clinic as many people have completely misinterpreted the clinic hours; a feature story on the Information Office might also be interesting.

Taro was pretty much disgusted today about the paper and all morning he didn't do anything. After lunch he regained some of his former industriousness and began to type out a letter. After lunch Bob Iki came into the office and said

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that he had secured Leroy Thompson's approval to have me work on the publicity staff of the recreation department. Yesterday Bill Hata who writes our sport column spoke to Tad Hirota about my not being on the pay roll and had me turn in my name, age, and family number to the secretary. I'm not particularly interested in my pay roll for I've been very skeptical about receiving it. The people in the paper office talk about it all the time. Some person got four cents for his work and if it costs ten cents to get the check cashed, why he'll be behind six cents. Why the wages are not worth the paper they are printed on. Today a long line formed in front of the script-book office beside the canteen. There, within the booth, two men -- one an official -- tried to give out script books to the family representatives whose last names were from A to I. There must have been nearly two hundred people lined up along the wall in front of the grandstands waiting for the men to start when I passed by on my way to work in the morning. I learned later that the lazy men appeared around ten thirty and they were only able to give out forty books in the whole morning. One man said he had been waiting since eight thirty and at that time it was twelve o'clock when he spoke to me. Ernie Iyama told me he had suggested that the house managers go around distributing them, but Mr. McDonald felt they could not be trusted. I learned from Dave Tatsumo that the rumor I heard yesterday about four thousand people leaving Tanforan for Arizona had been spread by someone, merely to see how fast a rumor could fly through this camp. Later, Bill Hata came in the paper's office and said he heard from responsible sources that all the assembly centers were to be relocated by the eighteenth of August. One girl is said to have stayed up until twelve o'clock attempting to verify the rumor about the four thousand.

Tonight at the recreation hall movies were given in three different shifts. First from seven fifteen was Mess 8, from eight fifteen, Mess 9, from nine o'clock, Mess 10. The pictures were projected on a standard screen by a very large sound projector. The first film dealt with Tuberculosis; the second, Sports Parade. The people were all crowded into one corner of the recreation hall with the kids seated in the front. Most of the spectators were Nisei, with an

occasional Issei and Kibei grouping. Just when two of the T. B. victims emerged healthy at the end of the film and kissed, one little kid gave a squawk which sent the people reeling. The most enjoyable part was the thrilling runs in football games. When the race horses appeared -- notably Seabiscuit and War Admiral -- several fellows began to shout, "Tanforan, Tanforan." As we filed out of the theater I saw a line forming for the third run. I thought how everything around here is run by lines; you form food lines, washing lines, paylines, bank lines, script book lines, movie lines -- it's getting very tiresome. Lines remind me of convicts and convicts of prisons with iron bars and chains.

Thursday, July 9, 1942.

There is a girl working in the mimeograph department called Margaret. I never knew her until I came to Tanforan although I did see her once in class (300-10). She appeared extremely intelligent, and of that kind of a personality who was conscientious and meticulous with her studies. In appearance she is about five feet three inches tall, with a pair of glasses, slender and very sensitive looking. There is something about her which suggests an erratic, nervous person. I recall how everyone in the office just kept talking about her. "Oh boy, was Margaret mad today." Charlie and Emy had a quarrel with her once, and then the editor turned pale with anger when she demanded that he bring the mimeograph machine down in a very nasty manner. I have never seen her in an angry mood, but Sam and Kim Obata claim that she was never able to get along with people, that she has always been a trouble maker, and that she has few girl friends. Sam summed it up saying, "If she can't get along in a two-bit dump like this, how could she make a go of it in the outside world." Mr. Gonzales, today, put in an order for her removal from the mimeograph department on the grounds that she was unable to get along with fellow employees. Taro, the editor, was all for this when he was at the zenith of his rage the other day. Charlie, despite his outward toughness has a soft spot for her,

saying "Oh, ^{if} we should kick her off, she'd cry like hell." Charlie's sister and Emy, from all I have seen, appear very chummy. In fact, I think that is her only friend. Jim suggested she ought to get married. A person like that is said to change when she marries. I told them why in the devil they didn't tell her what was wrong with her directly in front of her for her own good. "She's very sensitive," Jim replied, "and it would cause more **fury**." Charlie wasn't too anxious to have her fired also, because she might go around talking badly about the press.

This morning I went to Mr. Wild's office again to obtain more complete information of the hospital set up. The story I wanted to confirm was the milk distribution. He told me that the butter content in bulk milk was greater than in the bottled milk. Up until now the small children have been given bottled milk as the individual bottle container makes for more sanitation. He added, however, the amount of unsanitation in handling the bulk milk was negligible. By bulk milk he was speaking of the milk that comes in large milk cans and then is emptied into pitchers before it is served. At the present time the distribution of the milk is very unequal; some mess halls, Mr. Fogarty, believes, have a surplus of milk. If and when the distribution is made more even, it may be possible to give everyone milk. Dr. Carl Hirota, who is in charge of the dental clinic, was in at that time and so Mr. Wild asked him if he had any information. The dental clinic handles emergency extraction any time of the day; it also makes silver fillings without obligation. No gold fillings, or inlay work can be done, principally because the casting equipment is not available. Formerly, teeth were also cleaned, but with so many people waiting for dental work it was felt that cleaning could be deferred in favor of more urgent dental care. I asked Dr. Hirota if he would rather not have the news printed. He replied, "Yes, I would rather not because they would flood the place; already I have thirty on my schedule alone, which is enough to keep me busy for some time."

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Mr. Wild suggested that I go down to the information bureau to follow up a brief statement which follows: He said that those anxious to obtain news of their kin or friends in the Canyon Sanitarium or the San Mateo County Hospital can do so by leaving their names, and those they desire to contact at the booth. If the names were left there at eight o'clock the information could be had by five o'clock in the evening of the same day. In order to get more data I went to the booth to interview the girl in charge. When I mentioned it to her (what Mr. Wild had just told me), she exclaimed, "Don't publish that because it will mean more work. I am handling a few of those cases right now, but when they begin to swamp me, why, complaints are bound to arise." When I asked what sort of thing I could write, she replied, "Well, we receive all the drugs and medicine which are sent in. Instead of dispatching a messenger to the barracks with the articles it might hasten things a lot if the residents came to the hospital to get them. Notices made in the mess halls can be verified here at the bureau. In many cases the verbal announcements are confusing, and it is necessary to get them again. The most likely and correct place is here at the booth." I asked her if I could write the hours when the bureau would be open. "Well," she replied, "You had better leave that out too, since it opens at nine o'clock but it's supposed to at eight. If you write eight, I'll have to get here that early and if you write nine then the timekeeper will begin to wonder." That got me mad because I always thought the medical center was to serve the residents, but apparently not. She's the laziest thing I've seen. I got so mad I thought I'd write everything she told me not too, just for spite, just to stimulate her interest in the group's welfare. I left the booth and walked down to 84-1, where a clinic has just been started. The Barrack 81-4 is located somewhat in the western side of the assembly center. The clinic includes merely an ordinary barrack room which was formerly occupied by Dr. Uyeyama, the man who had a quarrel with Mr. Woelfen and subsequently left for Tule Lake. The room has two windows, a

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table, a chair, and eye-testing chart. The room is divided in half by a curtain made from a sheet. The enclosed portion is probably where the physical examinations are to be given. The two nurses are Pearl Konnard and June Lucas, both certified public health nurses, from the United States Public Health Service, working through the San Mateo County Service. They did not have their uniforms on but were smartly dressed and quite attractive. Miss Konnard despite her white hair looked neat and efficient. The nurses explained that the service was similar to the general clinics which are found in grammar schools. In fact, their attention is solely directed at the moment to the school children here at Tanforan, taking physical examinations and making records of them which will be forwarded to the relocation areas. The questionable cases that do arise will be followed through and their historical background investigated in order to eliminate as well as discover dangerous diseases. If there is enough time, the nurses will conduct a survey of the adults as well. Skin tests, completion of immunization work also will be included in their program. Just what the relationship between the hospital and this service is I don't know. But the Takahashi sisters who are nurses in the clinic are to take care of the eye examinations while doctors will be asked for from the hospital to inspect the teeth.

On my way up to the Totalizer's office along the main thoroughfare which runs parallel with the track on the western side and leads to the "Town," a truck whizzed by. It wasn't the first time, but a sight frequently seen and disturbing. Mich and Anne Kunitani were telling me the other day that one child was run over by a truck. Luckily the gravel was soft and so the ankle was pressed into the ground and not crushed. Miss Mori, the head nurse of the hospital staff, exclaimed, "I wish the army authorities could see how these fellows speed around here. They go about twenty-five miles an hour in the fifteen-mile limit." Most of the violaters are maintenance-crew drivers who must bring their

trucks, sometimes with men, and sometimes with supplies. I suppose it is very difficult to remember the speed limit, particularly when one is driving all day and is prone to think nothing of the speedometer. Some precaution should be made, however, as the roads for the cars are also used by pedestrians. The small children most of all are susceptible to accidents, for in their haste to avoid the cars, they are likely to slip and fall.

The people stood in long lines today to get their script books. Each couple obtain may/\$8; those over sixteen years one script book worth \$5; and below sixteen, \$2.50. The amount is calculated since our arrival, and explains why it is so large. Yesterday all the people did not obtain them and so today the line took those whose surnames were from A to M. This was a slight modification from what had originally been scheduled yesterday. The classification was A to I, first day, I to M, second day, etc. Instead of having only two men wait upon the crowd, however, a long booth with ten men working was set up. Besides this, the line was broken up to facilitate more speed. People brought their canvas chairs along while some spent the time by just looking at the daily paper. The majority of them stood in line without any reading matter and looked very bored indeed. But as Harry Kingman was saying when he came this morning, "The people have nothing to do, and standing in line might be of good to them." I didn't bother to get my script book, but Mother and Dad and Sis got theirs. I haven't even gone for my pay roll. When I hear stories about persons receiving four cents and having to pay ten cents to cash them, I don't think it's worth going after the thing. Mother has urged me to act more promptly.

As I was saying, Harry Kingman came down from the YMCA with his wife. I never knew Harry very well at the "Y", although, whenever I met him on the campus along the sidewalk in front of Wheeler, we greeted each other with a pleasant

"hello." He impressed me as a very reticent man, who despite his active interest in the "Y" work was not so much aware of the problems of the Nisei. Bill Davis was my leader as the sophomore group advisor. I came to know him well, although my stay had been only a semester at Stiles Hall. The time the YMCA had an all "Y" Meeting at Tilden Park, for the first time I came to understand Harry. I learned that evening that while outwardly he appears silent and indifferent, he is aware of things about him. As we gathered around the campfire and the fellows began to yell, "We want Harry to speak," he came forward in his very unassuming manner and began to talk to us quietly. He spoke of how he liked the freshman baseball team this year because they were so much behind their pitcher, a young Nisei. He spoke also of how a young negro boy accompanied his Nisei classmate in the grade schools when the latter was asked to appear before the principal because the negro lad felt he needed some one to support him under trying times as these. The memory is simple and touching of that All "Y" night, but it comes to mind often here in the center. I guess it isn't how loud a person talks that counts, but his silent sincerity that makes of him a true Christian. I liked the YMCA because it wasn't too religious from the standpoint of Bibles and Genesis, but because I found in the fellows that gathered there a faith in a living religion, a faith in people, not merely in abstractions. I asked Harry if the war had assumed a more serious picture to the public at large; but he replied, "Not too many have yet taken the war seriously." Bob Akamatsu was with me and he rattled along a good half hour telling Harry of our school system. Harry was very much interested in the educational set up and Bob gave a very objective conversation of the courses he is teaching.

I went to the Talent Show but it was corny. In fact, the chair exclaimed, "Everybody please don't go away, it's going to get better." Sis was saying she has got tired of the thing because it's put on too often. They ought to put it on every other week. Kiyo felt that the sponsors were running short of good

talent. Despite all the criticisms and apparent unrest, I think there is much in what Dr. Takahashi said. "The talent show," she said, "is a real morale booster. It appeals to everyone -- not merely the intellectuals, the rowdy bunch -- but everyone."

Friday, July 10, 1942.

This morning I went to the script-book counter to get one. I thought I would have to line up in a long line, but as it turned out I only had to stay in the worker's line which was very short. First, I signed my name to my I-D card which was properly stamped by the fellows behind the counter. I received the script book from the fellow. I was surprised to see \$5 worth of script. In fact, everyone in the line was ; up in the pressroom everyone was very glad.

Mother asked me exactly what this research study was all about. Everything she gets worried. She doesn't like my working on the newspaper because they are considered a cheap lot. She says one of my weaknesses is to be influenced by people very easily and that I tend to show off. This all started when I told her I thought I ought to start smoking; just to get her more mad I told her I gambled eight cents last night. She says unless I pick good friends I'm going to degenerate. I got mad, I cussed, almost hit her. God damm it, any way. Sometimes I feel plenty low and then if anybody gets on my nerves, I fly off the handle. Mother's always yelling when I come in late. She says the lady next door can't sleep once she awakens. Well, then the hell with her. The trouble with me is I begin to cuss too much.

During lunch I noticed in Mess Hall 2 a man with a black swallow-tailed coat. He was an elderly man with grey hair, tall, five feet, ten inches, an Issei, and no doubt a waiter to some wealthy resident prior to his entry into Tanforan. His alterness in catching empty cups, the poise with which he waited upon the people, all cast him as such. He seemed to be contented with his work and happy. He was the only male and Issei waiter in the entire mess hall, the others being mostly girls.

After lunch the newspaper staff climbed up to the places where the boxes are located. Here we sat in the sun, resting and talking. Sam said by the time we get through this place and the relocation areas, we'll all come down with silicosis. Sammy and Lillian are doing fine. They are going around steady now. Yuki and Taro have never been obvious of their interest for each other, but Yuki who is twenty-five seems quite concerned. One thing about this evacuation with people living close together, little affairs are bound to arise. But with life in a constant (turmoil) people are hesitant in marrying. I know the kitchen manager is engaged to a girl nineteen but they don't seem to think that they should marry immediately. Sis was saying she would be reluctant to marry suddenly here in camp with someone she became acquainted with after arriving here, because she would know nothing of the person's background.

Today the Kauffmanns arrived from Sequoia to visit us. All the former high school students were there. At the time, I was in the mimeograph department helping Margarete Nose and Emy Kikuchi. When I tried to get in the room the door would not budge. It was locked from the inside. Alex came and opened the door. Alex Yoruichi is the circulation manager of our paper. He is known as "Svengali." He is the head waiter directing several girls. He first went around with Mary Imachi, a pretty girl from Redwood, then he went around with another girl. He used to write the "scandal" column for the Nichi Bei. When I asked him once if he were going to continue with his school work, he replied, "Well, I have an aged father who has rheumatism, and I think I will have to ^{take} care of him." Alex is able to get along with girls. He brings three of them to the office whenever we staple our paper, and they help us assemble the issues. For their aid the editor gives them a plug in the "Horses Mouth," mentioning their names in the column. Alex was sent down by the others to help Margarete, since

he is the only one who has not quarreled with her. Alex had his arm around her, just in his playful manner. Maragrete was happy. I started to turn the mimeograph machine and learned that she was from Berkeley. She took a major in English and Political Science, and was in her junior year when she discontinued her studies on account of the evacuation. She lived by the skating rink in Berkeley. That was only the place practically where we could find a place to stay. The real estate men had things fixed pretty well, but I never cared living upon the hills because when it rained hard they looked very precarious. When I asked her what she liked to do, she replied, "I like to read here in camp. But I wish I could take a drive sometime out in the open area." She said it was dangerous back home to walk alone any farther south than her home because the negroes might bash her head in with a bottle. I asked her if she had done any of this mimeograph work before. She didn't seem to me like any one who would flare up in fury, but I did notice how attentive and particular she watched how I operated the machinery. One fellow tried to get in but the door was closed. When I opened the door he stuck his head in and said, "What dive is this? What night club?" I brought up some of the batch and I met the teacher on the balcony. I met Mrs. Kauffmann, really for the first time, as I was able to have a more intimate talk. She told me that all the people have some common bondage of goodness, that no one race has a monopoly on the good qualities. In the last war her family liked to hear Beethoven in the country, but they couldn't turn the phonograph on. Anybody who had a dachshund was liable to be beat up. So far, there has not been anything like that in this war. The people know more what they are fighting in this war -- Hitler and his lot. I told the fellows who were there that they had a lot of guts, than a lot of teachers I knew. "They are scared," the Kauffmanns are said to have said. Of all the teachers I think they would be scared to come with their German name. Mrs. Kauffmann majored in

anthropology under Dr. Lowie at the University. I told her that Mich Kunitani was trying to get him to speak at town hall, since we're just going around in circles listening only to speakers from the camp. She told me she had taken all the courses she could possibly take from Dr. Lowie on races. In fact, Dr. Lowie was a world famous authority on races. It was he who said that no races -- negroes, white, yellow -- were of equal intelligence and character. She believes that race is no more important to that there are different kinds of dogs, such as cocker spaniels, bulldogs, etc. Before she left, she thanked us for coming and I told her we were so glad to see them. "Keep your chin up, Ben," she said. I thought as I descended the stairs to get more paper, there are some fine people and one should ^{not} lose his faith in them or become cynical just before a few selfish ones become shortsighted.

I went to the Totalizer's office in the evening to help out with the unfinished paper. There were still three stencils to be done. When I reached the grandstand there was a crowd gathered around a table. I noticed or discovered later that this was a symposium. A five-man orchestra led by Tom Tsuji was there. The tables were arranged in semi-circle. The people who came to listen were all Nisei. When the orchestra began to play everybody in the office ran out to see them. The jazz band had been practicing for a long time. I thought they played well, but the editor thought they were puny. After the orchestra finished playing the numbers one fellow got up and began to define swing. This program was followed by recordings from the phonograph. The crowd began to leave early because the public address system wasn't there. I thought if there was anything really typically American it was the enthusiasm the young people showed for jazz programs. Why you couldn't get an Issei out there if you tried. Actually the difference between the two generations was pretty far apart.

I saw a girl who is not pretty but beautiful, in the crowd sitting by Fred Hoshiyama. On pretext to pass by her I walked up to Fred and talked about nothing.

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I also spoke to May Oshima who used to live in Redwood before she moved away. She was very quiet then, but now she puts on a lot of lipstick and goes around with two fellows. Their family is very interesting, I think. I didn't get to speak to this girl and so I walked away and joined the others againⁱⁿ the office.

Bob Tsuda, who is twenty-nine years old and worked on newspapers told me that I ought to work, not as a white-collar man but as a skilled laborer, such as a carpenter or a bricklayer. He said they were more happy with their jobs, they were able to secure their positions more readily. I asked him, though, if it were more important to be happy with a job than to make bread and butter. Well you have to make your bread and butter first. I asked him if the people back east were more tolerant than the people on the west coast. "Yes," he said, "In New York there is a constant stream of immigrants. The Europeans talk less of white Americans. But the point is you can't find a job with just an A.B. or B.S., you have to have some special training. By going to a professional school and getting a job you will at least have a breathing spell to study up what you really want to be. The thing to do is to serve as an apprentice for a few years or even during the vacation and pile up your experience, and so when you graduate you can present a known name, an important company, which speaks more impressively than a general experience in that field." Bob told me he started in the newspaper business while he was going to California. Before even graduating he quit school as a result of his summer job. Since then he's tried to get out of the business but once you're a newspaper man you always will be one. He doesn't like it because you have to scandalize. You fix things up and it isn't a very pretty thing to do.

I began to wonder why he discouraged me from the white-collar jobs. Was it because he thought I might take up the newspaper profession and thereby add another to the already crowded field? Was it because he didn't want me to make the mistake that he apparently regrets having made? I'm inclined to think the

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latter carries more weight. But the whole discussion threw a thunderbolt into my somewhat complacent attitude towards making a living.

After all, I think the proper attitude is to consider a job or occupation not with the intent of fitting one's place in a Nisei community, but with the idea of becoming an integral part of an American community. No, I don't think, no matter how cogent his argument may be, I am not fitted to become a skilled worker. Working in the leather factory made an impression on me more than ever, that to stimulate your mind you have to constantly sharpen it, and I'm afraid if I become a bricklayer, I would be unhappy. My ambitions are still to be a lawyer someday and I don't think one night's discussion should thwart me from that path.

Saturday, July 11, 1942.

This morning when I arrived at the Totalizer's office the janitor was busy cleaning and sweeping the place. We rate a janitor now, but formerly the work was done by the editor. Taro, Yuki, and Nobly were out on the grandstands sunning and waiting for the janitor to finish the work. The sky was lucid blue and the sun was warm -- the weather made me fine all over, and I felt as though I were on top of the world. I ran up the stairs into the administration building and asked the girl at the information bureau where I was supposed to get my check. She pointed to the desk in the far corner with a sign on it, "Mr. Miller--Finance." A small line of three was already forming and I waited at the end of the line. Each person had a hold of the appointment slip. When it was presented to Mr. Miller he checked through a pack of about twenty-five to forty checks put together by a rubber band. Then when he found the right one, identifying it by the family name or the identification number, he checked it off on a list which contained names of all the workers in camp. Beside the number was an open space which I signed. Mr. Miller was a man about five feet, seven inches, with a pair

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celloid glasses. He had light hair that was thinning out on his forehead. He has slightly bushy eyebrows. He was dressed in a trim tweed suit, which was a mixture of light brown, dark brown and orange spots. His tie was the plaid type and from his costume I presumed he was of Scotch ancestry. He didn't strike me as an exceptionally brilliant finance man except his sharp, rapid handwriting which marked him as perhaps an able accountant. He was attentive for he wrote down the identification number of the girl, the second in front of me and told her, "Here is your identification number, you had better keep it because you may need it later." He seemed courteous, for when he returned to his chair after making a phone call, he told us who were waiting in line, "I'm sorry to have kept you people waiting." I received \$3.13 for having worked in the kitchen. Sam was up there going from one desk to another asking for staple machines and staples for the paper.

After stapling and assembling the paper, I took my batch out to the infield. Each house manager is given his allotted share plus three extra copies. These the house manager distributes to each family within his area. My mission is to deliver the batch of papers, say fifty, to the house managers. The house managers are scattered throughout the infield and located conveniently in certain sections of the infield. I walk up to the house manager's door, knock on it and exclaim, "The Tanforan Totalizer." When they say "Thank you," I reply, "Your're very welcome," but when they don't say anything it gripes me. People should be courteous, at least, it will bring better results. Many times as I walk along the barracks some one will say "Oh, here comes the Totalizer. Have you an extra copy you can give me?" I reply, "I'm sorry but they are all counted." I like to deliver the paper to the infield because there is a very pretty girl who I tried to date for the fourth of July dance. The first time I saw her she looked deeply into my eyes, and I just reciprocated the pleasant thrill. Today she came walking down the road with a bucket of washed clothing in her hand, and seemed embarrassed to

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be in such an awkward role. The whole trouble is, I don't know her name and I'm afraid I would be very fresh to just go and introduce myself alone.

After lunch I sat on the railing beside the commissary to watch the hefty lads throw horse shoes. During lunch these fellows, dressed in jeans and work shirts, husky and tanned by the wind and sun, pitch horse shoes. Most of them are amateurs yet, but it won't be long before they begin to ring the iron pipe every time.

As I ascended the step leading up the balcony, I met Mr. Greene. He said "Hello" and I returned the salutation. When we began to play badminton he stood watching us, and when I continually missed the bird, he chirped in, "That racket doesn't have any netting." I think Mr. Green is a swell fellow when he's not an official. I've seen many people that look like Mr. Greene back in my home town, who used to run the sports shop or a department store. I guess he has a family, a home, and leads a life pretty much like anybody after all. All of a sudden the siren atop "rec" hall 2 began to wail and a fire truck whizzed by. Before long people were pouring out of Mess Hall 14 in droves and they were coming out of the neighboring buildings, too. A whitish smoke curled up beside the eucalyptus grove. I dashed down the flight of stairs and began running towards the scene while Mr. Greene hopped on a maintenance truck as it slowed down. People were running that way, too, and as I passed the mess hall one man was running with half his meal on his plate. When I reached the fire truck I noticed about thirty people forming a semi-circle around a smoldering bush which was receiving the stream of water from the fire hose. The fire chief was directing the crew and the spectators were inquiring if it had been a real fire or just a practice one. "Somebody threw a cigarette there," a kid piped up, and before long the milling crowd withdrew. I jumped on the maintenance truck and rode the way back home answering the questions of the staff member when I returned to the balcony.

Lillian began to read "Faust" by Goethe; she seems to be copious reader, and has a reading schedule on hand. Others she has been reading are "The Way of All Flesh," and Cellini's autobiography. Bob Akamatsu's been reading "Man's Fate." On the balcony we began to discuss our past. Taro said his pop married when he was forty-two years old to his wife who was twenty. At present his father is seventy-two years old. He told of his drinking spree when the curfew hit San Francisco. Three nights of the week, at least, he was drunk. Mostly he took Scotch or a collins; once they had champagne. He passed out once in Jack's Restaurant and he fell down a flight of stairs in the hotel he was staying. Because of the curfew hours everyone was left to his own devices and they drank avidly inside. His father neither smokes or drinks. "Why if you passed a cork under his nose he went out," Taro exclaimed. We began to discuss what normality meant. Normality Jimmy defined as anyone who can adapt himself to the different problems he meets. I told him, "You seemed well adapted," and Jim replied, "I had a lot of trouble adapting myself to the Japanese ways here in camp, having associated mostly with Caucasians in the past.

Lillian and Sam went after some popcicles at the canteen. The crowd seems to be terrific because the script books have been given freely. When they returned they only had ice cream sandwiches and cookies. When I went by the place again after work there was hardly anything left in the drug store. It seemed as though all the boys had an ice cream bar in their hands. As L. put it, I never had this much allowance back home.

Afternoon, Dad and mother went to the hobby show. They came back with enthusiasm and delight. All kinds of knitted wear and sailboats, and plants were on exhibit they said, and most of the work could be classified under a professional basis. The lady next door also came back and told her daughter, who hardly ever goes out, to see the exhibit. The crowd was awful though, she added, and advised

her to go in the morning. The Kawata girl came over, the one who has been flirting with me, and asked Sis if she would accompany her to the concert which was to be this evening. Sis was reluctant to go at first, but finally she threw on her coat and went. When they came back they discussed the concert. Then she told us she had worked at the Stanford Hospital as a secretary for six months prior to the evacuation. Mother put some cookies and candies on the table and the cheese and crackers that our cousins brought to us the evening before. K. was saying that the high school is going to elect a president, a secretary and a council. The posters are being made to publicize the different campaigns. C. was saying she works harder in this high school than she has ever done before.

There's a rumor that's spreading that if anyone is caught using profane language when speaking of the administration he will receive disciplinary measures commensurate with his offense.

I went to the dance in the evening, wearing for the first time the flimsy slacks I ordered from Montgomery Ward's. I put on my coat and tie and went to the social hall. There were about thirty stags and an equal number of couples. I didn't feel like dancing so I **just** sat with Bill Hata by the mike and watched the man changing the phonograph records. One fellow was utterly disgusted with the dance because the music was so inaudible.

Dad caught the seventeenth rat. The other trap had a mouse on it, but it was eaten by another rat. It was in such a horrible mess that I could hardly look at it.

Sunday, July 12, 1942.

This morning father, mother, and sis went to church while I caught up on my sleep. The newspaper keeps you constantly going on your feet. My shoe has worn down considerably and I'm wondering how I might be able to repair it. When father and mother returned they both said they enjoyed the sermon. Dad said the speaker was an old troupier of eighty-four and liked him because he didn't speak

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too much about God. After dad got the Examiner and Chronicle sis and I browsed through the paper. Mother brought some grapefruit back with her so I munched on one, sipping in the juice. I sat down at my desk and began to write a letter to Mrs. Darbo, a former English teacher of mine. Also one to Ted Klassen, a fellow Stiles Hall member who used to come to my boarding place to speak about what the purpose in life was. We went hiking to Tilden Park and had a very intimate conversation over a bottle of coke in Jules. During lunch the mess halls served ice cream, and the brand was Spreckels, the flavor, marble fudge. Two of the waitresses wore bright rayon type of sport jackets. They were really flashy garbs, with the sleeves a sizzling blue, and the back and vest front scarlet red. They were purchased undoubtedly to decorate the baseball team. The mess hall has two teams, the team consisting of the girl waitresses in the mess hall, and the fellows who are pot washers ^{and} second cooks make up the second team. All the teams play in an industrial league, which plays at twilight. I suppose part of the donations we made the other night was a contribution towards buying their jackets. An Issei fellow came around asking a dime a head for a fund which would be contributed to the cooks.

In the afternoon I went to the hobby show after sis came back and said it was better than some exhibits at Treasure Island. I walked down the track to Mess Hall 6 which is being used as the art studio. It is just south of the music studio which is held in the former Tanforan Tavern. The mess hall lies on the opposite side of the track from the visitors' hall. It is very near the fence on the eastern side. A line was forming into the center entrance of the mess hall. Most of the people were elderly folks. There was a sign on the front wall saying that the Tanforan Hobby Show would be extended one more day because of the popular demand for the show. The doorman was letting in people by the tens. He counted ten people off, let them pass and then barred the door to prevent others

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entering. When I finally reached the entrance and slipped through, one fellow directed me to a table where they had to write down their names. I guess the purpose of putting our signatures in the book was to obtain the number of people who attended the show. The first objects that were lined up was furniture made from the wood pile; they included a baby's highchair, a regular bench, and a chair. Then I saw trays skillfully carved out of wood. Then were were sailboats galore, followed by mats, table cloths, sweaters knitted into different designs. One set included a sweater and a pair of socks. Then I came across blankets, wood carving such as a chair. Wood carved name plaques, a toy windmill, and then kites. The second wing of the mess hall was mostly paintings and art work. Braiding work, clay sculpturing, chairs made from eucalyptus limbs, and also there were paintings of gold fishes, of Tanforan structures, such as the kitchens, the race track, and the barracks at night. Some stone enthusiast had polished stones on show, while some person dried the hay found in Tanforan and made from it two straw hats. One fellow had on exhibit an evacuation scrapbook containing pictures of the evacuation cut from newspapers. Some people brought a sample of their garden along and had fresh radishes on the shelf beside a row of onions still growing in an oblong pot. One fellow stuck an old pipe on a wooden limb to improvise an ash tray. At the entrance and exit were two bottles put up for donations. I presume the fund will go to purchase supplies for the art department.

Monday, July 13, 1942.

This morning when the check man came around I was still half dressed. I stuck my head out from the curtain covering the rear stall. Dad was still in bed with his head sticking up. Mother was the only one dressed for sister, too, was still in bed. The check-up man is supposed to check out heads. It's a terrific nuisance and silly and makes me feel more as though I were in a

concentration camp. It hurts one's pride to be counted each morning and afternoon.

Breakfast is becoming more of a routine each day. I hardly remember these days what I am eating. Once, I used to know what I ate all three meals and took special care each meal to see how different it was from the preceding ones. The fellows and girls who were working in the kitchen when we first came have been replaced by older men, mostly Kibei or Issei. When the kitchen first started everyone thought it was a lot of fun, but now with the recreation program getting under way, the young people would rather have idle time to play. Consequently, when there is a lack of cooks, one of the present workers is elevated to the post. The only few stalwart ones remaining are the high school graduate girls who still remain as waitresses and those who have patient and enduring qualities. The wishy-washy have long left for the playing fields, as the work has assumed the aspect of drudgery and routine.

This morning I brought three copies of the Totalizer to the hospital. Mr. Wild who received them was very glad to get them. I told him I would try to get five copies the next time, but he said three would be sufficient for the present. On the way, I tried to get into the latrine, but it was entirely filled. Each morning around eight thirty a man comes to clean the latrine. While an entirely new one has been constructed, I go to the one that was here when the track was made. The latrine was made **for** the stable hands and spectators, and so it is constructed more durably than the barrack type. There are partitions ^aseparating the bowls and that is the main reason why I go to this latrine. While there is some paper in the place, I always bring my own. With the paper in the latrine I cover the seat to make sure I won't contact any diseases.

In the evening I attended the church service. The short devotional was followed by a bit of entertainment. After the twenty-third psalm was read, the chair read the "Blue Jewel" from Van Dine selections. He read the piece masterfully, speaking voluminously in his rich, deep voice. Tom Hoshiyama led the group in singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Long, Long Trail," then we sang hymns.

Mas Wakai gave the prayers. Everyone was broken up into teams, one row of seats competed against the other in sedentary games, as the Mess Game. The leader shouted out a letter from the alphabet and we were supposed to respond by naming any object in the kitchen starting with that letter, that is, A = asparagus. We also played a pantomime game in which one representative from either side went through complex gestures attempting to depict a person or object which the leader confidently told the two actors. The side that guessed correctly the first was given a point. The last game was linking the slogan of a product with the name of the company which manufactures the item, that is, 57 varieties = Heinz; the can with the red and white label = Campbell's soups. The high school group was having a scavenger hunt and when I came home Sis says K. and T. came over to ask for her lipstick to paint the boys, ribbons, pencils, etc. Some of the things they had to get for the scavenger hunt were mustard plant, number of tree limbs stuck into the lake (this is being converted into a garden), five varieties of leaves, number of windows in Hollywood Bowl.

Monday, July 13, 1942.

From what I hear, syphilis and T. B. have a high rating among the people in this camp. Since coming to camp I go to the latrine much more regularly than I did back home or at school. This is explainable, perhaps, because of the regularity of meals, and the vigorous exercise one receives from walking about the center. This latrine, which is located close to the hospital is divided into three rooms. One section with two bowls was used for negro workers here at the stables; a sign to this effect is still posted at the entrance. The center section which has four seats was used by the Caucasian men; the last one used by women with one bowl. The whole latrine is now being used by men. The one which was formerly used by the women folk before it was converted into a men's latrine with a sign

which was repeatedly changed, is filled with obscene pictures drawn by mischievous boys. Many young boys swear in the latrines which I think should be corrected in some way. I don't think it is very good for the small ones to go to the same latrines as those used by the older folks; they should have one of their own.

I made the rounds of the "rec" halls and at "rec" hall 4 I heard a very amusing story. This "rec" hall, it seems, put on a spook night last Friday, July 10. The benches were arranged in the shape of a tunnel and army blankets were placed over them to make it thoroughly dark. Within the tunnel wet threads were suspended to give the effect of cobwebs as the people passed through. Water was dripping down and cans were beaten with rods to give the sound setting. Hideous masks and paintings were placed in the passage. At the entrance, Katherine Sasagawa dressed as a nurse placed a stethoscope on each entering person's heart, and asked if he were certain he were strong enough to enter. After going through the tunnel the people assembled around a circle where they listened to ghost tales told by Kim Arota and David Tatsumo. Just when every one was at the height of suspense, Kim let out with a blood-curdling scream. One girl, twenty-one years, is said to have become hysterical, and six others went home crying. Everybody went home in a bunch. Even the "rec" leaders got scared because the whole thing got out of hand.

As I stood sitting out on the balcony during lunch and watched the maintenance crew sprawled out under the sun, I wondered whether we Nisei were interested more in our material security or in freedom. The common topic was good food, shelter, and no one seemed to be yearning for freedom. Is it more American evidence of our democratic conditioning to demand in a vigorous fashion our right to enjoy a free and unfettered life? Is it more demonstrative of our faith in this land to complacently abide by the infringement of our civil right, since it has been the edict of the government? What would a Caucasian do in my place? Everything still

seems so very confusing to me, I can't understand.

Outside from the radio you hear of people dying in droves in Egypt, Russia, and the Far East. This world is just one helluva place. Then my personal matters seem very unimportant, and other times when I'm watching a scene such as the maintenance crew, my mind begins to weigh upon this matter.

Dad said he had a wonderful time seeing the kite exhibit for the third time. Seeing an exhibit of this kind made him feel lesslike being in this place than anything else. It cleared his mind as though it were a tonic.

Tuesday, July 14, 1942.

This morning the editor returned with the paper saying that the word kee foo had been censored by Mr. McSween. By kee foo is meant the donations asked of the residents; it's a custom of collecting money for funds which is notoriously being used to obtain funds for the cooks. The discussion which ensued emerged into a debate as to whether Bon Odori should be held. Bon Odori is a Japanese folk dance, a dance of the old souls, in deference to those who have passed away. One fellow argued that there should be a clean break with anything Japanesy, and he would place within this category Bon Odori. The other fellow claimed that the custom had nothing to do with the country itself, it^{was} merely a folk dance which had an international aspect to it, that is, Viennese waltzes.

I went around distributing a bulletin which Bob put on my table at the "rec" hall headquarters. To insure it's being received by all the mess halls, we divided the mess halls to which our papers were to be sent. I brought the bulletins which made the announcement concerning the golden gloves tournament to be held in the camp here. The whole recreation set up about the bulletin really gets me discouraged. I ran out a format nearly a month ago when the hectograph was supposed to have come. Thompson insists he put a requisition in for it, but that he has seriously striven to acquire the machine, I doubt very much. As for the bulletin, I suppose

there is no real urgent necessity for it, if it is true we are to move soon.

I went to "rec" hall 2 where, there, they had a carnival going on in full swing. The place was separated into booths made by covering chains with cloth. Among the booths were a ball pitching, fishing pool, kissing booth -- it resembled a carnival, the kind held in local towns. Kuni asked me to give a lot of publicity for the carnival, but at the present time I can't give much news except nine lines. We had a big argument the other day trying to get the recreation column extended to the whole page. The fellows who stay in the office all day, rarely visit recreation halls and can't see why it should take more than two columns. These fellows were formerly newspaper men and have to retain their professional standard. They must compete with other publications from the other centers. They insist that the paper not condescend to the high school sheet level. I believe that the professional standards should be maintained, and that the people here be informed of the vital changes occurring. Of course, the bulletin would be able to supplement the Totalizer and in this way decrease the burden of carrying all the recreation news as the paper is now doing.

Sis came home today and said that one lady found a human ear in the showers and that leprosy has started in the camp. Leprosy causes parts of the human body to decay and fall apart, which explains the ear in the showers. I told her it was just a rumor but it kinda made me sick inside, especially because it was just before I was to have dinner.

The story at the dinner table these days is invariably about where we are to move. The consensus is **that** we will be moved to Arizona. The enthusiasm for Tule Lake has dwindled with the news of the place being hot from a humid point of view. Arizona may be hot but they claim the weather is dry there, unlike the moist climate in the Tule Lake region. A.T. was saying over the dinner table that his Caucasian friend said in winter the climate was ideal in Arizona. We all thought it would be awful to have the blinds lowered when we go to relocation centers and

miss the scenery on the way. According to Mr. Spence the multicolored rocks, canyons, and mesas afford a more colorful sight than the bare, brush hills of San Francisco. I guess though, I'll miss the blue and limpid bay.

Hear that the people in Zone 2 have not been moved yet; that is probably because of the need of agricultural workers. The other day Governor Olson said, (as I heard it on the radio) unless harvesters are made available it may be necessary to release the interned Japanese from the assembly center. What a laugh. It just goes to show the fear element played a minor role in our being evacuated. Always selfish, these economic groups -- as the farmers -- they want to get everybody out of the way to eliminate competition, then they reverse their attitude when their own existence is in jeopardy.

Wednesday, July 15, 1942.

This morning I went to the library where I met Mary Aggi who is in charge. She told me that a donation had been received from Mos Wakai, who is the minister here. When I told her I would publish it, she said, "Please don't. They contributed the money on the provision that we do not mention their names in the paper." Some people have a perverted sense of modesty in this center. The new girl who has been added to the library staff is Miss Aida Shemanouchi, formerly secretary to Dr. Little at Mills College. I had some difficulty straightening out her exact title as Miss Aggi was afraid any inaccurate designation would bring repercussions from Aida. The relationship among the staff members must be very touchy if a slight matter such as that should be so carefully qualified. A special reading hour has been arranged from 8-9 for the adults. Apparently the youngsters make so much noise perusing over the comic books that the older folks keep away from the library. Reserved seats in the rear of the room are also being set aside for them.

I went to the hospital where I met Mr. Wild and asked him if he had medical announcements for the week. He said he was so busy everything slipped his mind. And so I had to make the rounds again. First, I saw Dr. Hirota who told me that 987 patients had come since the beginning of the clinic. He wanted to emphasize that work other than extractions were being made. While gold fillings could not be made, silver work can be done by the dentists. The reason why gold work can't be done is because the government has forbidden the use of gold for the duration of the war. There are six doctors working in the clinic and three girl assistants.

The clinic averages 70 patients a day, but because the dental facilities are limited and the number of dentists only six, more than 40 are turned away. The people here have very poor teeth and they are taking advantage of the service.

I went to see Dr. Togasaki who is in the maternity ward. She had her feet in a pail of water -- a solution of some kind -- and bathing her feet. The first thing she began to say was that the complaints over the poor food were unfounded. She thought

it was tops, and began to read a letter which she was sending to a dietary committee on the outside. "I just can't see why people are kicking," and when she sees people depositing their food in garbage cans she gets furious. She abhors carrots, but since coming to the assembly center she has been eating them and thinking nothing of it. Dr. Togasaki is the only woman nurse in the hospital, but she has tremendous energy and willingness to work for the people of the center. At the entrance to the maternity ward is her small room with a bed, a small bureau, and a shelf complete with medicine. She can talk endlessly and is most kind when I go to see her for news. She hasn't got much of a face, but she is most generous in her kind attitude towards others. Pertussis immunizations will begin soon at the public health clinic, she added in conclusion. She also hoped the editor of the paper would write an editorial saying that the food situation has improved. She also said that instead of making general complaints, those not receiving milk should make them specifically to the house manager, the doctor, or the kitchen manager.

Before going back to the Totalizer office, I dropped in at Mr. Wild's office. I overheard a very interesting telephone conversation which Mr. Wild was discussing with someone at the administration building. It seems that a doctor working in the dental clinic has a father who lately has become aggravated by his son's affection towards his wife. The father is jealous because the son showers his wife with the affection that the son showed towards his father. The father feels that the son should look after him more than he has done, because the son's college education was provided by the father. The whole thing came to a showdown when the father began to have physical fights with the son. The reverend, hearing of this, attempted to calm him down, but he was against it because he felt that they were leading him into another trap. The doctor advised the wife to leave the house as she is going to have a child soon. As things stand, the family is being separated, the father from his son and the wife from the son as well.

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I heard from May Yoshino that Shig Horio, my former roommate while I was boarding at school, has written to her. At present he's in Salt Lake City running an elevator. He's repeatedly tried to get into medical school, but hasn't been successful. The last time I heard of him I learned he was in Colorado but I guess that was wrong. Someone told me he had been able to get a job through his father's employer and was continuing with his school work at the University of Colorado.

In the evening I went to the town hall discussion. The place was packed, mostly with girls who sat in the front rows. Tally, I thought, gave a lousy talk; he mumbled out words such as "vicarious" inaccurately. His stand was that marriages should take place even in relocation areas so that the normal living of everyone could be continued. Charlie's talk was more humorous than anything else. It was a frank espousal of how trying marriage would be here in camp because of the lack of privacy, the abnormal environment, and the lack of a proper social background for rearing children. The most important part of the town hall meetings were the questions that were asked of the audience. "How old are you?" "What do you think is the proper mate?," "What do you think of this question?," were some of the questions raised. It was very amusing to see all the girls cringe in their seats as the microphone was passed about. As one fellow put it, "It's very good training for these Niseis who are bashful and scared to speak up." One girl just cowered in her seat and refused to speak up. T. said "Jim Hirano can get very crude at times and tonight he was getting too personal in asking who your girl friend is and how many love affairs you have had." And yet I thought the spontaneous and wholly humorous quality of the program deserves merit. Walking home with Ernie Takahashi, he exclaimed, "That went over pretty good, huh?" The town hall was losing its attendance and I think that injected a lot of tonic and spirit into the affair.

Thursday, July 16, 1942.

This afternoon I went to mess hall 8 to watch the "karuta ka," which is a Japanese game of picking the correct card as a poem is read by the reader. It seems

the poem is a tanka verse divided into two portions. The reader reads off the first stanza, the players, divided into two teams, face each other with these karuta cards directly in front of them. From the hearing of the first verse, the players are supposed to recognize the companion card which contains the second and following poem. As there are 100 different poems, to be proficient the player must have thoroughly memorized them all. When I entered the mess hall, the players were standing -- all of them Issei equally divided between the two sexes and about 30 to 50 years old. The reader was singing out the verses in a lusty voice; the players, with one eye on their cards and the other on the cards of their opponents, were taking out the cards as they identified them. The game grew exciting as the cards diminished, until when there were only 3 or 4 left, the players were virtually pouncing on them. There were only about 15 players assembled and hardly a Nisei was about, except myself and a girl who came with her mother. I watched for about 15 minutes and I started to go out by the other door when I saw Mr. Thompson, and so, just to avoid him, I went out the other. The other day at the "Inservice Recreation Training" Thompson was saying he wanted to see everyone that works in the recreation halls and come to learn them personally.

At the rec. center headquarters I went to stay from 9-11 as part of my work on the publicity staff. Bob Iki came later and was quite surprised to see me. He showed me the new cavalry twill pants he got from Montgomery Ward. He said they were better than jeans, as they were more durable and respectable looking. The postman was in the office telling us what a droop Kilpatrick's secretary was. She comes down to the office and asks for her mail before it is even delivered. "Why, if I do that for her, I have to do it for everyone else, otherwise it wouldn't be fair. We sure wear our shoes out hiking around with our mail, and the trouble is, nothing is being done about the shoe shop."

In the local rec. hall, boxing classes were being held by Suenaga. A lot of small kids, about 10 years old, had their fists upraised and were advancing according

to the instructor's directions. They seemed to relish this game much more than sumo. In fact, the reason why Dr. Koba (who I hear is a quack) is interested so much in boxing is to have it counteract the splurge of sumo wrestling which has captured the interests of the youngsters. After the kids got through sparring, the older fellows donned the gloves and began slugging it out.

Outside N. was coaching the youngsters club called the "Invaders." He told me he had a lot of trouble trying to get the boys to cooperate. Right now, they are having the decathlon contest and competitive games between rec. halls. When they choose the first string to play, they have difficulty in rounding up the players to scrimmage with them. In fact, he's been so busy he hasn't had time to even get a date for the dance.

I met some of my former friends from Redwood City repairing the latrine in the infield. Two of the fellows were putting on a new layer of tar paper, where the old one had been torn. "The fellows who sit on the bowls poke their fingers through the weak paper and use it for a peeking hole to see what is going on outside in the world." Friday, July 17, 1942.

This morning I had a terrific headache from last night's late stay up. I felt so low I didn't even go to breakfast. The meal was good, as I learned later. When I got to the office at 9:30, the remaining issues had been stapled and so, making up my batch, I delivered them again. When I started working on the paper, I was only interested in the experience and whether the classification was "skilled" or "unskilled" was of little concern. I had never done any newspaper work before; my only qualification was having taken a course or two in English and I thought the discipline and mental activity of working on the paper would keep me from dwelling on less pleasant thoughts of the evacuation, as well as prevent the dawdling of the mind. Today, as I lugged the pack of papers from barrack to barrack, how unexplainably tired I got of the whole work, and I thought I ought to get more than 8 bucks. And then it wasn't

the pay, it was the idea of being classed as a junior clerk in the recreation department that got me down. One fellow impudently told me that I hadn't delivered the required quota, but not knowing anything about that, I brought the matter to Alex. Alex accompanied me on the route today and asked why the manager needed more copies. "Well, the people in one of the barracks has increased, and we have to accommodate them," was the reply. I wonder if the number of people to whom he wishes to send the Totalizer has increased, for many people find it much easier to send the paper out instead of writing a letter.

I overheard one Issei saying to another at the golf course on my way back from delivery that the reason why they are forbidding card playing is to prevent gambling. A lot of this losing of moneybelts is just poppycock. Most men lose their money gambling and then say they lost the currency at the showers in explaining the loss to their wives. Besides the elimination of card playing, checkers, chess, goh, shogi, are also to be played at the recreation halls. There will be no playing of these games in the individual recreation halls.

In the grandstands there is a large hall used by high school. This hall measures about 100 yards and 30 yards wide, and is just beneath the seats. One side is entirely of glass and the other is a wooden wall, broken by door spaces every 20 feet. Today, this large hall, where residents come to play badminton, tennis, and where the town hall meetings are held, was the scene of a table tennis tournament. For weeks, since the opening of the recreation halls, the children and grownups have been practicing for the tournament. I've seen two girls play all morning in the recreation hall and then come back in the afternoon to play more. There were about five tables set up and youngsters from 10 years up to 23 were participating. It was quite surprising to see the little fellows wield the racket with as much proficiency as the big boys and see them slam the ball over the nets with astonishing speed. There were around fifty spectators crowding around each table. The scorer stood at the netting, center side, and called out the points. The players, attired in jeans

and T shirts and chewing gum, stood five feet or so from the table and, constantly alert for openings, would tap the ball back and forth, then let out with a wide arm movement, sending the ball in a low, fast flight across the net. The spectators would clap their hands and give a rousing cheer whenever any of the players made a neat drive that caught the opponent unexpectedly out of position. Two Issei men who are very actively inclined toward American sports were using one table and playing in fashion which would match the best of them.

Penants made from paper, triangular cuts from sheets, were lined on one table; painted with poster cards they appeared as though they had been purchased from some sport shops.

In the evening I went to J. Y.'s place to find out if his appendicitis were really bothering him. Instead of finding him in bed, he was standing beside the table, practicing card tricks with his roommate. Before long, a couple of other fellows came along and we started to play bridge. These fellows, former Cal students, come here as they are two bachelor fellows who are staying alone. This used to be a gambling dive, with the fellows playing for a few cents, but tonight we only played bridge. One lad who has been playing the game for three years instructed one fellow, while another helped me in my bidding. One fellow was all ready for the dance; most of us were going. One fellow with the Circle "C" had looked around for a date a whole

July 20, Monday.

The fireman was instructing a squad of the center fire department on how to fight a bomb should one fall within the center. He was telling them that there is a sandbox at the entrance to each kitchen; it is a bucket filled with sand, but the residents continue to use it for unnecessary purposes, as marking out a volleyball court or a basket ball boundary. In case an incendiary bomb falls and ignites one of the barracks, the chief said you should put the burning woodwork out before attending to the bomb. Most of the fellows were listening attentively, but a couple definitely looked bored. Nearby, there were men from the maintenance crew digging up a man hole cover, and trying to locate the fault in the sewage system. The break in the line is very close to the post office, in fact someplace in town, and the foul odor which pervades the place is a terrific stench.

As I walked by the new Northwest Lake I observed some kids walking on stilts, which seems to be the new fad. Kites, too, were abundant -- most of them are so small they can be flown with mother's sewing thread. One thing that strikes me here, concerning these spasmodic interests, is that they are so very fleeting. One thing such as sailboating will occupy the interests of a great majority of the people for a considerable time, and then boom -- it dies out. In the case of the sailboats, the interest disappeared as soon as the regatta was held. Right now the pee-wee golf course seems to be the coming sport, but even this, I presume, will only be a fortnight affair.

The lake, incidentally, is very interesting. It is of considerable width and length and measuring -- I would say -- 50 square yds. At present the water has been withdrawn, and the workers have put in a bridge which is being constructed of eucalyptus tree branches and the foundation partly being made of old lumber. The workers take a hatchet and hewn a piece from the limb, and the carpenter hammers it on. Beneath the partly constructed bridge, the youngsters are playing with the scraps and the sand. Many of the cypress trees which have been transplanted have died off, and a couple look dead already. The garden will

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Tanforan

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have several islands when it is completed with shrubs growing on them. The Boy Scouts are to play at the opening ceremonies; at their meeting, however, the scouts were saying that they didn't want to play.

In the latrine today I noticed a sign printed in clear, black letters which ran somewhat as follows: "Please refrain from drawing obscene signs in this place. Respect your self respect and you will feel and live much happier. Be true unto yourself." Since the sign has been placed there, I haven't seen any new additions to the gallery.

They are planning to have a variety show at the rec hall 2, they are intending to have impersonations, fashion contests, and solos. Most of the girls and boys who are working on the project still don't know exactly if the show will go on. There seems to be a great deal of friction between rec halls which creates obstacles.

The latest rumor is that unless the person taking a shower wears a getta, he will contract water bugs, which is nothing more than athlete's foot. How true this is, I don't know, but mom says the neighbor's boy has got a pretty bad case, complaining about his feet itching every night.

This evening at the press room we had the radio turned on full blast. Mostly we are interested in hearing classical pieces. Why, I don't know, except perhaps it's a little more soothing than jive as we do our work.

This evening I went to Rec Hall 9, the one located at the southern end of the center, to attend a meeting of the Boy Scout group. When I entered the doorway, the scout master and his assistant were instructing the newly inducted members in the scout salute. The boys were all the way from 10 yrs. to 16, and were dressed in jeans and corduroy trousers, with shirt-tails sticking out. While the scout master lectured to them on the fine points of scouting, the boys looked very bored. "You will be able to make tours thru the center, pass scout tests, and make signals." At this point a youngster interjected, "Hey, you can't do any signaling in the center."

The scout master then directed the boys to repeat the scout oath after him. When this was finished, he taught the fellows the scout salute. As a pep talk, the scout master added, "If you fellows realize that this is a nationwide movement, and the leaders in San Mateo County especially want to see the troop to be successful here in Tanforan."

The meeting was concluded at this point, but before leaving, the scout master said, "We're having a reunion meeting over Rec 3, so if you fellows are interested, let's all go over." About 9 of the 12 agreed, and we left for rec 3. When we arrived there, they had a championship basketball game out on the court, between this rec hall and rec hall 8. All the boys were between 17 and 19, and there were about 30 spectators, mostly teen age girls, watching the game.

When I entered this hall, the first thing that struck my eye was a huge banner of the scout 12 of San Francisco placed beside the flag. We waited for the ball game to finish, since most of the players were scouts. When the meeting finally got underway, there must have been more than 35 scouts. One fellow, a former scout master in San Francisco, was the chairman.

The first thing the fellow did was to sing scout songs and old ballads. We sang the Long, Long Trail, Hail, Hail the Gangs All Here, Home on the Range, By the Old Mill Stream, The Scout Victory Song, ...

Then the scout commissioner got up and gave a word of greeting to the nine new members, who stood up and received a good hand from the rest of the boys. The commissioner had been appointed by the scouts here at the center, and his selection was approved by the San Mateo Scout Counsel, as well as the National Counsel. He said, the scout movement would be continued at relocation areas, and that its training was valuable in molding the characters of the boys.

After this the scouts had a general meeting to discuss whether the counsel should direct scout activities here in camp. One fellow felt that the counsel had no right to dictate to them what they should do or not do. The scout counsel consists of the elder members of the troop, mostly scout masters, who get together to outline a program for the center scout group.

What I liked so much of the meeting was the way the fellows cut around. They cracked jokes at each other, and heckled the speaker when he got up to say something, but it was all in fun. One chap with a letter sweater got up and began to say that a person should be selected for recreation, education and music, just so we'll know, well ... just so we'll know ... what's cooking. This made the fellows laugh. When the fellows came trooping in late, everyone would give a low whistle.

One of the men whom the boys seemed to respect is an instructor at the high school, and a Phi Bete, who has been with them for more than five years. The scouts are mostly from San Francisco and it seemed to me that the movement was begun to bring together the former fellows from their hometowns. The scout master continually reiterated that because of the lack of facilities, "We must adapt our organization to the new environment." From what I gathered the only real and urgent materials were scout manuals.

One fellow suggested as part of the scout fee that each fellow tear off 20 cents from his script book, and turn it in at the meetings. This fund would be built up, and later be used to buy a big feast, just before we left for the relocation areas. An elderly man arose and vehemently argued against the proposal, saying that it would not work, because the canteen workers have received a strict order not to accept scripts which have been torn out of the books. The scouts then chose from amongst the group fellows to represent them in education, recreation and music. Instead of choosing three members who would decide among themselves who was to serve in what office, the fellows thought it would be more discretionary to select a man for a specific office. The scouts voted by the honor system, whereby everybody put his head down and then raised his hand whenever the names of the desired candidate was read off by the chairmen.

The meeting was adjourned with the playing of ping-pong and the serving of cookies as refreshment. The whole thing ended around 9:30.

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July 21, Tuesday.

Tonight I attended the recreation hall, where all those between the ages of 17-19 were invited. The first thing they made us do was to fill out a name bingo card. The card had sixteen spaces for signatures which we had to have signed. At the end of the games, a chairman read off the names and whenever any of the names appeared on our cards, we put a bean on it. The navy beans were passed out to us, just before the MC called out the names. All the girls in my barrack turned out, and there was a preponderance of girls, until the mess hall gang came in after the baseball game.

I had never seen some of the girls and boys that turned out this evening. In order to get the group acquainted with each other we played a game called "zip or zap," the group formed a circle and we had to know the names of those on each side of us, for whenever the leader or victim in the circle shouted out zip -- which stood for left -- the designated person had to call out the name of the person standing on his left. Then we played a game where a ring was passed from one person to another by a toothpick placed in the mouth. The game was too suggestive of kissing and most of the girls got all excited.

When the dancing began, a lot of older fellows -- some nearly 25 -- came in, wearing jeans and work shirts -- the chairman asked them to leave but the fellows persisted in staying. The leaders went into the group to spot them, but it was pretty hard trying to find them that way. The MC went up to the mike and said the dance would have to stop if the fellows remained. We don't like to do this, but we set up certain rules and they have to be observed if we are to avoid setting up an undesirable precedent. Some of the fellows dressed in slacks said it was doing a dirty/thing like that, asking them to leave. But when I saw one of the fellows I didn't mind because he's known as a "wolf" who likes to take girls home after the dances. He has one of those long overgrown haircuts and one look will tell you he's a smoothy.

Just as I was leaving, I saw two of the internal police at the entrance, with the leader speaking to them. He was thanking them for coming to his aid in getting the undesirable fellows out of the rec hall.

I met a girl from Centerville who is a ping-pong star of the rec hall and the center's women singles champion. She used to play basketball for the Centerville Scotties, and often came to Palo Alto to play games. I danced with her once but was cut in by one fellow. When we changed partners, the pesty girl from our barrack became my partner, when our turn came to change, she had the audacity to say that we continue to dance. All the girls from my home town whom, I thought, had at last become a little normal, disappointed me by leaving just when the dance started. I thought at least they had finally decided to go to a couple of dances, but most of them still can't dance a step. Only lately have they come to the dance classes to learn.

Before the evening ended, the leaders of the rec hall got us together and said, "We haven't been able to get the people who are of your age group together. We have provided recreational programs for those in grammar school through high school, but we haven't been able to get you fellows and gals out here. We have tried, but the only thing that has worked is this social tonight. We want to have you select your own leaders, so that you can get started, and we mean tonight, not tomorrow. So nominations are now open to select a chairman for your group." They nominated three girls and myself, but since a girl and I declined the nominations, the chairman decided to have a committee of four get together to outline a program for the next meeting. The committee will exist only for a week or so, and later on the permanent chairman will be elected. There were nearly 75 out of the 150 people from those of the ages between 17-19, with a few beyond.

One fellow tried to climb in the window, but was stopped by the leader. He tried to get in thru the doorway, but was stopped because he wore dirty jeans and shirt. He went home, put on his slacks and coat but again the doorman wouldn't let him in. Several fellows, sympathetic with the boys' attempt to enter, decided to form a circle around the window, but the boy was spotted as he clamored half way through the window.

This morning at breakfast we had cantaloupes, toast, coffee and eggs. K wasn't there because, as her mother put it, she is sick from the food. They bought a toaster recently, and now make their toast at home instead of coming to the mess hall in the morning. From _____ I heard that one of the cooks, who always used to cut obscene figures from the carrots and other vegetables, came to the kitchen drunk. Just how he obtains the liquor is unknown, but once I overheard him say that by bribing the garbage man it was possible to get some liquor in. The mess manager, apparently, knows all about it, but hasn't reported him yet, giving him a chance to rectify his own weakness. Things came to a head when he slit one of the helper's fingers with a knife by mistake in one of his drunken sprees.

This morning, instead of my going to the hospital for news, a fellow nicknamed "Murphy" brought the items in. He has been appointed by Mr. Wild to take care of the news of the hospital. One of the common beliefs among residents is that the bottled milk which is primarily issued to small children is richer than bulk milk. The hospital unit recently made an investigation which disclosed that bulk milk is in fact richer from the standpoint of butterfat content. This was confirmed by Mr. Garland, the milk inspector for San Mateo County. Mr. Garland I used to know back in Redwood, for he often came to our high school to speak and his wife was the chairman of the P.T.A. His son was in my mathematics class, and we knew each other very well. Anyway when the test was made, it was found that the butterfat content in bottled milk was 3.5, while in bulk milk, 3.8. When I asked the commissary officer if it were true that the commissary was contemplating the complete substitution of bulk milk for bottled, he reported, "No, I don't think so; we just made a contract with a bottled milk firm until the middle of August."

The chief advantage of bottled milk is its sanitary protection. The unsanitation of pouring milk from cans into pitchers is negligible, but often the pitchers are placed carelessly on the counter, and one head waiter told me the milk is exposed to the soot that comes off the stove.

In order to follow up the pharmacist's story further, I went into the clinic, where the pharmacy occupies a small room about 10 feet wide and 12 feet long. Since the opening of the pharmacy some 2,700 prescriptions have been filled out. Most of the prescriptions come to them through the clinic as the doctor diagnoses a case and recommends certain drugs; however, the pharmacy also takes prescriptions sent to them by the hospital.

When I asked the fellow in charge what were the most popular or common prescriptions, he refused to answer, saying, "Well, it's part of our ethics not to disclose that kind of information." I had often heard of professional secrets, but this was something new, I thought, particularly as we are in a place such as this.

They wanted to make a special note for the clients to return the bottles, since no new supply of them has arrived in great quantity.

After going to the pharmacy, I went to the barbershop for my haircut appointment for 1:20 in the afternoon. I nearly forgot my haircut appointment, and ran all the way from the grandstand home, about 1:18, grabbed a towel and a bar of soap and dashed to the showers where I washed my hair. There was no hot water, the darn heater having broken down. One fellow substituted the word cold for the word hot on the sign which read, "Turn the hot water off!" I washed my hair because the barbers say the grit wears down and breaks their instruments.

When I sat in the barber's chair, I told him I wanted mine fairly long. He mumbled under his breath, "These young punks who like to keep their hair long!" It wasn't for looks that I wanted my hair long. I felt if it were going to be a sloppy one like S. got, I might as well have it only a short time. The man who cut my hair was an issei who took his time about it; he didn't rush through it like the fellow in front of me. My foot kept getting tangled up with the small stool, and when the barber tried to swing me around, I would get my foot caught on the edge of the stool. As soon as I got home, I washed my hair again with Palmolive soap to disinfect my scalp, as the instruments are not sterilized. Mother said I

should use Lifebuoy because it's a stronger disinfectant. Mother has been cutting my hair since coming to the Center, and Dad and Sis both exclaimed, "She does a better job than these barbers."

In the evening I went to the Town Hall Meeting, where three speakers spoke. The question was what should the place of religion be at the relocation centers. Bob Iki presented the argument that since we were fighting for religious freedom, the church -- not as an institution but as a spiritual thought had a definite link in the democratic side. My question which I wanted to ask him was if it were practical -- and certainly we had to think in practical terms at relocation -- to separate religion into institutions and also belief, when so much of our daily and secular contact with the church is through institutions -- buildings and ministers.

Mas Wakai was flying from one end to another; he spoke of religion in a general sense, then referred to specific cases. I recall one of his pet schemes is to have a young married couples group. When there were Buddhists who wanted to join the circle around, he had to refuse them and so he would now like to have something on a community scale.

_____ raised a pertinent question, how could the Christian and Buddhist religions be amalgamated to form one religion. The reverend who answered the question said it could not possibly be fulfilled within this century.

The crowd was very quiet throughout, and very discouraging as far as numbers were concerned. The M.C. asked several persons to answer a few questions.

Back at the office, after everyone had gone home, the editor and another one of the staff members began to dance by ourselves to the rhythm of the jazz tune. All inhibitions were let down, and we went into waltzing, jitterbugging, and new intricately devised steps of our own. Usually the editor is very reserved and rarely makes an exhibition of himself, but tonight he grabbed his top coat, stuck a toilet paper on the top for a head, shoved a broomstick up the back to make it look like a scarecrow and went through the jitterbug steps.

I came in about 11:10 and mother looked up at the clock and exclaimed, "Why, it's 2 o'clock; don't make so much noise." But really she was concerned about what

the neighbors would think, hearing me come in at a late hour.

July 23, 1942, Thursday.

This morning only the husband was sitting opposite us; the rest of the family -- the wife, and two daughters were still sleeping. I told the man that Tulare County had to move now; I had just received a box of candy from my aunt who is at Visalia and who wanted to know what preparations were necessary.

I came back early so I could watch the people return with their plates; this scene is I think the most pathetic one of all. They look like lost creatures, thriving merely on existence as they come walking towards the showers to have their dishes washed. I don't know why but it just looks funny seeing people carrying empty plates and walking one after another -- some briskly, others straggling and looking nonchalant walking back to their barracks or the washroom.

When I went to the rec hall I met _____ who said he had been up at the editorial office where he had been told that I had only received an unskilled rating. He went on to say that while he would like to have me placed on the skilled class, he had been limited by the employment department. The reason why we wanted to have my rating on a skilled basis was so that we could pool all our salaries together into one lump and then divide the jackpot. Unless I can be placed on the rec payroll, B hopes to put me on the paper's payroll.

I went down to the canteen to get ten ice cream bars for the fellows at the office. I've been receiving a bar nearly each day, since someone chips in nearly every day; L put up her whole script book when we first came, since then after we all got our free books, everyone has taken his turn. Usually around three o'clock we send Nobby down to the canteen.

I see a man, who is an issei in his late forties, coming to the high school every morning to hit a tennis ball back and forth on the wall in the hall beneath the grandstands. He's dressed usually in a corduroy pants, tennis shoes, a green sweater and a cap. He stands only 3 or 4 feet from the wall and only using his elbow action just stands in one bent position and hits the ball for hours at a time.

There is nothing to suggest a tennis player practicing, for his only concern is to hit the ball and keep it bouncing. The ball only travels a few feet, back to his racket, and then forward again to the wall. In the morning when the hall is occupied by the high school students, he goes downstairs and does his bouncing on the wall of the cafeteria. Every morning since my arrival here, I have seen him do the same thing. And coming back to the office at evenings I have observed the same practice. No one else does anything like that, and that is why I am mentioning it. I guess he is doing it merely for exercise, but that sort of thing exercises only the left arm and not, as it properly should do, his whole body.

July 24, 1942, Friday.

This morning I blew the teapot which had been brewing for sometime. In more ways than one I lie in the midway between the Totalizer and the recreation bulletin. This morning when I entered the rec headquarters to have some bulletins typed out, the girl said she was very busy. And so I brought the copies up to the Totalizer's office to have the bulletin made up there. As a matter of fact she told me to have the typing done up there from now on. So I brought them up and tried to get the 14 copies ready before the house managers had left for their barracks, but when I arrived there most of them had gone. I chanced to see T. F. who is in charge of the mess hall announcements and asked if he could arrange to have them brought out by those who were remaining. He said, "Well, now you see the fellows who are responsible for the sheets have gone and," I interrupted him and inquired if he could tell me directly "yes or no." When he continued to procrastinate, I snatched the copies from his hand and made the rounds myself. In each mess hall I inquired if the announcements had been read. They assured me that the house manager had gotten up to speak. I made the rounds to the 12 rec halls, and I found the walk vigorous exercise. When I returned to the Totalizer's office, I met Bob Iki and told him what had happened. He said he had met T. F. who said I had been in a furious mood when I approached him with the mess hall announcement. I told B.I. that I had been infuriated before I met T.F., and it was his beating around the bush

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that got me so impatient. B.I. didn't like the way I placed my name at the bottom of the publicity department, as though I were in charge, which actually is the case. He designated as one of my specific duties that of making out the publicity reports and bringing them to the mess halls. Yet, while he's in charge of training, he puts his name to the publicity reports, getting all the credit for the work I put in. Consequently, Thompson wonders whether I am putting in any work at all.

After the whole incident had taken place, I wondered if it had been the discretionary thing to lose my temper. After all, the matter was so minor and getting mad at T.F. or B.I. were hardly clearing matters. It all made me wonder again if the proper thing were to maintain my temper merely for tactful reasons, or withdraw the inhibitions and let my temper flow. I came home and spoke to dad about the whole problem and told him how difficult and ticklish this problem of human relations is. Normally, if I had continued with school, I would enter in contact with this problem when I was 23 or 24, but here with the close assemblage of people you are constantly meeting with people. Then I spoke to dad how it was awfully difficult to decide whether one should be honest and upright in all one's dealings, and not be too much of a success, or whether to be sly and dishonest, as so many people in this world seem to be. Things aren't very nice as you would hope them to be, I guess if one is to survive he stoops lower. The more I look back upon events I think a person becomes less honest and more worldly and underhanded in his actions and thoughts as he grows older.

Tonight I went to the carnival which was being given by one of the rec halls. I walked up to the window and tried to look in. As I stood on my tiptoes, my left foot slipped and accidentally pushed a youngster who was standing on a wooden horse and looking into the crowded barrack. With him were several other lads, also perched on this stool. I caught the lad, as he began to fall, and placed him on the stand. Before I could say anything, he began, "God damn you, what the hell do you think you are." Then he jumped off the stand and began swinging at me with both fists. Of course it didn't hurt; he was only a small boy of about 7 and

about 3'6". What amazed me was his language and outlandish way in which he added, "Hey, gimme some gum," having noticed that I was chewing some. I told him I didn't have any. Then he took a flying leap and grabbing my neck and wrapping both his legs securely around my body, began to scream, "Come on, damn you; give me the gum or I won't let go." I calmed the fellow down by saying, "What's your name? You're a good boy, aren't you?" Finally he released me, and then turned to the horse, where another youngster had clamored up in his place. "Hey, you, get off of there," and grabbing him by the shirt pulled him down. What a rascal, I thought; I wondered what kind of parental control there was in his home, or if his actions were manifesting the environment about him.

I went into the rec hall and watched the visitors. Of particular interest were two Caucasian women, wives of residents within the center. One was a Portugal lady, whose son I have often seen out on the ballfield playing second base. She was with a lady who seemed to me of English extraction. From her appearance I gathered she was a very quiet and a refined lady. On my deliveries I have frequented upon her, and on several occasions said "hello." The booth the two were auditing was the "Monkey's Tail." A booth where the customer had to place the tail upon a huge monkey -- the game resembled the parlor standby "Pinning the Donkey's Tail." First, the Portugal lady placed the tail on the figure, but she missed by a wide margin. What was of interest to me was the way she returned smiling and thoroughly enjoying herself. The two visited booth after booth.

The recreation hall was divided into 12 booths, and one of the best was the one with a person representing a head-hunter dodging the small bean-bags as they were thrown at him. The people who attended the carnival were issei and high school children, with the very small children attending in lesser degree. This carnival business seems to be so very successful since in San Francisco they frequently had bazaars, where similar events were carried on. Most of the leaders who put on such things had had former experience with them.

I went up to the social hall balcony and stuck my head into the master file

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dancing that was going on. I had never crashed a party in my life yet, and I thought I might start now, so opening the door, I followed a fellow who was let in and tried to walk past the girl at the door. She spotted me quickly and before I lost myself in the crowd, she said, "No, no you have no bid." I told her I only wanted to watch but she said that wouldn't go either. Calling another fellow to her aid, she had me leave the hall. I watched the group line up for the grand march and parade single file down the hall, enviously from the window, but left and turned into the track and headed home against the wind.

July 25, 1942, Saturday.

This morning while waiting for the door of the office to open, I struck up a conversation with a student who has just graduated this year as an electrical engineer with high honors, having been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Bete. He told me he was anxious to continue his schooling, because he felt there were no opportunities of a big sort at the relocation centers. His interests were in the field of communications and with all the war projects going on, the science was expanding with leaps and bounds. He felt he was missing a great deal, and if he could continue with research work, possibly after the war he would be able to secure a position. Of finding himself under suspicion and of not being able to work in vital projects, he had no illusions, but he felt if the faculty became thoroughly acquainted with him, and could of themselves judge his integrity, he might be able to do work in fields which were of not so vital and direct connection with the war projects. At least he would be keeping, in a minimum way, abreast with other workers in the field, and so would not^{be}/isolated from them nor lost when he would be able to work on a more fuller degree in the electrical engineering field when the war had been concluded.

I told the editor this morning that we ought to bounce the recreation page out and substitute in its place matters of more significance in making the publication of value from a documentary standpoint. Something more meaty and pithy could be interjected in its place. Certainly the space could readily be filled with items

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of current news value and would be in line with your charge that the nisei indulge too greatly in activities of a recreational basis. The editor suddenly changed his mind and said, "No, let's leave the rec page in." It's very funny but people always like to disagree with you and will even go so far as to turgivisate if they feel they are condescending from their stations by agreeing.

In the afternoon I went to the recreational headquarters for our district which occupies the front office of the preschool nursery, a small bungalow. Our district had been overlooked by the planners when they were setting up the recreation hall and consequently they had to convert a barrack in the infield into a hall and, as the recreation activities were conducted in the nursery before the rec hall was constructed, it remained a sort of an office for the leaders, despite the construction of the new hall.

When I went in, the small rooms, at least two of them, were being used by a knitting class -- consisting of elderly issei women and the older nisei girls. When I helped one of the leaders bring a bench into the room, I noticed sis there too. I went into the very back room where they had a small kitchen. One of the girls that came in later said, "Gosh, how clean you have made the place." This she directed to a chubby girl, a former California student, who is working in the rec hall and came this afternoon to assist us in forming the entertainment for tomorrow's night meeting. She replied, "When we first came, the place was filthy, but we all went to work with a brush and scoured the cabinet and sink." We use this place now to give the small children their graham crackers and milk after they have played out in the nursery playground.

The three girls and myself were the candidates for the president of the club, and we decided we would have entertainment and a small business meeting for this coming session. The problem was that of selecting a leader to lead the games. I agreed to handle the business side of the meeting, but the girls were reluctant in becoming a game leader. Possibly the same explanation can be forwarded here which made the girl withdraw her name from any publicity about her ping-pong playing,

because her mother wouldn't let her play anymore. It seems that if a girl becomes a leader, the news spreads around that she is a showy person and a reputation of that kind would be harmful to her aspirations for marriage. So, I was selected to contact a boy, whom I visited later, and by conferring upon him a bit of personal flattery, he agreed to take care of that portion of the evening's game. Some of the parlor games we decided to hold are as follows: Wedding night; a game in which the players form a large circle; the couples are chosen, sent out, brought back singularly and placed in the center. Everyone is told to remain absolutely silent. A secretary takes down every word the person utters, which is read back when the two get together. Follow the leader, a pitcher and jug race, thread the needle, and folk dancing.

We wanted to select games so that all the people will become acquainted with each other. While other rec halls have a population that usually comes from one city, ours consists of those from varied cities -- predominantly the country and consequently the urban folks cringe at the idea of the crude folks. These country folks have never had opportunities for social parties, so they say, and that is why the whole recreation set up in our district is such a flop.

The rec hall has decided to put up the paper, pencil, and while we are going to get the pitchers and jugs and the soot for a game called "Pinchy-Winchy."

In the evening I went to a rec hall to play a game of chess. I went around the rec hall but everyone was doing something else, playing bridge or ping pong. So I secured a spot in the corner and played by myself, making a couple of moves to eliminate the castle; finally a fellow whom I had asked for a game came to my table and we played for half an hour. I beat him by getting my queen back. One issei standing by said that chess was more difficult than the game called shogi which resembles chess in the moves the pieces can make.

Just before I entered the rec hall, I walked beside the lake, because I saw a huge canvas sail, moving along the rim. When I got closer I saw very much to my amazement an elderly man sitting on the stern of the craft with two fellows

propped up at the bow. The boat had a canvas sail about 6' x 3½' with a single mast, and a set-up for a jib. The amazing part of it was it had been constructed from three pieces from a telephone pole, hollowed out and made water tight by closely fitting plywood on top. The boat was very buoyant, floating high when the fellows got off. The maker, a former fisherman, was taking the youngster for a ferry ride, going around the fountain by swinging the boom, and then heading the ship into the wind. The pond is only about 3 feet deep at the deepest section, which makes the presence of the boat so astounding. When I went to the showers to get my teeth brushed, I got into a bull session which always takes place there, and I learned that the boat had a catastrophe. Two fellows on the prow fell off and the whole stern went under, sending the man sitting on the rear into the water. All three drenched to the skin, walked out of the pond and headed home, trailing the boat behind them.

For some reason or other they have taken the clothes line poles down again. This is the third time they have been dug out; all the people in my section of the barrack have been bringing their clothes to the lines on the other end of the barrack.

Next door they have been playing bridge every night. Right after dinner until roll call -- and then after they continue again, playing as late as 10:30. The noisiest part is when they bid, and the cussing that goes on is terrific. The same group gets together and lately they have been reading a lot of literature on contract bridge.

I heard that one of the folks in a stall along this stable raise a commotion every night. All the members are girls from San Leandro who tussle, jump around the room and also keep the radio going on full blast. The people on the opposite side complained to them repeatedly and today went to the housemanager to see if something could be done about it. The girl slammed the door in the house manager's face and exclaimed, "The rat that squealed is the man behind us. I could kill that man." One of the girls is a grad. from San Francisco Teachers College and instructs children at the center school, third grade I believe, and of all I have

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seen of her she appears quiet and not the vociferous type that the party concerned claims the whole family to be.

The house manager brought two bars of soap around today -- a facial soap and a huge cake of gum or molasses looking bar $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$.
July 26, 1942, Sunday.

Up the hall beneath the grandstands I saw an issei man sitting on one of the benches, with a phonograph placed on the table, and blowing a bamboo horn to the music coming forth from the phonograph. The instrument was a very simple one, a bamboo reed looking like a clarinet, with a number of holes, over which the player placed his fingers and covered certain holes in the playing of the horn. He had the music written down on paper and continually revised it as he played along.

This morning Sis, Mother and Dad all went to church, while I went to town to buy the examiner. At lunch the folks opposite us spoke of how a negro visitor came the other day and they brought out the piano, while the visitor gave a tap dance. Everyone applauded and the affair was like a talent show.

In the evening I took a shower, shaved and dashed to the recreation hall where we were to have a social. The people mostly went to the church meetings at the Buddhist and Christian churches, so the crowd was nil, numbering some 30 girls and boys. First we played "find the leader," a parlor game in which you are supposed to pick the one is leading the group in going through various actions. After these games we elected officers for the club. One fellow nominated me but I declined because in covering the recreation news to be impartial it is best not to be an officer in any one rec hall. The fellows wouldn't believe the story, but I persisted. Actually an office would mean the need of time for which I was pressed working on the paper and writing my dairy.

The people next to me have gone for reading in a big way. Besides subscribing to the Reader's Digest and Life magazines, they are contemplating joining the Book of the Month Club. There were three girls in the room and the conversation ran somewhat as follows. "I never read a book like that. It was all about wedding night, and it was shocking. Don't tell me you've begun to read those stories, too.

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Well, it was only 4 pages. What was the name of the other book. "Gone With the Wind." Girl (A): "I thought that was the best novel I ever read; I hear T.S. has bought a copy, so I'm going to read it again."

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DIARY

Monday, July 27, 1942

After returning from the grandstand halls, where a folk dance had been postponed until the following week because of the election, I discovered the door clasped on the lock, and since I didn't have the key I went to Recreation Hall 3 where the scouts were supposed to meet. No one had been there yet and I fell into conversation with the Recreation Hall leader, concerning camp-life here in general. I learned he had come from San Francisco, he had gone to high school and still wore his Lowell sweater with 2 stripes. He must have been around 29 years old, short, and amiable. "The experience I have had since coming here to Tanforan with different kinds of people is tantamount to all the experience I've had since leaving school," he said. The center, he felt, was the best of all, despite his never having visited other and despite reports to the contrary from other centers. The people are really very friendly and I've not only made good friends with those to whom I merely said "hello" in the city, but made new ones. The people don't retain that "I'm from San Francisco or Oakland" attitude. There's no bunching up, and when I meet a new fellow I don't even take the trouble to find out where they have come from. Why I have made many new friends with the Centerville lot. I like the conservatism and restraint of the people from the bay region. I guess in Santa Anita where the people from Los Angeles are assembled -- and they are a wild lot -- morals must be pretty loose. He was saying if everyone were cliquish concerning the districts from where they had come, there would be no cooperation no how. It's a good thing that at dances and other social functions the people from one city do not bunch together.

When the scouts came to the meeting, the prime matter was how they could get more fellows interested in scouting. Here you have to compete with baseball and rec halls, and so you have to have something more than just entertainment. The posters which were set up were used for this purpose. The scouts felt if it could be understood that scouting was a national organization with 3,000,000 members, then

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the fellows might be interested in joining.

Next week the group hopes to have a wiener roast, the wieners being supplied by the mess halls if they are obliging. Most^{of}/the mess halls are pretty scrumpy, and their willingness, the scout master stressed, was doubtful. A permit had been received from the fire department to make a fire for the wiener roast and for passing merit tests.

One of the greatest troubles we have with our door is the lack of keys. We have only two keys for one lock on our door. Each time we leave for the mess hall, we lock the door since it's rumored that things have been stolen. But the whole thing strikes me as a farce since it is very simple to clamor over one wall into another, or a person to run along the rafters that cover one side of the stable and from there descend into any apartment. But we lock the place any-

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way and when we come back after our meals we have an awful time. Usually dad has one key, and the other one in mother's hand or myself. Invariably, the first one to reach the door hasn't the key, and waits patiently for the others. Often all four of us find ourselves fumbling in our pockets and asking each other who has the key this time.

The simple solution is to order a set of keys which, because of the trouble of ordering and sending a pattern, I doubt will be expedited. The other is to get a combination lock, but both mother and dad complain that they won't be able to remember the combination. Actually, I think not having ever used one before they can't imagine how a person can remember them.

I noted in the showers an addition to the walk where they have installed a concrete bath for the feet which will be filled with a disinfectant; also a partition has been erected to cover one side of the showers to prevent visibility when the door is flung open. Even a minor matter such as this makes everyone feel better.

Tuesday, July 28, 1942

I went to the library today to inquire for a girl about whom I had word from in a letter sent to me, and when I saw her I told her that the party from the outside had asked how she was. She seemed very spirited about the matter and was obviously happy. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how nice. I must write to her at once."

I think the library is one of the most interesting places in Tanforan, for there people come together to keep more or less in contact with the world outside, and also to keep pace with it. Since its opening when books and magazines were merely piled up, everything has improved greatly. Shelves have been built along both of the walls providing a crude but helpful catalogued arrangement. The magazines have been separated from the books and are also stacked on the shelves. On the left wall as you enter, there is a bulletin board upon which are

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pinned book covers of recent editions and also an appropriate poem. The most popular magazine is Life, and when dad went to the library today he browsed them because he could understand what the pictures were all about. There is partition between the reading room and a small study portion composed of four tables.

The people around our barrack have notably become book conscious these days. The party next to us has the light on until 11 o'clock reading books which have been borrowed from the library. They have also subscribed to the Life Magazine and Reader's Digest. When I saw the fellow perch himself on a chair and start reading, I asked him what was the cause for the sudden interest. "Because I got to keep my mind sharp," was his reply.

At the Totalizer's staff one girl continues to read classical books, namely Faust, by Goethe; Greek Tragedies, and of late, I have seen her lugging "The Way of All Flesh," by . An engineering student told me it was very difficult to read technical books here and I found him with "Christ in Concrete" and the "Life of Saint Micheal." A youngster of 14 has taken to "Famous Battles of the World," while an English major reads "Collected Short Stories from the New Yorker" and "Reports of The Tolan Committee Hearings" which have been sent for by many people. There has been an increase in the passing of books from one person to another, and I'm interested in getting a short story by Hemingway called the "Snows of Mt. Chapien" or something like that. After I get in bed, I usually read a short detective yarn taken from the book, "World's Great Detective Stories."

One of the most indulged of recreation or ways of spending time is card playing, particularly bridge. Every night right after dinner the fellows have been playing bridge. All the people next door learned how to play since coming here. Now they have advanced to such a stage they are using a Cuthbertson handbook. Two brand new card decks have been purchased, a tally notebook bought, and bridge is being played with all the intent and zest of enthusiasts back at

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Stephen's Union. It is very amusing to see hardy and ruggedly dressed maintenance and work men reclining on the golf course or a bench in the high school hall and playing bridge, a game, I thought, was confined to women of a select group. At one of the barracks, I know a whole lot of fellows congregate to play bridge and it is being taught to everyone. No handbooks are used for the purpose, simply coaching by one fellow who has mastered at least the rudiments. Since the gambling notice has gone into effect, bridge is the universal card game in rec halls, stalls, and on the track or lawn. Yesterday, I got into a card game called "Hearts" with the firemen's brigade. The whole point is that people, particularly the nisei element, those who have graduated from high school and have not married, do not seem to find any other recreational activity that is suitable to their age group as is bridge. Ping-pong and really active games as football, they have outgrown. The common sense that is required in the playing of bridge appeals most to the players here.

Wednesday, July 29.

This afternoon at the North-west Lake, a committee of four got together to discuss the ceremonies for the Lake's opening on Sunday. The group consisted of the chief architect, a recreation leader, a representative from the Boy Scout group, the man who will serve as the chairman, and myself. We decided to first have the Boy Scouts render a loud number to draw the attention of the crowd, followed by a short message of greeting from the chairman. As things stood yesterday, the Boy Scouts from troops 12 and 26 were supposed to play, but troop 26 has since declined, the fellows believing that they were being imposed upon too frequently.

One of the members, who has just been elected as congressman for his district declared, "Let's have all the congressman file across the bridge, and in that way they can be introduced to the residents." As there are 38 congressman, however, the proposal was quickly rejected by the others.

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We ran down the program quickly, which consisted of the singing of "Trees," an address by an administration representative, and then the cutting of a ribbon which would signify the official opening. The suggestions that all men 70 years and over be allowed to walk first over the bridge was unanimously approved because we felt a gesture of that sort would appeal to the issei element of the population. The architect wanted it specially understood that while the ceremonies would be held to celebrate the occasion of the bridge and lake openings, the events were also to honor the working men who had constructed the project. One fellow asked if swimming would be permitted. To this the architect replied, "We plan to lay out some sand beside the shallow water for the very small children to bathe in, but since we aren't going to sterilize the thing, I can't see how the sanitation people will stand for it!"

After this, we left for the administration building to find out if Mr. Davis or Mr. Estes would speak. We learned for certain Mr. Davis would not be able to come, and so we waited for Mr. Estes, who at the time, was not in. While going down to the construction building to see if Mr. Estes were there, I happened upon the architect who was just emerging from the office looking very dejected. I asked him what was up, and he answered, "Oh! I just received word from Beck, which might cancel the whole program." "He told me we couldn't use any water for the lake, that it was wasting too much water."

He felt the fellows would feel very discouraged and that their morale would drop to the extent that they may quit the work, and assuredly, the park project. If anything like that were to be issued, it seemed a very absurd time to emit it now when all the digging had been completed and the working hours put into the lake's making would be a complete loss. And so, I decided to hold the story on the bridge and lake opening until tomorrow, when the architect felt a more definite and final order might be forthcoming from Mr. Estes concerning the writer's release.

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I noted in my meandering about the infield today, a cobbler who had set up his portable workshop and was busily repairing shoes surrounded by a group of residents. His crude equipment consisted of two iron casts that were used to hold the shoe intact, a stool to sit on, hammer, nails, and leather. The leather pieces which the cobbler used to cover the holes were not new, but scraps which had been torn off of old ones. While repairing one shoe by placing a patch over, I overheard one spectator exclaim, "Don't you think it will be hard to walk on a shoe which is high on one sole, because of the patch?" To one of the lady clients the cobbler was saying, "The administration will not allow any private enterprise within the center, but because the workers have been wearing out their shoes, I thought it only proper that I set up a shoe shop, and charge them only for the expense of the supplies." When one person was waiving as to whether he ought to get a rubber heel put on, the shoemaker virtually decided the question for him by saying, "Unless you get your rubber soles now, you won't get any. I sent a requisition in but only got a handful. If big companies like that have only a half dozen heels to supply, you can bet there won't be any soon."

One lady brought a large bag which was filled with three pairs of shoes. "Because the repairing will take until tomorrow, I can't fix them now," the cobbler said. Her shoes were not all worn out on the bottom, but the rear side, just above the heel where the two leather patterns are joined were torn apart.

The improvised shoe stand was located outside of the barrack, between two barracks, and there were some 12 people watching all isseis.

In the evening I went to play badminton with the new racket. K. and W. came over to see the racket and told me the frame was a peach. I had to run all the way from home to the social hall to avoid the waiting lines and for the court to empty. Several fellows were trailing me as I ran to the court, while we passed several players on the track on our way up. We signed up to play in court

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#1, there were four courts with a man in charge. He would blow the whistle every 15 minutes, and then we would have to leave the courts, but as soon as we finished, my partner and I ran to the table and signed up again for 8:15. Whenever we played we first introduced ourselves, in that way I got acquainted with three girls and five boys. The girls wore slacks and there were only two girls and four boys with gym shorts. There was ratio of 2-1 boys over the girls, but the spectators were predominantly girls. Tonight was workers' badminton night, because the workers are unable to get the courts during the day. Before coming home I dropped in at the nearest shower which is beside the grandstands to take a shower.

Thursday, July 30, 1942.

This morning as I passed the lake, I noticed water was being let in by a fire hose with the nozzle stuck in an oil drum. The water had been running since 9 a.m. and the lake had been partially filled. The banks were cluttered with issei men and women, painting and drawing the lake scenery. One man surrounded by a group of isseis, was painting the barrack. All the paintings were done by amateurs, you could tell by their work.

I brought my old working shoes to the cobbler, I spoke of in yesterday's account, who said at first he didn't have any rubber soles. Then he said he would charge me 75 cents for two soles, and 25 cents for the metal clamps on the heels. He said he only had half heels, but I told him anything would do. I wasn't particular what kind of rubber was put on. This morning the man had two of his sons working on the repairs. One of the boys took the shoe and pounded nails into it, while the other cut the rubber off with a sharp knife, the father acted as the cashier.

As was the case yesterday interested spectators formed a circle about the threesome watching them work.

I went to see Mr. Green about the payroll from the \$8 unskilled classi-

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fication to the skilled class. He said he would look the matter up, but could not promise anything since they were cutting the staff. From one girl I learned that there has been a \$5,000 jump in the payroll this month over last month which has gone over the budget limitation necessitating either a decrease in the administration payroll or of the employees here in the center. While Mr. Green was on the phone, Professor Obata brought in a flower arrangement sent by Mrs. Obata, who instructs a class on flower arrangement. Also on the table for Mr. Green were three paintings -- two pencil sketches of the ~~grandstand~~ and the barracks by pupils of the art classes and a brush work by the professor, with details for a frame that might be made to set the painting properly.

In the Chronicle this morning there was a short article to the effect we would have to move to relocation areas by the seventh. It was the cause of much excitement, particularly among the issei element who sought others out and pointing to the article queried, "Do you think this true?" Most people replied, "The Examiner hasn't any such news." Most people were in doubt about the information as the idea of moving so very quickly seemed out of order, and if it were true an official announcement would have surely been promulgated in both papers as well as in the mess halls. At our lunch announcement, matters were cleared when it was announced that no verification had been received from Mr. Davis or any other administrator head regarding the order made in the Chronicle.

Mother went to school today. The other day they held a party for their group. She said it was silly the way people raced with eggs on spoons, but admitted it was a lot of fun. The other day, she asked me if it were correct the way a certain word was spelled -- excit. I told her it was not "excit" but exit. She obstinately insisted that it was spelled excit, that her teacher had written the word in that fashion. Even after I had shown her that the dictionary spelled it exit she insisted that it was excit. I argued no longer and she said she would have it checked at the next lesson.

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Friday, July 31, 1942

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This morning at the eucalyptus grove which lines the northern edge of the track was cluttered with wood cutters on hand with huge buck saws, chisels, hewing the dead trunks and roots in order to obtain select timber chunks, and then to carve and polish them to bring out their fine grain. One man was feverishly digging the edge of a eucalyptus, and pointing out an extended root which circled its base exclaimed, "See here this fine specimen. It will make a very imposing and artistic decoration. In all, there were five men, some cutting away the top limbs while some were huddled around the roots closely examining their find.

Further along at the sand pit where the small youngsters usually gather to have wrestling tournaments, the boys were having horseback fights. One fellow lugs the other on his shoulders and they march forth after a similar party with the aim of toppling their opponents. There must have been a dozen such riders, and instead of having single contests, one man pitted against another, the whole mob was fighting a free for all. A whole group swaying under at a time, joyously pitching headlong into each other, toppling into the sand, rejoining partners, clamoring on again, and striving forth anew. How childish and yet how genuinely enthused with all the energetic vigor of scrapping youngsters they appeared. A few grown ups were watching smiling and nudging each other as they watched the boys frolic in the sand.

A new spirit was injected in the office gang today upon reading the article which appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, relating to the latest disclosure made by Meyer of the WRA that American-Japanese may leave relocation areas providing they have definite openings in jobs. One fellow was typing out a civil service application as a junior engineer, while the editorial staff was prompting the stenographer concerning the possibility of working in the federal civil service as an operator of a comptometer. One fellow who has been back East before

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frequently expresses his high regard for the Eastern people, particularly in certain parts of New York and New England in their tolerance in accepting foreign elements of European extraction among their midst.

Mother and dad went visiting today to a former worker with whom mother used to work in the nurseries. He had sprained his leg and cut a nerve and was limping around with a slipper. Since coming to Tanforan the sport has been his chief diversion. He is also attending the English speaking classes as he is a kibe and is desirous of learning the language. Most kibeis do not seem to take to sports such as baseball and football, and I frequently see them going through different tricks on the horizontal bars. These they have made out of their own initiative, twirling on them in the evenings after dinner. Many can speak English fluently as some nisei and take to a great number of activities including folk dancing, and others which are typically American.

In the evening we had refreshments in the office of the Totalizer with _____ bringing the coffee pot, heater, bread, sugar, cream, cups, and spoons, and cookies which were bought at the canteen in the early part of the afternoon. There were 10 of us including one guest and we poured the coffee around 10 and 11, between rest periods after turning the mimeograph machine. S sat on one of the benches reading a risque detective story by Thorne Smith called "Night Life of the Gods." I spent a couple of minutes typing a letter to my former classmate in the Turlock Assembly Center.

Saturday, August 1, 1942

This morning T. and I took the mimeograph machine down. It was quite heavy and when we finally settled it down in the basement M.N. gave us a dirty look, she hasn't been on speaking terms with the editor since the scrap they had. Returning upstairs, I found Y. already beginning the stapling. B. T. came in later and began to criticize the way I was handling the stapler. He said I wasn't

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supposed to pound it the way I did, but to press it down. I rebelled the idea, because when I pressed it the stapler got stuck as quickly as any other way. Then I delivered the papers to the barracks and left half a batch for Jimmie to deliver, who rarely comes to the office early in the morning. The timekeeper came in to check whether we were all there or not. She was saying that they are watching our timekeeping more carefully since they want to cut the payroll down. The other day she came to the office four times whereas formerly she came around only once a week. Also she says there are people checking on the timekeepers to see they are doing their work.

After delivering the papers, I typed out three letters to my friends. Sam read mine and I read his. He said he was running out of material to write and wanted to borrow some ideas. Every Saturday, since it is our rest day, everyone pounds out a letter or two. J. S. always writes to his father on this day. S. also has a girl type his letters out for him, and lately she serves as a ghost writer for him composing his letters for him.

After lunch we went up to the balcony again where we sang songs, old ballads. N—— was our leader and said, "Let's sing the songs way back from 1870." Then we sang By the Old Mill Stream, Over There, Sweet Adeline, Auld Lang Syne, Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, Home on the Range, Round Up, Bicycle Built for Two, There's A Long Long Trail, Music Goes Around, In The Tavern, Bei Mir Bist du Schön, Star Dust, San Francisco, Jingle Jangle Jingle. It was a lot of fun, and we stopped just as the visitors came for J. had visitors from Berkeley who had gone to school with him since the seventh grade. Back in Santa Ana the junior college they attended, J edited the year book just following the editorship of his friend.

The rest of us went back into the office and S., the stenographer, showed us how to jitterbug. Everyone including the editor tried to follow her steps,

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and before we were through we had also gone through three of the tango steps.

Then I left for home with my quota of Totalizers to be sent out, and dropped them in the mail box. Coming home I began to read my detective story but I found it uninteresting. I went to K. to see if they would lend me the anthology of short stories. But they weren't home, so I went to the library. After browsing through the California Monthly, the Life, and Camera Craft, I finally picked Bronte's Wuthering Heights, although I specially wanted to read Tolstoy's War and Peace but the volume

Sunday, August 2, 1942

This morning right after breakfast, I read a chapter from the book I borrowed from the library, "Wuthering Heights." Then I went to town to buy the Examiner and the Chronicle on the way I met K. who was watching the tennis players on the track and remarked, "I have two brand new tennis rackets kept in a trunk to be shipped when we get to relocation. I'd borrow a racket if it weren't for the fear of breaking the gut. You know when sand gets on the tennis ball fuz as it does here, it doesn't take long for it to cut away the gut."

After reading the papers over cursory, I dressed for church, wearing my new shoes, sweater, and beige slacks. I didn't put on a tie because I felt it would be too formal. When I got there the congregation had already occupied the first wing completely and so I sat in the side where there was only the loud speaker.

The sermon was given by the newly ordained minister whose grammatical inconsistencies were distracting as he spoke. His main thought was that there are many potentialities and hidden gifts held by many people and which religious guidance can bring forth. Father went to the catholic church, mother to the protestant, and sis and myself to the English protestant group.

In the afternoon, there was the lake ceremony which commenced at 1:30. I sat down to read a little but the din of the drum and bugle corps got me started

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and I went out to the park. When I reached there the crowd had completely surrounded the lake three layers. The first speaker the chairman introduced as the representative of the council. He said, "This bridge is not only a mere substance of material effort but an artistic endeavor -- it is creative in the sense the men designed it and built it out of their own ideas and hands, and being creative, it requires freedom. However, only in America could it be forthcoming. Therefore, we must not only jealously cherish them, we must fight all those who would jeopardize them." After him came a song called Trees which was very beautiful. I couldn't help but languidly dwell upon the placid water, the azure skies, and the fogs whisking in from the west, and the people quietly listening to the song. The bridge, the lake, the ceremonious pomp -- all were for ostentatious reasons and built to evoke pleasure to the residents. Then followed a short address by the representative from the administration who I thought gave the most sincere talk I ever heard an administrative head give. He said in part, "I wish we could render homage to these working men who began and finished theirs with literally nothing -- not just today but everyday. Then he went on to give public approval by the administration." Concluding he said significantly "The lake will remain a feature to be seen by future visitors. It is something we have left to you." Then I went to see the hobby show at rec 4. I watched, as I stood in line, the men over 70 cross the bridge first walking unsteadily -- somehow I thought as I saw the younger generation cross, they were in truth a bridge -- bridging two diverse cultures, second, rearing a generation in a new country.

Monday, August 3, 1942

I had a terrible headache today and had difficulty in applying my mind to the exacting task of pounding out the recreation news. When one of the council men came into the room to release a report from the administration that the council and congress had been dissolved and all other self-governing bodies would not be encouraged in the future, the effect was to deflate the esprit.

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de corps of everyone there. After all, that these governing bodies namely, the council and congress were without effectual power, that they were in a sense, farcical, many took for granted, but these factors alone were not the prime concern nor accepted as their intrinsic value. In the process of forming these organs, we exercised a prerogative and demonstrated that despite the limitations of freedom in other spheres of center life, there remained an inherent vestige of democracy manifested in the basic concept of representative government -- voting. The new decree was tantamount to the denial of franchise privileges for how can you cogently argue that the right of vote persists if the institutions for which the ballots are cast are denied? It is one and the same thing to withdraw the right of franchise, no matter how indirect the gesture may be.

Heard two ladies sitting beside the lake discussing the fiscal expenditure involved in the making of the lake. One lady, deeply thinking, remarked, "I imagine the construction must have cost over \$20,000. I couldn't help but smile when I heard the other lady earnestly reply, "Yes, so I heard. Why if they laid out a thick layer of concrete on the bottom the expense must have been tremendous. The water alone must have easily cost \$50." In fact, everything that went into its making was taken from materials found here. No such grossly absurd permanency was carried out as the laying out of cement.

Also a lady was extremely ^{worried} since she had purchased sugar with the remainder of coupons on the ration card. She had heard that the government would confiscate all such supplies. The sugar was used for coffee.

There is an analogy, I feel, between the spirit of rebellion one feels for a cause of independence, and free thought here which is comparable to the spirit that activated the forefathers of this land during the early years of this nation. I think the remarkable fact of that period and of its leaders in particular was their youthfulness in years. Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson, were all young men

but notably distinguished in their mature political philosophy which was the genius of their time. I say their time because the period was exciting; a cause was forthwith; it captured their youthful imagination; they were exposed to the problems, the spirit of freedom when they were still vigorous in action to do the unc calculable that even those wise in years are incapable of doing because they lack just that -- the zest and enthusiasm of the young. Here in the assembly center those who are becoming active leaders are all young. Some feel stricken by what they would term the injustices of the evacuation. The editors of the papers are in the majority not men and women, but boys and girls compared to the pressmen in the orthodox trade. Yet, despite their immaturity the fact that they are being exposed to civic responsibilities will develop in them unthoughtof potentialities among the nisei.

The suprine tendencies found in the normal life do not provoke or stir the imaginations of the young. Their interest, their energies are expended upon the secular pleasures of the world. But here, in common bond -- that of being put in identical centers, does form a singular interest which is similar in spirit to that which stirred men's minds in the Revolutionary days. It is not a rebellious spirit manifested in arms or physical violence, but one that makes one feel that history is in the making. That there is no time to waste, and that one hearken to the call.

The occasion is hardly auspicious to be deemed solely in romantic terms. That is not the point; what is being demonstrated is that the so called complacent attitude of niseis in intellectual channels is being severely challenged and those who slumbered before the evacuation eve, are awakening to the issues and actions of the day.

Tuesday, August 4, 1942

Early at morning 6:45, at a time when worldly pursuits are beyond any contemplation, when only mother is up and about, the familiar knock of the

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check up man is heard. His faint cry I hear. Dad, sis, and myself are always in bed sleeping. Mother who always used to rise at 5 o'clock back home to go to the nurseries to work is the only one up. At evening again, 6:30, the check up man makes his round and the whole process requires every resident to stay within his barrack for ten minutes, the initial alarm at 25 after sends everyone scurrying home, and the all clear sounds at 6:35. I like to stick my head out through the curtains and to watch the two men standing in the middle of the road running perpendicular to our barrack as they watch their clocks closely and see that no one leaves his precinct. Then when the whistle blows, almost simultaneously, all the doors lining the barracks (notably 16 and 20 which are contiguous to ours) fling open, and the masses come out. Old ladies with wash pans filled with the dinner plates rush to washrooms before the others get there; the children run to meet their friends with whom they play "throw the big ball," a rubber one, very much the size of a balloon; old men, and young men, girls and ladies rush to the showers -- some attired in bathrobes, but always with a towel and bar of soap. Others like myself grab the badminton racket or a tennis racket, or a golf club and run to the courts before they are occupied and the waiting time increases.

One of the difficult things one encounters in this counting process is the failure to hear the siren when it goes off. Tonight, for example, a girl who was visiting my sister from 6 o'clock, having finished her meal was interested in obtaining several copies of the Totalizers to send to her former teachers in high school and her friends. I had the radio on which made the siren less audible, and only when her mother in frantic excitement opened the door after 2 minutes beyond the initial alarm did even we sense that counting time had already come.

Most of us stay in the house after six o'clock and so actually the check up keeps us at home a good half hour. In a way it is good since it gives your

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digestive tract an opportunity to work on the food, but it annoys the mind because the thing is so utterly preposterous. Only one-fourth of the total population here at Tanforan consists of nationals, the remaining number being American citizens by every prerogative excluding color. Of the 2,000 isseis, only 1,000 comprising the male population now aged in their late fifties are logically the only ones deserving such observations.

Wednesday, August 5, 1942

The first place I went this morning was to see the Scout Commissioner of Tanforan. He's a brother of one of the ministers in the center and served in the A.E.F. during the World War I. With graying hair, tall, nearly 5'10" or so, he makes an imposing figure when dressed in his uniform, as I saw him for the first time at the Fourth of July ceremonies. He ran for councilman of his district, but was unsuccessful. There are three members in the family, himself, his wife, and his frail son, I suppose about twelve years old or so.

The commissioner speaks English very well, and I understand, he graduated from Lowell in the early twenties.

This morning as I entered the barrack, he invited me to a chair beside the card table and began to tell me the scout news. The other day I saw several boys carrying hoes and shovels in the direction of the sand lot near the northwest corner. They were preparing the pit for the wiener roast which was to be held subsequently that evening. In all 70 scouts appeared and with them were invited the Chief of Police, Mr. White; and one of the members from the fire squad to attend to the campfire. A permit holding only for that one evening was obtained. The pit the scouts made was 15 feet in diameter and in the center a trough was dug. Around this campfire the scouts gathered, and starting from 7:30 in the evening until 9:30 they roasted wieners and sang scout songs. The boys had a fire lighting contest in which each of the four troops constructed small wooden pyramids. The team lighting the wood first was declared winner. Before the wiener roast was concluded, all the boys got together to form a huge

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circle to perform the handclasp of the scout comradeship.

The Commissioner was formerly a scout master at San Francisco, directing Troop 12. In all there are four troops: 12, from San Francisco, 26, from Berkeley, 63, from " and 9, the recently formed Center troop.

This morning I went to the hospital again because "Murphy" my reporter there failed to bring in the news. "Murphy" is the fellow's nickname. He works in the hospital as an all-around boy. Sometimes I see him on the ambulance; other times, he's working in the hospital. Murphy is a very likeable chap. He graduated from high school and likes to speak to the girls with whom he is very popular. I always see him with his light tweed sport coat, jeans, saddle shoes, and a pair of sun glasses. He's meticulous about his wavy hair, which he keeps a sideburn on the side. In the entrance to the Administration Building, he has a sign "Murphy's Mortuary Service" printed in fancy old English letters. You see, he likes to feel important. Last time he was supposed to collect the data on the nurses working at the hospital, the personnel, their duties -- but the information was so sparse I had to go a second time to collect it. I thought the formula department was interesting so I asked Mr. Wile if I could have permission to interview them. I told him, "Whenever I go into any section of the hospital, everyone is so very busy that I hardly feel proper in asking them questions." The administrative manager replied most willingly that I had his approval to visit any department. This obliging attitude of the new manager is not only felt by the press -- the hospital news has increased to two columns -- but there are three doctors, one a woman physician, and they all speak very favorably about his cooperative manner.

Since the nurse in charge of the formula department was not in, I visited her home. Her husband a very big fellow with a bristling beard, and a cowboy hat answered the door. He called for his wife who came out, a chubby, 5'4" of a lady with gold rimmed glasses, and with eyes that fairly bulged. When I first began to speak to her she was hesitant in talking, but before the interview was

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finished, she kept supplementing the earlier data and agreed to furnish a quotation which I could state had been issued directly from her. In the interview, the story is in the Totalizer, she wanted to stress the fact that all the girls had undergone medical examinations, that all the bottles were boiled, the water also, and the towels which were used to strain the "Purees," were sent to San Mateo to be autoclaved by a special steam process since no facilities of that sort were available here at Tanforan.

Often mothers dip their fingers into the milk and taste it before the baby drinks it, which the nurse claimed was one of the easiest way of conveying cold germs. The reason why the parent did this was to test its freshness, all of which was carried out in the baby kitchen.

Most of the ingredients include can milk diluted and sweetened by Karo, and synthetic milk called SMA. Because they will receive a great amount of orange and tomato juice containing ascorbic acid, the nurse felt these youngsters would not have as many cavities and decays so prevalent and atrocious among the present day niseis. The children are given this care until their first birthday and then are transferred to the regular mess food.

At the present, the kitchen accommodates 110 babies -- with the number ever increasing -- 7 helpers beside the registered nurse who directs them, and 2 boys who deliver the formulas to the mess halls where a special counter has been made to distribute the baby food.

On the way to the office at a barrack close to the lake, I met a former student, whom I first met at the University, applying a piece of rubber to his saddle shoes. I had thought rubber had become very scarce but apparently not, for he had bought the rubber soles from Montgomery Ward. When I stepped into the barrack, the first thing that struck me were the paintings on the wall. I asked him if they were his work. "No," he replied, "my dad's." The paintings in water color depicted fish leaping from the water, the lake, and brush work of

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mountains and pine trees. In a very positive tone the fellow said, "I think we're going to pull out of here mighty soon, at least there are many actions indicating our removal." The main mess hall has closed down where previously all the maintenance workers ate. Also many people are being cut off the payroll and the counsel and congress have been suspended.

Whether this opinion is correct, however, is doubtful. Most people believe that both the curtailment of the workers and the discontinuance of the main mess hall for workers were to limit the expenditures which already, I understand, are exceeding the budget for the month.

It may be true that we shall leave before the racing season, though the likelihood of this track being used for the horses this season doesn't tie in with the rumor that the army will use these barracks for receptive purposes in the draft. This morning, however, the head of the works and maintenance accompanied by two outsiders dressed in business suits and carrying leather brief cases entered the Totalizer's office. "The unrestricted press," the gentleman exclaimed, as he swept his arm out motioning to us as we sat kind a nervy like, just after one of us had shouted out, "What a prison." The latest editorial to be censored is the one concerning the nisei, very anti-fascist in content, which the administration felt would be accepted repellent by the nisei. Quite jokingly one suggested we edit an underground press -- the kind that flourished in Paris where the German's suppressed them. And another thing, one of the popular things now seems to be the starting of record taking. X came to the office the other day having received approval from the Welfare Division to begin a chronological chronicle of Tanforan's history. When I told him that such an account soft padded by the Administration would record things only in glowing account, he replied, "Well, we'll have one for the records and the other for ourselves to be considered more authentic and vital."

One girl here is beginning her memoirs of the evacuation and of Tanforan.

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The other day she was asking what some of our reactions were to the immediate order, and that her stay in Berkeley at the home of an exile from Austria, who was literally evacuated for similar reasons, would figure prominently in her account.

Thursday, July 6, 1942

This morning, I climbed up the grandstands from where I could see the whole center as I wrote in my diary. The high school children were all over the grandstands, some sitting on the top row having classes mostly loitering on the row of boxes in front of the grandstand rows. In between classes, they came out from the highschool below and started up to their class at the top row.

One hand who works in the kitchen struck up a conversation regarding the kitchen cooks. He was saying that the day they served us the hamburger stew, the circle of cooks had their own lunch behind the kitchen -- a sukiyaki meal. He could see how mess 2 received such a high rating every week for its sanitary work. Such tests are absurd because certain mess halls accommodate a great number of residents. Mess 10 and 11 take in over 800 and despite their efforts to keep the place clean, naturally the hall becomes sloppier commensurate with the increase of eaters. While mess halls 12 and 15 are on pavement, mess halls 8 and 9 are beside a dusty road. Every time the truck comes along, the place gets a film of dust on everything. Mess 2 seems to be the favorite because it is the experimentation kitchen for all the mess halls, also it is near to the commissary and the administration which think highly of their niggardly/^{manner} of the manner of serving food. The fellow was also saying that the check we have just received will be the last one we will get in the center. This fellow overheard this from one of the girls that types out the payrolls in the office. Another rumor is that when we leave Tanforan, we will only be able to take with us 2 grips. Yet, the fellow who uttered this has been taking home cardboard boxes each day which he plans to

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use to pack for relocation.

Regarding the hospital story I wrote up yesterday, there was a notation on the side by Mr. Davis that the policy was still in its formative stages and that he suggest it be rewritten. When I brought the article to the hospital Mr. Wild typed out a revision with which he persuaded Mr. Green, who came in at the time, that the story be written up. Mr. Green suggested it be ~~stricken~~ out entirely but Mr. Wild explained to him that the policy was not in its formative stages, since donors had been sent out in the past to the San Mateo Community hospital. Whereupon he agreed and the article was O.K.'d.

Mr. Green came in with a lad whose mother apparently had just died. While he was busy attending with the funeral, Mr. Green was interested in having telegrams arrange for him to send to the boy's relatives. That the funeral concerns were being attended to, I thought, was a commendable thing on the part of the administration.

When I returned the editor came in to exclaim that the office wanted to see the women editor immediately and a separate note came from Mr. Davis' office to the effect that all stencils, whether approved or not, be sent up directly to the office. The first thing that struck our minds was this: Well, he must want to embarrass us again by asking for the stencils and then pointing out that we had gone ahead and cut those which had not been approved. So, we sent those that were approved up to the office while the unapproved one, the sport page, we decided to hide. We put it among all the old stencils where it was intermingled with a maze of others.

When Taro returned in ten minutes O. V. was to report to Mr. Green. She came back trembling and very moody. She had just been fired by Green for her jotting down notes of a letter received from Dr. Deutsch or someone who was supposed to come to speak to us. When she went to Mr. Kilpatrick's office, he had replied that Mr. Green had the letter and told her to go there. It was her understanding that Mr. Kilpatrick had authorized her to see the letter, at least is was the implication by his saying to her "go to Green." She went to Green's

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and while the secretary looked took down the notes. When Mr. Green returned he was told by the secretary what had happened. He was furious at her belligerent attitude and declared that all her personal belongings and her personage be removed from the Totalizer. The immediate reaction among us was to quit the damn paper. But the editor, who has continually felt very cold towards her, appeared reluctant. It seems because he thinks she has no talent in writing, she obtained her honors through drudgery, he doesn't think much of her. On the staff, since her discontinuance of her women's page, she doesn't do a thing. The lad who sleeps late until nearly noon, leaves the education page up to her. She claims that she was the object of a scapegoat affair, and that it was something she was not responsible for.

Tonight I went to the sports rally. The announcement was made in the mess halls that everyone gather at rec. hall 6, the point of departure to the grandstands. I brought the short story book, "Reading I've Liked" by Fadiman to Ann and Mich before going, and hoped them a happy journey on their second exodus. Then I walked to the grandstand with one of the rec. hall leaders, who said he would wear one of the rugged "T" shirts that evening. I was looking all over for the section where our rec. hall was to sit but I just couldn't find the spot. It wasn't long before I saw the long procession come winding towards us with a banner in front painted Rec Hall Six, behind them came boys and girls displaying their commandoes "T" shirt. The grandstands were filled with small youngsters screaming their heads off. Each section was spotted with girls wearing special sweaters. When our section reached the grandstands, they couldn't locate their seats because the rows had been occupied by others. There followed utter confusion -- children moving up and down, and the new group fast filling the former's place. I was sitting in one section when a group of children came to tell us that we should leave for Rec. 2. The leader I know, so I got up. The other fellows sitting with me asked me why I was leaving. "Hell, with the rec. hall leaders -- they run everything. That's why I got pushed into the

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maintenance crew." I asked him if it was because he came in late. "No, I came in the first day, but those boys just kissed around and got in." When I left the group, six burly fellows were defiantly sitting on the top row, with the leader pleading for them to make room for the members of their recreation center.

I sat down below next to the microphone as the chairman began the program, welcoming everyone to the sports rally which he hoped would bring out all the spirit and enthusiasm from every rec. center. Concomitantly one of the rec bunch began to yell "Rec Hall 2 -- Rugged Angels! Rah! Rah! Rah!" "Alright that's enough, we'll have every rec center give their cheer after the program is over." Spasmodically, from one group to another yells proceeded as the groups broken up into sections -- Rec 1, 2, 3, etc., led by their cheer leader gave in turn their special yells.

Following the drum and bugle, the orchestra played a number and then we sang community songs. I for one thoroughly enjoyed the singing, the audience's participation in the program zipped the enthusiasm more, and louder cheers and screams came from the top rows. When we come to the Cal songs, we sang one selection, and then a Stanford one, but only once. The Cal alumni was definitely present there, as alwayd "When we just sang the tune once I saw _____ jaw sag" exclaimed the chairman on the way home. The songs were led by song leaders gaily attired in a white T shirt, blazing with the caption Recreation across the front. They sprang on the thin concrete wall and brought out such card antics as: O Hell, the man with the O running back to place the O after the L = Hello. They concluded the songs by filing out with placards. "This is the end," "There is no more singing," "Try Burma Shave." In all we sang Anchors Aweigh, Cal Song, Stanford for You, Row, Row, Row Your Boat.

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This morning when I went to the office, the stencils which had been cut last night were up at Mr. Davis' office. Part of the take story and the hospital story had been deleted. While we were waiting, one delegate in charge of movies here

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at Tanforan came to the office of the Totalizer to see about one of the articles pertaining to the show which will start this Monday night. He was worried about the point which had been taken out, that \$95 was needed for its showing -- he said in order to obtain the film some price had to be paid and Mr. Green had suggested the most feasible method, that of leaving a bowl beside the ticket seller which could be used to finance the films. If each person left 5 cents and 5000 attended, there would be \$250. Then one chap, a rather prominent figure in camp, came and in the discussion which followed, he began to speak of delinquency problems, that recreation was being over-emphasized, that the kids would tell their parents that they were going to the rec halls to play every night. Then he began to say that another problem was prostitution. Several bachelors went to the administration and asked them to set up a red light district because they were going nuts. The speaker felt a nisei in his thirties, not married said, "For the protection of young girls, I think such establishments ought to be made and that they be given P. & T. ratings, and receive a regular salary." He felt that marriage was not the solution. There have been a very small number of marriages here at Tanforan. Then another fellow piped up, "They say that there are 300 illegitimate babies in Santa Anita. Down there fellows are really wild; why, when I went dancing down at L. A. once, and I cut in on a girl, two fellows with hands in their coats and with one of those long hair cuts approached me and said I had better watch it! Down there the fellows form gangs and walk around with guns, knives, and everything."

Later, a gentleman who was introduced by one of the councilmen as Mr. Biddle, directly from Washington, came into the office and the editor spoke to him. He asked him if the ten million dollars would be appropriated. After all, it would be terrible to move to relocation areas and learn the money had fizzled out." "Oh, yes, we'll get the money to the last nickel, but we'll have difficulty in obtaining supplies. Down in the middle west some factories are idle because they

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can't obtain the supplies. We have a lot of nails though, 350,000 lbs." Then the engineer who works in the office stepped forward and said, "There are a number of engineers in this camp who can't seem to find anything to do." To this, Biddle replied, "No, we'll need landscapers to beautify the place and also contractors to erect homes." "In fact, I'm here to find out the industrial potentialities of the assembly center at Tanforan." Before he left, he shook hands with the editor and told him he would like to meet them at 1:30 in the council room after lunch.

When I went to the visitors hall this morning to play badminton, some of the workers brought in tables and placed them in the room. They also took down the nets, and so I thought for certain, as the work was passed around, the folk dancing was to begin in preparation for the folk festival to take place next week. But instead after the tables had been arranged to break the room in half, visitors filed in and sitting on the benches, waited for their friends.

Indeed, the feeling struck the pride of many as they blurted forth on what seemed the singular and universal reaction, "Why, it's like a prison." Many were indignant, and I dare say it offended the dignity of those who were coming here to see us. One fellow said, "I'm not going to ask them to come anymore, if they are going to be impositioned this way." And that seemed to be the consensus of this latest obstacle, plus the lengthening examination of visitors. One had to wait $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and sign papers, etc. This tended to discourage the visitors. On Sunday when the crowd overflows the balcony, these tables with a limited seating space could accommodate but a fraction of the visitors. All they need now -- which the house managers should requisition -- is a roll of wire to separate the parties. On second thought, it should be double screened so the guards sitting on one end will be able to observe what is being passed across the table.

Why was this new impediment expedited in the first place. While eating and

listening to the buzzing that went on, I gathered they were:

1. To prevent the visitors from entering the center grounds.
2. To prevent the transaction of business in money
3. To prevent the entrance of liquor and contraceptives
4. To discourage visitors
5. To prevent the outlet of information and news concerning actures
6. The move was indicative of an imminent departure

While standing on the balcony, several young men apparently just married were speaking about their desires to be single again. "What a life I would have then," one of them piped up. You see that gal over there? She and other ladies of the evening have just been transferred to another barrack, where the people resent their arrival because they are respectable and family people." There seems to be disapproval among the three themselves because they wanted to be billeted separately. One girl in the office was asking who? She wanted to see what a lady like that looked like. The girl, for she was that in years, held a hard face, ravenous hair, a makeup of flour, and thick lipstick, listless eyes shaded by sunglasses. That many are for the first time seeing people such as these, who will talk of illicit relationships in the most casual of manner, is, I feel, one of the most serious challenges to those who wane between that which they held as a rigid code of living in their former communities, and the laxity of camp morals. Evacuation is not merely the withdrawing of people from varied communities, it is as well the assemblage of a motley crowd as diverse in their concepts of community ethics as the communities from which they spring. The aberrance that may flow from this unnatural condition may, I fear, become more cancerous as the exodus continues. For in a place where men and women are idle and particularly with the war psychology omnipresent, the inhibitions and restraints of self-respect not only tend to debilitate but the vulgar, coarse, and lewd aspects of human beings are abetted, become pronounced, run rampant and wild.

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Unchecked and uncontrolled the degradation will not only make shambles of decent living in relocation areas, but eclipse the aspirations to re-enter former communities with respect and welcome.

Many in the Totalizer's office were inclined to believe that the censorship of the articles in the paper were an inroad into the right of free press, and that the deleting of items was initiated to protect the administration alone. A person I met on the grandstands, an elderly nisei, thought differently and his consideration has its value. In striking out the factual portions of the Lake story, such as the references to the quantity of water, 300,000 gallons, the working hours put into its construction, the gesture was protecting the residents. After all the pressure groups, who would frown upon anything that might comfort us, would pounce upon it. That the lake exists, that it is beautiful, that there is water in it, that many hours have been put into it are self-evident to everyone here. The information in the hands of some perverted party on the outside might mean not only the finale of this lake, but all such creations of diversion in the future.

^{and?}
The frequency with which this may recrudescence cannot be foretold.

The courtship of the editor and the stenographer is progressing. Neither knew each other before coming here. She, a former worker in a charity organization for six years, is well versed in music, having attended most of the..... *over*

Tuesday, August 11, 1942

This morning I went into see Mr. Green about the change from the recreation payroll of \$8 to the skilled rate of \$12 on the Totalizer's staff. He said he brought the matter to Mr. Thompson, the director of recreation, but he (Thompson) would not recommend the raise. As for my transfer to the Totalizer, he felt that was out of the question, no more are to be added to the staff. When I inquired if I could replace the position vacated by the dismissal of the women's editor, he replied, "No, we're going to appoint another one; we need a women's editor on the

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staff." "Besides, he said, "others have more experience than you. They have worked on newspapers for a long time." I told him that there were several on our paper who have not had previous experiences. As though reflecting upon second thought, he admitted there were a few quite without experience. Then, he added, "by getting your experience here you'll go to relocation areas and get a good job." I retorted, "It wouldn't be a very good one, if the only reference I can get is to submit an unskilled record. If I'm going to make myself useful there, my doings here will have a lot to do with it." Quickly assuming his official countenance, after having slackened a bit, Mr. Green said, "Oh no, I was just kidding about relocation."

I hung around as long as I could, until Green began walking towards the door. He opened it and stepped out. I followed him quickly. Once out in the social hall he began to speak more in an informal basis than before. "You young punks just out of college are just full of theories. You haven't any experience. I'm not worried about the older niseis, but you young fellows should be mighty careful. Everything you do, everything you say you must weigh carefully, to see that it doesn't hurt you in the post war era. Now when you move out of here, I won't have a thing to do with you. You know as well as I do that there are some groups just laying for a false move on your part, and any material in their hands can be manipulated to your detriment. Weigh everything you hear, even what I say. Don't let yourself be made a guinea pig. These college profs and workers are in to cook their own goose. They want their honors, too. Just be careful of what you say. Thrash everything through thoroughly."

The implications were self-evident coming from Mr. Green, who spoke to Grodzins the other day. I had heard of his "fatherly" advices given to different center "big wigs." That was the first taste.

This evening for the first time since my arrival here at Tanforan, I went

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to see the first regular movie -- and by regular I'm referring to a cinema that one normally sees on the outside. The announcement that the movie would be shown was made in the mess hall during lunch and again at dinner. I could sense the excitement as we ate. People were actuated by the good news. Right after roll call all the barrack doors seemed to open simultaneously. People carrying cushions, folding canvas chairs, and blankets hurried along the track. Just as in all first night events, the track was chock-full of people all converging towards the high school located in the grandstands. As we walked along people began to walk faster and faster, and before long the adults were trying to run in their awkward fashion to keep up with the crowd. Then when I made the final turn close to the grandstands, I noticed a long line had formed at the entrance to the hall and extended all the way up the stairs to the very doors of the high school. The rush had noticeably declined as we approached the line, and then it dawned upon me that the doors would open at 7:30 and here it was not even seven. The idea of waiting in line was detestable, so I walked to another entrance and from there gained access to the building by telling the lad at the gate I had to go to the Totalizer's office to work. On this pretext I went to the office door, and finding it locked proceeded down the hall, which is the length of the grandstands, to the very end where the screen and the projector had been set up. Milling around the machine were a few recreation leaders with their green hats. The boys wear a green jockey cap which designates all the recreation leaders.

While waiting for the doors to open, the operator fiddled around with the projector and the assistants went back and forth gauging the sound to see if it could be heard from every point in the room. I walked over to a man standing beside the panel of glass as he leaned against the wall watching the sunset in the west. He asked me what the scene reminded me of. I told him of the glen back home where I used to go sauntering. "As for me," he said, "I remember all

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the Sundays I used to go fishing and how I used to always take the Skyline to Half Moon Bay." "I'll be damned if I didn't take my ford, just like the one that just went by, and go with my wife with lunch and all to the ocean."

It was nearly 7:30 by then and when the doors were opened the kids came running down the hall to get as close to the screen as they possibly could. Some brushed and dragged the electric chord which had been laid on the floor running from the projector to the sound box. So a few, besides myself, volunteered to tell the people as they came in that a wire was on the floor. All the children who took their places on the floor about 25 yards from the screen, sat on the floor. The boys sat without cushions or chairs, while most of the girls and elderly women brought either a small cushion or blanket (squared to form a seat) along with them.

Behind this section occupied by the sedentary group all kneeling or squatting on the floor came rows of people sitting on folded chairs and benches. The movie started around eight while it was still light outside, but this didn't hamper the visibility on the screen. When the glittering globe turning around with stars and the caption "Universal Pictures" came on, everyone began to say "Ohs" and "Ahs." I guess the people are getting tired of the Tuberculosis Association films that were being shown around the rec halls. The first cartoons were sent by the University Extension, which were not very funny, but the kids seemed to enjoy them a lot. The Deanna Durbin film was broken into three sections as the row of film was run off. It was a good thing there was one minute of stretch while the change was being made, because my legs got very stiff in squatting position. First I tried to keep my legs stretched out, but two elderly ladies in front of me were obstacles to any such intentions.

Wednesday, August 12, 1942

As soon as I got up this morning, I tried to make a format of my article on the boat story. I didn't get very far along with it so I went to the office

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to pound it out on the typewriter. The editor was calculating the division of our payroll on a socialistic basis. I didn't put my share in because I hadn't received my check yet. When the funds were divided each person received \$10.25 which was 50 cents more than what we received on the last payroll. The reason for this was simple: The typewriter man, who has been fired from his job, added his share to the jack pot, since he has been added as a voluntary helper to our payroll. We gave the copy boy \$3.70 for his efforts, while the girl who was working with the women's page did not receive her amount, not having contributed anything this month.

After a while, some people came in and the fellows, three of them and one of the girls, began to talk about the single or the double standards. They were saying that among the nisei, there have been very few cases where the boy has left the girl after the girl became pregnant. One fellow cited a case where a child was born one month after the marriage. The boy from Utah stated a case where the birth occurred prior to marriage. Concerning a single or double standard, one stated that it was a matter to be decided upon an individual basis, and furthermore, since it is the girl who has the baby, it should be decided by the feminine sex. "The trouble with you sociologists," piped up one, "is that you sling epithet in a very categorical manner while actually a delicate topic as this demands consideration upon the background and views held by individuals. No sweeping general formula is applicable to all of society."

B.K. came in to ask for ^{some} Totalizers which he wanted to mail to his friend. I gave him three copies. He was glad to receive them. I went to the hospital to see Murphy about the reports. He is in charge of the mortuary service there. Before coming here he graduated from an embalment college, so he says he knows a lot about it. He was saying, and please don't quote me, he said, "The residents get an \$85 funeral which is worth \$200." On the outside, under

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regular circumstances, the obsequy would require an extra \$100. But since the parlors deal with the government purely for publicity purposes, the amount normally constituting the profit is ignored. The discussion arose in light of the recent death of one who was frequently afflicted with nervous hand and bodily movements. The lad, about 17 years old, is said to have fallen off one of the steeples about seven feet high that lines the track. He, the coroner was saying he heard that the father said, fell off a chair and a pool of blood was on the floor where he hit the floor. Before I left the hospital, Murphy pointed to hole which had been whittled through a 2 x 4 which required one week to carve. Murphy was wearing a pair of jeans that he purchases from Montgomery Wards. "I tore off the stars on the back pockets, a dead give away of the Montgomery lable, and in its stead I hope to put on a Levi trade mark."

The mess manager, where seven of us from the paper go to eat in the afternoon, has refused to accept us unless we bring our own dishes and utensils.
Friday, August 14, 1942

This morning while sitting on the front porch several fellows gathered and we began to talk of evacuation. It seems we shall be relocated to Utah by September 15. The rush for boxes is on and Captain Spears is said to have declared, "No boxes made out of plywood will be taken out." The reason for that measure is that all the people in the infield may tear down the partitions to make boxes for baggages. The fellow next door was saying that he's going to round up a couple of boxes, cardboard ones. One member of the party added, "In the other assembly center I hear they are selling boxes."

I received two books, Corporation Finance, by Hoagland, and The Financial Handbook, from my former roommate today, who sent them to me after I had mentioned them in my first letter to him. I was very glad to receive them, and I'm going to write a letter to him immediately, tonight.

I went to the library this morning and took out one book called, The

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Revised College Omnibus, by McCollins. I saw Fadiman's "Readings I've Liked" but I didn't like it because it seemed too hefty. No one was in the library except one lone girl sitting at the very far desk studying. The books are usually let but for a week period, but in the case of this book which apparently is a popular one, it was only allowed for a period of three days.

Mother brought home a text book this evening from the Tanforan Adult School for Americanization. It's a number of mimeograph sheets, 63 pages in all, which contain exercises in simple sentences. Typical examples are as follows:

"I want bread."

"We pay vegetables and fruits today."

Clerk: "Do you want some meat today?"

I: "Yes, I want some meat for Mrs. White."

"They do not need any canned milk today."

Mother said these were too simple, and referring to the table of additions and subtractions, she said, "They think we are kids." She said they were very simple to do because she used to order groceries over the telephone.

Father made a binder for mother with cardboard and bound it carefully with a strong cord. She was saying they are now singing "Long, Long, Ago," and also the "Star Spangled Banner." She recited the anthem to sis and I and the accent was wonderful. Sis said, "If they had a chance to go to school, they would have gone long ago." She said she would also go to the flower arrangement class, but that if she did, she wouldn't have time to do the washing and other things.

Saturday, August 15, 1942

Tonight I went to see the baseball game between the commissary boys and the team from Mess 11 play for the championship of the Center's industrial league. I was quite surprised to see the number of spectators, particularly when they had to stand in the cold wind. Yet, there must have been somewhere from 200-300 spec-

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tators lined along the first and third base lines, besides those behind the back-stop and the people sitting on the outer edges of the outfield.

The game was won by the mess hall group when the man from first stole to second. A play was made to tag him out but the umpire called it safe. There ensued a long beef between both teams and the umpire was taking the brunt of both their attacks. What struck me was how similar this game was to the ones I used to see back home at the Howes softball park. One group of fellows were shouting their heads off for more excitement. Everytime a decision was made they would shout out cat-calls and often vituperate. Baseball, it seems, is the most popular sport among the young fellows here. Very few of them, however, have played soft-

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ball on the outside. The ballgame they used to play was with hard balls, but the players have become very proficient at it since their arrival. They scooped out grounded balls with flawless rapidity, and shot the ball to the bases with deadly accuracy. Many issei were watching the game, mostly old men who thoroughly enjoyed this type of game. Just as in all baseball games, there have been brawls and even fights between opposing teams over a decision. The only verified one I heard of occurred nearly a month ago. Tonight's game had its gustos of shouting and hard playing, but there were no serious breaches.

After the ball game the whole crowd seemed to walk towards the southern end. I asked what was up, and the fellow replied, "There's an outdoor carnival at Recreation Hall 9." When I got there, the eucalyptus grove which had been chosen for the site, was lighted up with globes and the booths were operated by youngsters as club projects. Many boys from 17-25 came in couples. The girls came in groups of 4 or 5. While there were not as many isseis here as in previous carnivals, there were some ladies throwing bean bags at a target and enjoying the sport, too. I got in a long line and waited. One boy marked my hand with a red fudge to designate my entrance, and a girl gave me a card to be filled out as I went around to each booth. At one booth, the girls served hot coffee and crackers. Most of the girls were in high school, and some were very young, around ten. The leader in charge told me he had to send them home before it got too late. He seemed very exuberant and spirited for the carnival was a success people were thronging the booths and the place had been completed in time. The other day, several rec leaders from the headquarters were saying the undertaking was too big for him to undertake alone. That he had proven them to be wrong in their hasty judgement brought him a great deal of satisfaction. One fellow, a college student was saying, "I don't see how these people can get all worked up over a thing like this. Why don't they spend their time in more constructive and useful pursuits?"

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I agree with him that an excessive indulgence in recreational activities will dull the mind to the issues of perhaps greater importance in making our lives more rich and meaningful. But to generalize and make categorical the life of the pedant is not a feasible proposal. Everyone is not an intellectual, everyone hasn't a college education. The facts are, the majority are concerned and pre-occupied with the physical and secular joys of life. If the youngsters and the fellows go in for carnivals and mardi gras, I think it is fine. For here the recreation is under supervision. It is conducted on an orderly and wholesome plane. Energetic youth needs action. They cannot passively accept life with the tiresome attitude which not only becomes bad, but takes over the aged. You may see the old men sitting on benches and chairs and the old ladies knitting and basking in the sun, but not the younger fellows. They are energetic to the core.

Tonight I went to the office immediately after dinner to turn the mimeograph machine. There were four fellows and two girls. One of the girls, the stenographer, went home early with the editor and rewrite man on account of her father's curfew by which time she has to be in by ten o'clock. While turning the machines, the firemen outside invited us to have sandwiches and an orange with them. They had a box filled with ham, tomato, and roast sandwiches. The firemen always get a treat, the chief said, when they had a smoker. The Caucasian chief brought in "China meshi" from the outside. Every night we have the movie we'll have sandwiches, so don't forget to come in the fellow who offered the bread told us. When we got back, one of the fellows began to read the New Yorker while the girl began typing out her memoirs since coming to Tanforan. The writing covers some 70 pages and now she is going to try to write down her experience just before the evacuation, her final semester at California. On the way home the other reporter asked her if she was pulling any punches, to which she replied, "Well, no. It's scientific."

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Sunday, August 16, 1942

This morning at breakfast we had a meal of grapefruit, coffee, and cereal. I thought, in reflecting, how the food has improved. We are getting a diet that isn't the tops with all the things we ate on the outside, but it is substantial and tasty. If there is sloppy service and if the food is insipid sometimes complaints ought to be kept at a minimum, for it is really hard work getting up at 4:30 in the morning, lugging big sacks of vegetables from sink to sink and then carrying the cooked pots of vegetables back to the counters again. If people are going to squawk they ought to be reminded that the fellows are working hard in the kitchen and that they ought to try working in the kitchen in their stead. After breakfast I went to the Sunday morning service. I got my slacks and sport coat, sent to the cleaners a week ago and started out alone since the fellow next door wanted to see the comics instead. The speaker was Reverend Gill, chairman of the Northern Congregation, who also attended the conference in New Hampshire. He was a man six feet in height, heavy set, wore glasses, and had a very pallid, serene countenance. Everyone was interested in what he had to say even before he began, principally because he was an outside speaker. I'm getting tired of these ministers in the center. I'm inclined to agree on the point that their sermons lean too much on the sentimental side. These reverends indulge particularly in adjectives that are too idyllic. What their sermons need are vigorous, dynamic, injections. The speaker this morning took as his topic, "Prayer." His introduction was a very skillful transition.

In short this is the context of his sermon:

"Since I'm a person from the outside, I don't know exactly what your problems are. I don't know what would be apodictic, but if there is one phase of Christian life, universal to any circumstance, it is "Prayer." Then he went into a discussion of why we should pray. It brings forth capacities and potentialities not realized before the person does meditate in prayer. It brings the individual's will in line with that of Gods so that his communion may be received.

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One girl who heard his sermon was saying, "I liked his talk this morning because he stated the reasons why we should pray and not just because we should just pray." Another comment I heard was this, "The outside speakers are really what we need. Their English is much better than what we would hear otherwise. Unless you see a Caucasian face once in a while, you're bound to feel like a foreigner."

What particularly impressed me was the speaker's ability to clinch his reasons with concrete, vivid examples. He was more melodramatic than speakers who customarily come here to speak.

In the afternoon I went to see the "Folk Festival" after returning one of the books I borrowed from the Library, "The College Omnibus." When I approached the grandstands, the girls in white blouses and multicolored skirts were forming lines. I walked up the stairs and at the doorway there was a table with newspapers. The grandstands get very dusty when the wind whips down the track, so the people bring papers up there to spread on the seats. The maintenance crew was very much peeved over this, at least it was so several weeks ago, when they complained of having had to clean the stands after the variety shows.

The track was lined with benches forming an open stage. In the center was set up a platform set aside for the queens. Three poles with stripes of varied colored paper were flowing in the wind. The public address system was on with folk music and ballads filling the air. Tad Hirota, the chairman for the occasion, thanked the persons who had contributed their time in making the show possible. The crowd, a concourse of about 2,000 persons, were on the stands. Most of them were niseis, of course, but notably present in the group were family units, mothers and fathers. Unlike entertainments at the hobby show, they came in groups of the family.

The girls, starting from seven years, pre-teen age group, came walking onto the track two at a time in an unbroken line. They were followed by the junior

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high, 12 to 14, senior high, 14 to 18, and the directors and leaders from the various rec centers. The girls wore crepe belts, otherwise their costumes were their usual attire, white blouse and plaid skirt. The queens, princesses and court of pages filed in from behind the platform in costumes designed by one of the girls working in the rec halls. They were dressed in colors ranging from green, orange, to yellow, blue, etc. The material was crepe and extended to the very bottom of the skirt. To the music of the phonograph they came decorously walking in to the pompous air of some entering tune. When the queens were all seated the recreational director crowned all the queens with a crown.

Then the festival began. One of the small girls ran after her cardboard hat which had been blown off her head by a gust of wind and tripped over a rope which had been stretched across the track to form the boundary line.

During one of the dances an army car, a Plymouth painted dull green, passed by with horns shrieking and two tin cans trailing behind the car. The car carried the sign "Just Married" on the back window and when it jangled passed the stands the crowd gave them a hand, and several boys tooted a whistle.

The folk festival was very funny from the point of view of the little youngsters who ran back and forth trying to pick their right partners. Invariably they got mixed up and then a quick chuckle would run through the audience. As the program lasted more than an hour and a half, the group began to leave before the last number. I don't know why but the people will leave a program as soon as it becomes drawn out or uninteresting. Somebody gets up and before you know it a third of the audience is deleted. There weren't the catcalls that mark other gatherings today, but I thought it was very discourteous to leave before the program was completed.

That a little pull will have a great deal of effect was proven to me this afternoon as I saw one of the officials get a cake for a friend of his

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here in the center. It was this way. One fellow, a stocky fellow, approached one of the officials and said his friends had brought a cake and couldn't bring it in because of the recent regulation that no pastries may be brought in. On the way the visitors forgot to pick the cake up. Unless something was done the thing would rot. "I'll do my best," the man said, went to the small shed where all the packages are brought, spoke to the man there, and returned ten minutes or so later bearing with him three boxes filled with cake. Now, isn't that wonderful. An army regulation states that no pastries can be brought in and here with just a little string pulling the cake comes in. You can't tell me there isn't any graft going on in here.

In the evening I went to the services where the attending persons numbered about 25 or so. The sermon was dull and full of platitudes. I enjoyed the singing though. Here more than any other place I discovered that singing lustily and with vigor can do more to pep one up than any other sport. Three fellows and I went to see the badminton tournament that is going on. Just before leaving for church a former friend of mine came over to borrow the racket for the match tonight.

There was an article in the "Chronicle" this morning which burnt me. Not only the frivolous approach to the evacuation, but the manner in which the writer felt, "He was darn proud of a country that could treat us so well." If the 63% Americans were as loyal as any of us, it seems quite contradictory that he be the one to so blandly write. Everything was in such glowing terms; everything was so naively and cursorily treated, it was disgusting. The caption was "Aliens," and here only one-fourth of the population of Tanforan consists of enemy nationals.

Monday, August 17, 1942

This morning I stayed in the house trying to get my desk in order, everything is all spread out. A lady came bursting into the room and began asking mother about music lessons. She missed the class/^{mother} attends and then they began reviewing her lesson. She insisted that the teacher is very confusing and

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doesn't teach a thing. It seems that since there is only one piano the pupil doesn't get to use it very often. The stress is upon learning to read the music and to master cadence. I left and went to the library again to renew the "College Omnibus" for another week. Right now I'm reading Victoria Regina by Lynton Stratchey, and his prose make historical events and personages fascinating.

At the recreational directors meeting a very significant thing occurred. Before the meeting was adjourned one of the directors declared, with the request that what he had to say not be included in the minutes. The recreational director is interested in getting into a relocation job, and so those persons having any influence ought to write letters to those who have many contacts. The men in the WRA and WCC hate the guts of each other, so he can't very well apply by himself. He either goes to the WRA or to the army.

It seems that those of the administration are not the only ones concerned with jobs in relocation centers. The nisei group here such as the engineers have their "Engineering Counsel" and have made efforts to go to WRA centers early in order to secure good jobs. The story circulated the other day that the house managers are interested in getting Captain Spears to go to relocation. I don't doubt but the house managers have their own designs as well.

Today at 5 o'clock one of the center directors in charge of the rec hall left for a relocation center project in Idaho. There must have been nearly 200 people on hand, a mixed group of curious spectators, friends, and fellow workers. The bugler was on hand to give the taps. A group sang the Long, Long, Trail, and Auld Lang Syne. When the lad, an optometrist, got off the car, they put one of those Hawaiian wreaths around his neck and the recreation director presented to him a plaque from a fellow standing beside me. It seems that three optometrists had to draw straws and he was picked to go. When everyone began to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and concocted a new song especially for

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him, he broke down and tears rolled down his cheeks. It was so touching with everyone worked up like that, the poor kid couldn't help it. I think they over did it when they had him stand with his head bowed before everyone as the bugle was being played. When he got into the car and closed the door, everyone strained their necks to say a final goodbye. Then the car passed through the gates, and when the guard opened the car to examine the inside, the fellows here said, "Come now," and the soldier smiled.

I'll bet he's glad to get out of this camp, but sad to leave the people.

Wednesday, August 19, 1942

This morning I went to the hospital where I saw Dr. K. in charge of the hospital (doctor's staff). I met him in front of the information bureau. The doctor is an elderly issei who speaks English very well, both his sons are in Nevada attending the University there. He told me he wanted an article run in the paper concerning the call by residents for doctors. "They call us for very trivial reasons. After all we are human too, and we want to rest. The better we rest at night, the better our work will be the next day. I would like the public to cooperate with us in this regard." The girl at the information bureau added, "Sometimes, they ask to come to their barracks so they won't have to wait in line at the general clinic." The doctor also declared, "While we have a shift every day of the week, there are three doctors available in the hospital every day from 8:30 to 12 and from 1 to 3 p.m." The isseis have a tendency of repeating things twice as a mother and dad frequently do, and the doctor went through the same explanation again, repeating what he said almost verbatim.

While I was speaking an ambulance drew up and two boys were inside. One was sitting on the sitting rail within the truck and when I asked what was the matter with his arm bound in the cast, he replied, "Oh, that, I broke it when I fell." He was a boy about ten years old. The Caucasian driver, wearing a bright lumber jacket, turned to one fellow and asked him how he was. Then the young niseis

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asked the fellow where he had been, they hadn't seen him for such a long time.

Then I went to the hospital laboratory located in the general clinic building. The laboratory is the first of a group of five buildings located near the northern end of the tracks. The notable difference in these buildings from others is their compartmentalization. The lab was a very small place, occupying an area of about 6 feet by 10 or 12 feet. Three girls, 2 graduates of the University of California, who majored in bacteriology, work there. Also an assistant who is receiving training from the other two. An electric stove with two covers, a centrifuge, a microscope (with a magnifying power of 970 times), test tubes, and slides make up their more important equipment. Upward from 200 tests are made each day, sometimes as many as 300 and 350. These tests include blood counts, made for each patient who enters the hospital; urine and feces tests, appendicitis tests, blood typing of the donors, sedimentary tests, smears (throat tests for colds, etc.)/and hemoglobin tests. The laboratory receives them from the hospital and the general clinic as well/as the doctors. The doctor makes his diagnosis from the findings of the lab. Other work includes eaters, since at the present, there are too many people analyzing diet kitchen/eating there. By taking specimen examples the lab is able to determine whether the person really needs to eat there. Wassermann tests are also made.

The only disinfectant the attendants have is "Creosol" which apparently is not the ideal solution to use.

The personnel consists of three girls who told me all along they despised publicity and wanted to work alone. But actually they seemed very glad to get a chance for a write up. One of the girls they wanted me to mention is a girl who last Monday left for Minidoka, Idaho where she is going to set up a similar lab. She had been working with the three girls prior to her departure.

The girl who did the most talking said, "When we first started out we had a cubby hole about 2 feet by 6 feet. It was so small we had to stand all day. About a week ago the carpenters came and knocked out the partition and incorporated

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a bathroom adjacent to our former lab room, into one large room which we have now.

The amount of work varies from day to day. On the busier days of the clinic, they often remain after roll call. They are liable to be called at any time at night, but in such emergencies the doctors usually oblige and perform their own tests.

Regarding their work all the girls thought it very fascinating. Not only did it provide them with experience, but it gave them a very perspicacious view of the public health situation in the center. While they could not disclose any specific cases, several unique cases have been uncovered. Recently the girls were able to detect an intestine worm in one of the patients which turned out to be a very long one, and with that the girl extended her hands trying to picture its size to me.

The big story today concerns the heated dispute over the coming camp-wide carnival to be sponsored during the Labor Day holidays. Every department in the Center, the hospital, the maintenance crew, the education and recreation department, the drafting boys, the Totalizer, the house managers, the master files girls, and even the janitors, every conceivable group was taken in. The recreation department will only arrange the general aspects of the show, namely, the contacting of different administration and residents here to obtain certain sanctions, the selection of the site, and arrangements for publicity and decorations. Detailed work in the way of operating booths, working out plans for the booths will be placed in the hands of those sponsoring the show. It seems that in the squabble that ensued the working bodies such as the kitchen, the drafting, maintenance groups were heartily in favor of such a carnival for in the words of one of the landscape architects, "We had always wanted to put on a show like that but it always came under the recreation department and without their approval which we could not obtain, invariably the opportunity was lost." However, things did not work out so smoothly between the recreation and the education department. It accentuated and brought to a showdown the differences concerning the emphasis

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of recreation or education in the children's lives here at the center. The educator's stand was as follows: (This view I got from Ernie Takahashi after a great deal of prompting.) "This is how I look at it. The carnival will call for the close down of school for three days, and I don't think the recreation department or any other department has the right to close down the other groups." (While that is the ulterior reason, what bothers Ernie, I think, is that by this concession the implication is brought forth that the recreation department foreshadows all others.) Continuing, he remarked, "The recreation group fails to discern the long range philosophy. By these indulgences and orgies, the habitual discipline required in school is dulled. Small children are easily impressed; they like bright colors and noises -- all these the carnival can give, but in turn, it retards by a commensurate amount the child's zeal for the more practic and valuable training of the mind, which only the schools can furnish."

Insight into human nature, the peculiarities and idiosyncracies have been brought to light within the last few months of stay here/^{more} than anything else. On the outside, I think I was more conscious of material structures -- buildings, automobiles, trees, the campus. Whenever I got tired of people the escape was ever present. Here at Tanforan there is no escape and furthermore those material things that brightened the eye are no more. If there is a beauty to be found in the prosaic adobes of the block of tar papered barracks, the weather beaten stables, it is hardly w th reference to their immediate view. My appreciation comes only when I can view them from the grandstands and see the symmetry of their numbers arranged in continual rows on rows. The only interesting thing here is people. Their bright clothes are the only colored things. It is very interesting to note how everyone loves to use colors and hang bright pictures on the wall. I think it is a natural tendency for us who see but the dull colors of the barracks, dust and tracks to find delight in the simple bright things. That is why I find the children's drawings in our mess hall so inviting to the eye. The perspective is

lopsided, the design is poor, but the colors! How bright with red, yellow, and green splotches, spontaneous -- undiluted -- make the food tastier. But I was speaking of people, the office of the Totalizer is the test tube I'm thinking of. The editor is cautious; he is hardly the one to provoke the administration and rarely forwards articles to the official censor if a single word is "touchy." Despite his modesty, his cautious manner and neutrality of views, he is the undisputed central figure. I don't know if it is "K.A." kissing around that explains the admiration. Possibly it is his title, the editor; perhaps his intellectual qualities. From the copy boy, to the jovial Jimmy, Tsuda the ever quiet lad, the stenographer, and even Charlie all kid around with him. He has a way with people because he has an even disposition. He is civil, and he is not the jealous type. He is not the persistent drip in the office, plays badminton and went to a dance, though he speaks of having been very timid of girls. His writing is smooth, there is no abruptness, a coherent lineage of words. But to an extent he is poetical, he dislikes the political and economic thoughts of editorial writing. His views are to always transcend the secular. His immediate objective is to project his writing to be abstract and significant. He doesn't write, you notice, on camp life, the food situation, the morale. He writes on the second front, the ballot for absentee voting etc. He is non-committal in many things. Again I repeat, he is cautious and weighs his words.

This evening I went to the recreation hall where they held a joint social between the residents of rec hall 6, occupying the infield, and those residing in our section. The age group, 17 to 20; the number, some fifty boys and girls. The hall was decorated in the afternoon with crepe paper --not very much, but enough to form a spiral from the rafters all converging to the central light globe which had a lamp shade in the form of a flag. The refreshments made by the kitchen hands were lemonade,^{and}/cookies. The program started at 7:30 with a bingo game, with everyone filling out cards and having them signed by a member from the

the other recreation hall. When all the names had been filled, the names were read off and when a diagonal, horizontal, or perpendicular list of four names had been called off, the person shouted, "Bingo." There were several prizes; two paper pennants for the bingo contest and booby prizes for the broom dance. Although the amplifier and the player had been brought to the hall by the electrician, he failed to hook it up and left for another engagement at Rec hall 3. Several fellows tried to hook it up but were unsuccessful. I went over to our rec leader's home to ask for advice. He had been confined to bed since the afternoon ailing from stomach trouble. Something he ate at lunch so convulsed him, he went to the latrine three times. "I was so weak that I had to come home and let the others finish the decorating." He was very pale, and I admired his conscientious interest when he asked if all were going alright, and he was sorry to let the fellows down this way. He directed me to the head director of the hall, and after running about 2 blocks, he told me where the electrician lives. Not finding him home, I returned to the head director's home who accompanied me back to the rec hall, although promising on the way he knew very little of the mechanism and what advice he could give was of the laity. Some 20 yards from the hall we heard the strains of the dance music and then I had to apologize this time for interrupting his evening and dragging him out so unnecessarily. He turned back for home and I into the hall just as the game called "Rythm" began.

With no director on hand except the man from the other hall, one boy 18 years old, who works in the kitchen, took over. He rose to the demands of the situation and kept the crowd interested. It is the tendency perhaps of you reading the diary to wonder how one could become enthused and serious in approaching a party in a recreation hall. But with all the respect for the intelligencia, I say those boys and girls planned for the party for a week and a half. It gets very boresome working and serving in the kitchen and their imaginations were wrought upon just such a gathering. The sugar they saved; the lemon

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one/day was kept; the pots and pitchers they lugged; and the cookies were contributed by the committee. None of them danced or joined the games. They were busy in seeing the others got a lot of fun. Everything didn't work out, the program was disrupted, the leader in charge was sick. I think the pedant fails to remember the simple incidents such as these mean more to the youngsters who are in the center than a grand camp-wide event. This group, most of them, do not attend the schools for they have graduated a couple of summers before. They do not go to the rec halls because the little kids play there. Every girl I danced with -- five of them -- said they worked in the mess halls. It is a confused young America I see in them.

For the first time since my arrival to camp, and I'll be darn, in my life, I've got a date -- not a blind one -- to a Saturday night dance. It was a very simple thing to ask; yet, it took a great deal of time before I got to the point. This morning as I look back upon it, I find it very amusing. The conversation was as follows:

After exchanging partners, I began dancing with a girl with a pink sweater blue skirt, and a white blouse. She graduated from Washington High School in Irvington in 1941 and at present she is a waitress in mess hall 11. Upon asking her if she ever attended a Saturday night dance, she replied, "I've gone to two of them. The one on Fourth of July, and another one." I asked her then if she would like to go with me this coming Saturday. Boy, when I got that line out I thought I had accomplished the impossible. She replied she had refused another boy already. "Then that would be bad to find him at the dance wouldn't it," I said, and she said, "Yes." Well, after that I didn't talk for a while, but I wasn't sore or anything. Then she said something about the following Saturday. I arranged to meet her at her home in barrack 127-8⁸⁷. Then after the dance, while bringing the amplifier and the player to the director's home, I recalled suddenly I hadn't gotten her name.

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Thursday, August 20, 1942

The garden beside the hospital is growing fast. The lawn has come out green, the flowers on the border of the circle filled with flowers is purple, and the zinnia buds are appearing. The gardener that attends the place is an elderly issei about 40 years or so. In this morning's conversation he revealed his interest in working with flowers, and plants which were his art. "Some isseis may like to cut trees, and shave the trunk down, and polish it with a coating of varnish, but not me," he said. All dad does these days is go out and sit on the bench with neighbors and just talk. They sit on the bench, three or four of them, discussing the war news, the food, and where we will be relocated.

A huge wooden construction has been set beside the lake. It is about fifty feet high and made from the eucalyptus limbs. The tower will be used by the fire department to squirt water into the lake. The way things are being done right now, the fire crew used all the water on the track and it's considered a wastage in that sense. When the tower is completed the water will be used to keep the lake filled.

At night after roll call I got the heater out (mother was going to make some coffee tonight but I told her I wanted it for the party) and started for the social hall where the musical program, substituting the talent show which has been eliminated, was being held. First, I went to the office but the door was locked and I met Charlie by the entrance. He brought the cookies along and began putting them in a cubby hole. He told me to stick the stove beneath the paying booth but I didn't want to take any chances with some people watching, so I grabbed the cookies, dumped them in the box with the stove and we lugged them to the social hall. A long line had gathered despite the denial of admittance for all who were younger than 16. Instead of going to the far end of the line which circled the whole building, we walked to the head of the line where I met Hiroj, a friend of mine. He let me and Charlie in. First, I took a seat right up at front but then I discovered when the piano seat was placed I wouldn't be able to see anything. At the very far end I found a pillar to lean against, where I

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stood up. Charlie took the position on the other side. We waited for the staff members to arrive but they didn't come immediately. While waiting, Thompson came up and told me to give them (referring to the members of the show) a good write-up. They have been working hard for a long time. I remember how several weeks ago, I was in the Totalizer's office when Ed Ino, the fellow who was in charge of the chorus, and Tom Tsuju, the bandleader, and M., Tom's girlfriend were up in the office writing up some pieces. That was two weeks ago, so as far as planning the show goes, it must have taken the most time, in the way of preparation as any production so far. The people filed in from the entrance to the visitors hall, and after the first half had been completely filled and others began to stand up, the social chairman, B.S., got to the mike and asked everyone to move up and to think of the others coming in. Everyone got up, picking their cushions, and moved closer to the front. This opened up about 20 seats which were quickly filled. The standing room extended to nearly the end of the covered up bar in the center of the hall. Roughly, I would estimate there were some 800 people there in the first show. At the very back there were two wooden benches reserved for the recreation and special guests.

The chorus, 26 of ~~them~~, filed in from the right entrance of the stage, which was the identical platform as the one used when the last skit was put on. It measured about 30 feet long by 12 feet high and the sides were covered with the army blanket (to cover the back stage) and the top of the platform has a sign with the caption, "Works of Stephen Foster," in red, blue and white poster paint. There were no small children to shout and have a rowdy session.

After the program, Charlie's sisters, Jim, Taro, Nobu, Lillian, Yuki, and myself went up to the Totalizer's office where we had a party celebrating Lillian's leave for the East. I brought the heater, Charlie's sisters brought the bread, the cups, and Nobu brought the tea. I went to the small closet where we get the water for the tea kettle and Alice and Amy made the sandwiches. We cleared the tables and began to dance. Yuki and Taro went into the Tango, the copy boy, Nobby and Betty teamed up, and I danced a little with Emy. Sammy had sprained his leg

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while he had tried to rush for roll call and had stumbled on the steps in his dash for home, so he sat typing out a letter to his friends about the party we were having. I called Emy the Totalizer for making the bread so black, and Alice really made the jammiest sandwiches. Little Nobby, incidentally, has begun to read the Tolan Comittee Hearings. While he is only fourteen, his precociousness makes him capable of digesting anything legible. I congratulated Lillian for scholarship to Weseley, wishing her plenty of luck in her studies there. The editor, despite his disinterest, seeing my shake, also shook her hand. The Kikuchis left at 9:30, while I stayed to teach Nob the dance steps. Sammy asked me to help him home because of his ankle. The leg had swollen up considerably and he said it hurt him even just to walk. I took his arm around my shoulder and in comrade fashion led him home. We stopped at three points on the way to rest, and on the steps of the balcony Sammy piped up, "Gosh, there's a queer bunch in the office. That's why I like to stay there even if I don't do a thing. I like to hear the liberal views they present. And the Kikuchi family, wherever they go they're the life of the party. No inhibitions, so natural and spontaneous."

When we got to the next stop, we listened to the taps coming from the soldiers' barracks. The cold wind whistled through the eucalyptus groves behind us, and the moon slid behind the clouds. That is when they all turn the lights off and go to sleep.

Only a few steps and we were at Sammy's house with dark shapes of vegetables in front. "Goodnight, thanks for the lift," he said, and I headed up the track looking at the lights still blinking in the homes and streets, way up by South San Francisco.

Friday, August 21, 1942

I thought the biggest news today was the issuance by Mr. Davis to the editor of our move to a relocation area between September 15 to 30. A messenger came

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into our office about 3:30 and told the editor Mr. Davis wanted to see him. "I wonder what stencil it is now," piped up one of the fellows there. When he came back the editor exclaimed, "Davis wants us to run the date of moving. He was in a good mood. He put his arm around my shoulder and exclaimed, 'Well, chief, I'm going to give you some dickens.' I asked him what I had done now. Then he told me we would move between September 15 - 30. Concerning the place of relocation, he replied, 'I couldn't tell you even if I knew.'"

Well, when I got home for dinner, like all the rumor mongers, I told my neighbors that it's definitely official, Davis said so. "We're pulling out, starting September 15." "Where are we going?" asked the first person I told. Before dinner was over, I had told two of my friends living next door.

In the evening, a visitor, a lady from our hometown, came and we served coffee and puffed rice left over from breakfast. She was saying the first group to leave would be Mess Hall 8 and then our bunch, Mess 9, would follow. She was saying that in one of the centers which had moved, a couple had been separated because the husband and the wife worked separately. One worked in one mess hall while the other in a different kitchen. "I don't think that is fair, because the husband is the one to pack," she said. This lady's daughter has just received a \$200 scholarship to a Baptist institution in Chicago. While she had been asked if she wanted to go there before evacuation, it was not until now that she had made her decision believing if she graduated from a mission school she would be obligated to serve the institution throughout her life. Her permit has come from student relocation. Her transportation is assured to Louisville, Kentucky by the Reverend of the Baptist Church through whose efforts the scholarship was largely made available. Of course, in high school she was academically prominent in her studies as well as extra-curricular activities. Her mother got her hair fixed up, because the registrar and the vice-president were here today at the visitors' hall. The educators told her she would be able to see the tall Christmas trees lighted in the department stores of Chicago, and that the weather there is sultry in summers on account of the

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humidity. Lake Michigan borders the city. The girl said the first thing she wanted to do after she got out of here was to take a bath in a tub. "Why you poor thing," the visitors exclaimed. Another nisei girl is also attending the school there. With only 81 students, one from Mexico and some 24 states, it will be something like a private school.

According to this same lady, appendicitis is prevalent here. The doctor told her that besides an intestinal flu which was putting a lot of residents to bed, there have been many appendectomies made at San Mateo. One fellow told me the other day that a change in diet was responsible for the sudden increase. Because the food is different, the stomach passes on the burden to the appendix.

During the afternoon, at the high school, the junior high group had a party with ice cream, cookies, and a program of entertainment. The program consisted of songs and skits by the junior high students. Mr. Kilpatrick, in charge of education, besides both the high school and junior high principals, was there. Mr. Green from the welfare department was also there. The number of students, some 400 were present. Concluding the two hour program was a skit put on by the faculty members. The children squealed with delight when Jack Kikuchi, master of ceremonies, has a romantic scene with one of the teachers. A huge American flag was set in the very center of the front portion of the rows of seats. Ice cream and cookies were brought in by one of the students to the Totalizer staff.

In the evening I went to the Totalizer's office where, while turning the mimeograph machine, we had a bull session, the editor, Sam, Charlie, Lillian, Jim and myself. It started when Charlie looking over Lillian's manuscript pointed to one section about democracy. Charlie's approach was that democracy was in the family. The Isseis speak against democracy, but they live by it. There's more democracy in a Japanese home here in America than one in Japan. There the eldest son is the most important and others don't count and the women are shoved around. I failed to see, however, that there was no democracy in a Japanese home in Japan, for while

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it was being observed unconsciously, there was some. Having family discussions were indicative of unconscious democratic practices. Then I defined democracy in one of its aspects as the respect of the individual and his personality. Then Charlie pointed to the editor that he should have used the combination of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito and not Tojo. The people attach a sentimental attachment to Hirohito, therefore to speak of Hirohito is more effective. The editor retorted that Tojo was more sinister of the fascist regime in Japan, and that while he was as anti-fascist as Charlie, it would be more effective to use Tojo for it accomplished the same purpose and drew a distinction between the Fascist forces represented by Tojo and the people under the emperor. The emperor is not significant as a personage; he is just a puppet, a link in a dynasty. Another piped up, by using Hirohito you're playing into the hands of the Fascist, because they want to show their interests are coordinated and one and the same thing as the emperors. There are certain things admirable in Japanese culture, and in the people, which we are not fighting -- but a clique who has usurped power.

Then the discussion went into channels that the same sentimental reason lay behind the attachment to the Japanese students club. Why use that word Japanese, why not just American. In the U.C.L.A. paper they never referred to the Japanese Club, but nisei. While at California the stigma always attached.

To the question was the nisei very well assimilated, I say from a standpoint of language and recreation we were, but the change came where economic assimilation was still wanting.

Then talk went into the days when the editor was a house boy. Charlie always brings that up on Taro, whenever anything to rile him come us, he will harp on his house boy days. "Gosh, I used to hate wearing that white Russian jacket when serving came." And there was always that condescending approach, you were always, even if they treated you nice (food, travel), when company came a servant. The boss was

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swell, she understood. She said, 'It shouldn't be this way, you serving me, but it's just that I needed help and you were broke.' And I had a college degree, washing dishes, serving from the left."

Charlie brought out the time when he unwittingly served three places the first time he got a job. The lady told him to go to the kitchen but he thought it was better there. He thought it was easier. Then she told him. But I didn't know. When we went out to the country, she wanted me to sit in the back with the dog but I rebelled saying it was too cold. When they got to the first store, they bought a pair of goggles, and I always rebelled, once you do a work, there's no end to it. Why, I intentionally burned his best shirt, and cooked the roast black, and I never had to do that kind of work.

Then another fellow, Sam, said, "I hate those guys that say, 'Now I'm not prejudiced but---.'"

Jim took Lillian home. We told her it was the last night she would taste of reality. She would be in the cloistered towers, studying in a women's school. When he came back, he brought cantaloupes and cookies, left by his next door friend. He had to come back even though it was past 1:30 because all this was choice items for short stories which he was interested in. Back at California he wrote for an off-campus publication called, "New Rejections." Two of the short stores had to do with a Samurai, and also of a nisei bringing his father to graduation.

Before the evening was over, I related my house chores at the home in Atherton too. Jim had to mention his work as a gardner.

Earlier in the evening Davis came in, quite apologetically asking us to reprint the news he had issued once before, then asked to have deleted. There was a pow-wow that night about relocation and after the teletyped message from the army to cancel the report about leaving on the fifteenth, another report clarifying and indorsing the first notice came through. But we had cut the stencil so it was up to Davis to have the stencil cut and we would only punch it on. This, Mr. Davis, agreed

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to do. He appeared not only apologetic, but his manner was so tender. I could hardly hear what he was telling Taro.

Next door the fellow was ill because of an intestinal disorder. The mother was afraid he might have had an appendicitis attack and called the doctor. He was wracked with pain, and the light, so ma says, was on until 1:30 with the mother diligently watching over her son. That is about the sixth case I've heard of so far. The symptoms are nearly identical. First there is vomiting and excessive bowel movement followed by a sudden rise of temperature. Then by the following day the patient is up and around. The cantaloupes served three times within three days may have been the cause the doctor is said to have declared.

Saturday, August 22, 1942

Today I had a conversation with the instructor of the highschool. He had received a reply from half the requests he had sent in for promotion records of the high school students. There were several qualifications attached to the grades, such as the students must have finished up until the evacuation. Some of the schools were Mission High, Sequoia, Richmond, which would recognize the work done at Tanforan High School, but Lowell positively declined to promote them. Tani pointed out that was because the school maintained high standards. I asked Tani what he thought of relocation. He felt the war may last five years, and that we would probably stay in relocation some ten years. The land was in the hands of the public and therefore, after a year or two there we might ask for homestead rights and buy some of the land. After the war instead of an immediate dispersion it would be wiser to stay at relocation where there would be security, as far as the depression-- the community would be self-sufficient, there would be no need of food. After the war there will be soldiers returning and the government will probably send them into these projects and a commensurate amount of niseis would leave the project. The group sent out would be selective. In order to avoid the precedent of having all niseis taken as houseboys and gardeners, first the merchant, professional, and stu-

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dents should be sent out. The farmers ought to remain and produce food for the post war reconstruction world. I asked him if he would continue his insurance work, to which he replied, "Well, I took it up because father left it to me and it was the immediate thing I could jump at, but my heart wasn't in it. I see myself in administrative capacities. I organized the main mess when I first got here, and I wouldn't move out an assembly or relocation center. I have 700 children on my wings. I would be saving my neck, but what of the other 100,000. I think the real hatred towards the Japanese is yet to come, maybe two years or so from now and it is better that we move out. It will increase the possibility of assimilation. As far as the WRA goes, I have complete trust in them, and I think there should be some unity among the representation governments in all the WRA projects. I have to type out my report to Kilpatrick," and began typewriting.

He wanted to have his typewriter overhauled and asked us if we knew anybody that could clean and oil it. S. was playing badminton and we pointed to him because he had done that work before his recent discharge. I'm willing to pay \$5 for the job, this person was saying.

S. thinks this girl he was playing with attractive, but the trouble is she's only about 15 years old, a bare sophomore in high school. She has remarkable poise for her age. She has a healthy, attractive face. A person who was standing beside us said she was passing through her adolescent age. S. is a graduate of a college, but his mental view towards social and literary matters, in which he has had little contact, is not very thorough.

In the showers, I was speaking to H., a nisei from Oakland who formerly worked in a garage. I asked him what plans he had for the future. "Well, I can't say," he said, "things change so quickly that it's hopeless to plan." I asked him if he would try to train himself for a trade. "No," he replied, "I guess after relocation if I go back East, I'll take up garage work again." When I inquired if he would want to return to California after the whole thing was over, he replied, "No, I don't intend to come back here, I'm heading East." H. is about 5'10" fairly dark, and tall

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for a nisei, and works in the kitchen. He is very quiet and rarely goes to the dances. His main sports are badminton, which he took up since coming here, while before this he spent his time making a sail boat and sailing it in the lake.

Next door O. is making a wooden name plate for his girl friend. This seems to be a popular gift to their girl friends. The names are carved out of wood, sand papered, and varnished. The girls put them on their lapels, some of the ones I saw spelled were Jean, Mary, etc. O. first started making his from a wooden crate box but it cracked so much he cut a piece from the eucalyptus tree. Planing it was hard because the way the grain runs in the gum wood is unorthodox. He took the plane and ran it sideways. Another thing O. made recently was a tee for his golfing. A rubber hose about one-half inch in diameter was cut about half an inch, and these are what the boys use when they golf.

The official bulletin was issued by the administration divulging the day of departure from this center. There were many reactions, and I felt now that the date had been determined, our days numbered here at the center. A great deal of that soporific feeling has left. S., a house manager in the infield, came to see H. who lives along our barrack. S. was trying to find out as much as he could about Abraham. The data he had was scanty and highly speculative. Abraham was about 125 miles from Salt Lake City. It was a low valley (the other person thought it was a plateau), about five miles square in area. The precipitation was about 20 inches. A railroad of the Union Pacific ran close to it, two miles, and the WRA was contemplating a spur from the main track directly into the relocation project. This information he secured from N. Takahashi, who has been collecting data on the different possible areas to which we may be sent.

I overheard another lady say she didn't care where we were sent so long as we left this place by that date. Another felt that while conditions here were disagreeable at first, now that she has become settled to the place, she doesn't feel like moving.

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Another thought that Mess 8 and 9, our section which is located at the northwest corner of the center, and where the tentative laundry house is situated, will be the first contingent to leave, and that Mess 2 would be the last to move. A boy whom I met in the showers just before dinner believed this was logical, not so much because of our proximity to the leaving point, but because the barracks were less sanitary than the newly constructed barracks.

Another thought the most likely relocation areas were Utah and Idaho. These are the only two remaining and capable of accommodating a camp of the size of the one here at Tanforan. He felt, however, that 80% of the probability of going rested with the project in Utah. I think the one in Idaho will be occupied by those from the northwest states, namely, Washington and Oregon.

In conjunction with the talk concerning our move, one person said that Santa Anita would leave on the fifteenth also. This he heard over the radio, together with the report that the assembly center would be broken up into four divisions. The San Franciscans who left for Santa Anita as the first body of evacuees to leave that city would be able to rejoin the main body of the city's population at the relocation center. That means if we are sent to Utah, then those people will join us there.

Some say that the group that was sent to Santa Anita found living very difficult since they were among a strange lot, and also that the conservative tastes of the bay region did not find the wild bunch from Los Angeles agreeable.

I went in the evening to J's place in the barrack next to ours. There each evening a bunch of fellows congregate to play bridge. All five of them were students at the University. They were all saying that they were a sad lot because they couldn't go to the dance tonight. At the end of the barrack there's the only pretty girl in the district. One of the fellows got acquainted with her by going to the folk dance. We all agreed it was difficult to get acquainted with the girls.

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You can only introduce yourself at the church, the schools, or a party where the circumstances are decorous, but in the rec hall it is impossible. They think you're fresh. One fellow exclaimed we should have tried it right away. At the beginning there was something to talk about, about the new place, borrowing tools, etc., but now he added, "It's too late."

I asked a fellow, reclining against the wall, if he thought there was any place for the nisei in Japan. His reply was negative, that is, there would be ostracization yes, but there wasn't any chance left here either.

You can talk all night but you come back to the fundamental fact that we're all in a camp. He was a major in Poli Sci at California. Before coming here, he lived in Berkeley. "I spent my time just fooling around up there," he said. We were reading the account called "Memoirs" by Lillian Ota, who made five copies. She gave one to Jim, Charlie, Hi Korematsu, herself, and an extra copy. The account is divided into three parts. Regarding it, Jim had this to say, "It took only the obvious items, and because of that it is interesting as it reflects her character. He thought that her concern of grades was also indicative of another characteristic. J. is a lad from Santa Ana, with a population of 37,000 and in which there are only four Japanese families. The town was very conservative. Jim has never met the nisei as he has here. Back at Cal. he stayed at a cooperative. He often has said that he found the nisei a very uninteresting lot. When I inquired if he had tried to meet some, he replied that "he didn't go out of his way to make friends." While his father is at Poston, he came here and has made plans to rejoin him later, probably when this center moves. "I've met a lot of interesting people here." He is collecting data on characters here at the center and hopes eventually to publish a collection of short stories on the nisei. I added that in his technique he would get a more subjective treatment than the memoirs of the girl. "Yes, that's what I'm chiefly interested in." J. is very careful in the way he dresses. I have never seen him wear anything but a pair of slacks since coming here. He has never worn jeans

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or any kind of working attire. He wears a white jersey polo shirt with his green slacks. J. received his short story training at the University from Dr. Hand, and if the war had not come, he had been recommended a job in a movie industry by the instructor. I first heard of J. when Hand, the same man from whom I took a composition course, asked me if I knew "J." "He comes from down south and has written some beautiful jobs on the niseis." He gets along with everyone because of his pleasing disposition, his jolly gayety. He is healthy looking, handsome, but very shy of girls. He has never made a date with a girl, only at the office parties and during the frequent dance sessions has he learned the dance steps.

Sunday, August 23, 1942

This morning when I went to get the Examiner and the Chronicle, I found them selling the papers at a new stand. The booth occupies a space beside the store, hence even though the store is closed on Sundays this section can be kept open. Father, mother, and sis went to church, while I stayed home copying the letters I received. The neighbors also went to church this morning and the line of barracks was very quiet.

For lunch we had weenies, potato salad, bread, and ice cream. That seems to be the standard diet each Sunday. At least for the last two months that has been the Sunday serving. Personally, I like this kind of lunch for Sundays because we don't work on that day, and while I have a scripbook, I don't eat ice cream at the canteen very often.

In the afternoon with several friends of mine, I went to the flower garden located at the northwest corner of the center. The garden is surrounded by a wooden wall six feet or so high. The place was first cultivated by volunteer workers who turned the ground and planted plants. Then they were recognized by the administration and placed on the payroll. When we arrived at the scene there were about 250 milling along the beds. They were stopping, and stooping down to sniff them. There were petunias, gladiolas, sweet peas, marigolds, orange and yellow daisies, stocks, zinnias, bachelor buttons, and border flowers. Most of the visitors were elderly isseis, and everywhere I went it seemed as though there were old ladies.

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"How well they are grown," they commented. "How beautiful." The gardeners were looking very happy. It was a celebration culminating their patient weeks of watering and flowering. Hardly a single blade of grass was in evidence because the area is small and the gardeners take their time to see that every part of the bed is spaded and groomed clean of any weed. The yard, measuring 25 yards by 30, contained the flowers which were in bloom. Some people asked the gardeners for flowers. One of my friends picked some sweet peas after asking the gardener's permission. One lady picked a daisy. A long line formed to see the flowers in the greenhouse. There were so many people in (about 50) we left.

I went up to the visitor's hall where I met Sam and Tally waiting for visitors. Sam was all dressed in a suit with a tie. At the badminton court in the high school several girls came with their rackets. One girl is 15 years old and because of her poise and appearance she easily passes as 18 or 20. Recently, an engineering student who graduated from the University has shown a sudden infatuation for her. He is 22 years old. The other day when he was helping with the delivery of the papers, he went to find a girl to help us and the 15 year old girl and her girl friend assisted him. He plans to arrange a date with her to see the coming movie this Tuesday. He also hopes to date her for the carnival the following week. J. put a desk on top of the desk facing the window and looking out towards the hills began reading lines of poetry from the Pocket Book of Verse. Right now he's trying to memorize a poem called "Dover's Beach" by Arnold.

After roll call I went to J's house and together with six of his friends we went to see the singspiration which was held at the southern tip of the northwest lake. A platform, microphone, and piano were set up by a committee from the recreation department. Song sheets were passed around which included the following songs: God Bless America, Anchors Aweigh, Fight for California, Jingle Jangle Jingle, The Bells of St. Marys, Come Join the Band, Long, Long Trail A Winding, I've been working on the Railroad, Marching Along Together, and One Dozen Roses. Hymns from the conference books were also passed around. Each rec hall stood on the platform

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to render a number followed by songs led by T. H. Half of my friends left for the bridge session at the Catholic Church where an unofficial tournament is held every Sunday. Then S. and J. decided to go back to J's place and see the marionette show. We left his place about 8 o'clock after browsing through the Junior College manual which J. edited in his last year at J. C. J., who plans to write short stories on the niseis, was a member in several clubs such as Journalism, German Club, and Greek Club. When we got to the hall where the marionette shows were being put on, there were two lines. One for the marionette show and the other for the hobby show. Instead of waiting in line, we went to the backstage where a troupe of seven were working and getting the show ready for the next performance. While going to sit down, the donation pot was brought in and while S. and I fumbled in our pockets, J. dropped in 50 cents. We got newspapers to sit down on from the boys at the entrance who were passing them out to those entering. While waiting for the show to start J. nudged S. for a pretty girl was sitting directly in front of us. S. knew the girl and introduced her to us. The marionette show began a few minutes later with some 200 people packed tightly in one wing of the messhall. There were several acts: a clown act, Madam Butterfly, ice skater, magician, blues singer, and the Russian Ballet. The setting and dolls were obtained from a Caucasian friend of N. who directs and teaches the players. After the show we went back stage to congratulate the workers for their fine work. They were all very thrilled but tired too and wanted a rest tomorrow.

Then S. and J. and myself went over to Kikuchi's house. Charlie was packing some of his things and we took a seat and began looking through his sister's scrapbook and photograph album. His brother came in with his date and introduced her to us. Chuck's father came in and Charlie introduced him to us. The editor and the stenographer came in with another reporter making the crowd almost the entire staff of the Totalizer. Some interesting items in the scrapbook, I thought, were his letters of correspondence with different universities, and souvenir items. I thought

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a sentimental note ran through the collection of many items, such as report cards and pictures. When I came home mother scolded me again for coming home late. It was only 12 o'clock but all the lights in our barracks had been turned off.