

Ben Iijima  
Tanforan

Tuesday, August 18, 1942

Tonight was the night of movies for us. The long line again formed at the entrance to the high school and while I poised the same line, "I want to work in the Totalizer office"-- those watching the entrance would not admit me. Finally, asking for the man in charge, I gained admittance, followed on my heels by the editor and Charlie. After the show we gathered in the office of the paper where we were invited by the fireman to eat rice biscuits with them. The conversation that followed was very interesting. The movie committee is headed by the head of the personal aid bureau. Helping him are the crew from the fire department who move the rows of benches to clear the space for the audience to seat themselves, return the benches for classes tomorrow, and sweep the floor at the conclusion of each performance. And, in the way of recompense, the boys gather to enjoy a snack -- sandwiches, cup of coffee, oranges, and tonight, rice biscuits. The fireman was babbling tonight, "We got to get a way of sending out tickets without going through the trouble and expense of distributing them through a box office. Why can't we have the Totalizer have a certain part -- by deleting our news item regarding movies -- run five coupons or tickets. The residents can cut them out, bring them here." "Hell with that scheme," another interjected. "The Totalizer is white, isn't it? Well, anybody can cut a white paper and use it for a coupon." Then the fireman replied, "I quit; I don't have to work if I don't want to." "Don't get the Totalizer mixed up with the movie," interjected the editor. Upon questioning what the specific complaints were regarding the movies he said: "1. no seats; 2. can't hear, can't see; 3. the films are lousy." "But I don't give a damn what they think or complain about," the chap said angrily. "They're lucky enough to see a movie. I quit." At present, through donations alone, \$377.70 has been collected. Since the films plus equipment and miscellaneous expenses total \$80 per week, donations will be discontinued. Apparently the projector which the committee was contemplating to purchase has drizzled, and I guess the return of the present projector (San Mateo County

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Tuberculosis Association's) will be kept until we move. The committee, designated to count the money, included a minister, former YMCA executive, and the movie chairman in order to clearly show to the public no speculation is occurring. The director of recreation was particularly concerned with the emphasis of this point in question.

The other night it seems one of the members from the internal police department with a perverse sense of morals came into the office and began a lewd conversation with two members of the paper who stayed up that evening working on the sheet. The conversation was desultory, coming from a nimcomp<sup>oop</sup> who had been probably fired from the Turlock center. "God, with the grandstands up here at Tanforan, those boys down where I stayed could lay three girls a night." Of course no thought of the opprobrium ever entered his gratuitous mind. We all laughed over the complete insensibility of his ideas. Every~~o~~nce in a while a similar incident occurs as the Caucasian officer drops in.

A judo class is in its formative stage at present. Several days ago several fellows went to Redwood to pick up the mats necessary for the throwing around of the participants. The fellow who went said the people on the outside were very surprised to see him. He visited all the flower nurseries which were coming along splendidly on account of the enormous profits being made. When he went into one of the creameries the Chief of Police came in and said, "Well, how are you coming along? I'm glad to see you." The only person he could find was his girl friend. He brought back several cactus plants which we got, and Dad put it in a small pot. The judo class will be given for both advanced and intermediate group 3.

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With the days numbered as they are now a new vigor has come into my attitude towards daily living. The soporific feeling I had when I first came here, because the length of stay here seemed unlimited, has vanished with the announcement that

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we shall be leaving by September 15.

This morning I got up very late, 7:25 A.M. which is but 5 minutes before eating time. I saw B.A. who asked me on the way why I wore my jeans. He admits he's a city slicker and would feel uncomfortable if he wore anything besides the khaki type of trousers and a clean shirt. As far as working in the WRA goes, he would like to continue with teaching which is his present job at the high school because he feels he hasn't got the build.

At the meeting of the recreation directors Y. H. had resigned as the rec. hall director of Rec. 6 because as he put it, "I tried to resign three times and I was successful this time so I might as well take it. Besides, I would like to spend my time with other things both mentally and physically." The new director was formerly an assistant to him. Before sitting down he thanked all the members for helping him out, and the director of recreation, Mr. Thompson, extended his gratitude for his fine work. "His rec. hall was the last to get started but due to Y. H.'s efficiency he has made a wonderful program."

I gave Mr. N. four Totalizers since he has been asking for them for three days. He wants to send them to his friends.

The staff is planning the last issue of the Totalizer. We are cutting down this week's issue to three sheets, and carrying over the remaining two to the final edition which we hope to make 12 pages. The city editor is definitely against recapitulations. The approach will not be in terms of a summary issue, but a prophecy of the future; description of organization. It is very interesting to note the partiality of the city editor in granting the library one whole page, while granting the recreation department an equal amount. The library is only a portion of the recreation department, but one of its members comes to the office and cuts the stencil which explains the partiality. The city editor is also fond of writing biographical sketches. Consequently, the final edition will be filled with sketches of different

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workers, presenting a cross section and stratified sample of life here at Tanforan. To give some idea of what should be expected from relocation, an article projecting a picture -- geographical -- of the spot will be written. The city editor toned down considerably the magnitude of the initial plans since he pointed out most of the staff may be leaving before the copy can come out. The editor, stenographer, and two of our ace reporters are making plans to leave for Arizona, providing their request to the head office is successfully met.

Went to the movies tonight. I got in through the side entrance. After going into the office and then attempting to get a seat, the fireman watching us told us we could not get in. "Everytime you fellows come in you say you want to work, and then you come out here when the show starts." I argued with him for a while but he was correct in saying that we had no right to ask for special privileges. If we wanted to see the show we should wait in line just as everyone else does. S. began to walk towards the front when the fireman darted after him and grabbing him by the arm brought him back. He argued with him for a while but the fireman remained persistent. When everyone had gotten in the five of us took our seats at the end of the crowd.

I found the picture boring and so I left around ten o'clock. When I got home mother was glad to see me home so early. In the last 3 days I have been coming home at 12:00 P.M. I stayed up waiting for Sis to come home since she and her girl friend also went to the movie. I was supposed to walk her home with Sis, but when she came home sister said the girl found a party heading that way so the girl tagged along.

The man that cleans the showers each day was in a terrible mood today. And I don't blame him. Everyday he cleans the showers, scrubs the walls, empties out the pool and cleans it out, then fills it with medicated water -- without getting a cent for his work. It seems after cleaning the showers and filling it with medicated

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water, some youngster pulled the plug out, emptying the pool just as the inspector from the sanitary department came to inspect it. He was reprimanded for his negligence for which he was not at all responsible. In fury, he dragged out the board walks that are placed on the shower floor and nailed them to the shower entrance so no one could enter. When I went into the showers to wash my hands he had just finished plastering the entrance and approached me and began explaining his position, though the hammer he was brandishing made me feel uneasy. "I used all my medicated water up and some dumbbell comes and pulls it." He was very angry and his cheeks were all afluster. "Here I don't get a cent and look what they do." I backed out agreeing with him and made a hasty retreat to dinner.

On the way I saw B. K. who said there had been a fight today at the Hollywood Bowl. One Issei and a young fellow started a regular fist cuff. One of them made some derogatory remarks concerning a girl and in consequence he started swinging at the fellow.

John Z. (a fictitious name) works at the Tanforan Center Hospital. Before his evacuation he worked at the flower market and also attended the San Francisco Junior College. He is a Nisei, twenty-two years old, and resided in San Francisco from where he was evacuated. He is tall, wears eye glasses, and handsome. At the time the conversation began he was busily cutting a (getta) Japanese shower slipper, from a piece of pine wood. "When the wood becomes wet," he exclaimed, "it wears out very easily." He felt certain that we would be going to Utah since Dr. Gains told the hospital staff that we would all leave for Abraham. Certain patients who are bedridden require special care and hence the advance notice was issued by the director of public health from San Mateo County in preparation of bunks for pregnant women and invalids. The trip would require 30 days on the Pullman cars which would accommodate most of the people here -- as only the patients will have special arrangements for them.

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He didn't think there would be much of a possibility for Niseis back East in raising flowers because they are considered luxury items whose sales decrease during wartime. Even after the war it will be difficult since the property is lost and it would mean starting all over again from scratch. Regardless of where we go he felt it would be a good thing to stay with this group because of its conservative character. The bay region has always been known for its intellectual qualities rather than its social emphasis which is so true of Los Angeles. There are those rough gangs that you find in Los Angeles. "Little Tokyo" had a terrific reputation, Chinese and Filipinos were afraid to walk down the streets alone. The Jap town in Oakland, Sacramento, and Stockton were notorious too, but San Francisco had an enviable reputation -- with merchants, businessmen, and the conservative crowd.

I also met Mr. X.M., a former YMCA director from San Francisco whose daughter graduated from Girls High School with honors and just recently obtained a scholarship to Ohio State. After her graduation from high school she attended the junior college because he was afraid that going to U.C. would be dangerous, crossing the bridge alone after the war began. He said also that he could go back East now if he wanted to, to carry on Y.M.C.A. work, but until the atmosphere became more certain, he would not take the chance. The director of one of the departments told him the crowd at San Francisco would bash a Jap's head in any day. He felt also the labor element was agitating against us. To be sure there are many good people, but there are also bad ones as well. Mr. X.M. is an Issei about forty-seven years old who is a very lovable chap and considered a dean of boys' recreation.

When I went to the Eucalyptus grove at the far corner of the grounds I met two fellows who were conversing of relocation, the evacuation and the war.

Boy S. felt it an injustice that we were all placed here. He felt there was no positive benefits in the suspension of ambitions and initiatives as they are in centers such as this. S, a former College of Pacific student, majored in sociology and is an active Christian leader.

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The other lad who had been active in agricultural economics felt that it was awful to have such wonderfully capable experts be sent to WRA projects when they could be used in so many places to effectively prosecute this war. He felt that it was terrible to concentrate the interests of the government to people comprising only 130,000 heads when millions of others were requiring competent supervision. It is the same thing to coy and wonder of the welfare of a single barrack here in the center, or cater only to the needs of one rec. hall.

"Who was responsible for this condition anyway," asked boy S. "The pressure groups such as the Joint Immigration, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and politicians. There are two types of governmental workers -- the politicians or legislators and the civil servants whose tenure continues irrespective of the machinery in office. The federal government has done more than anything," he exclaimed vigorously. "This is a stupendous task; consider all the problems that General DeWitt has to face. Then I don't see how people can complain of so many trivial items such as their food and lodgings."

Those whose economic status was high before the evacuation are finding the adjustment most difficult. Those whose going were the toughest find things easier. Why, I've traveled 500 miles in this state, bumming, working -- and I find the food wonderful. The other boy also said it was better than what he had eaten back home.

"And when you look at it from a world tragedy," I said, "I don't see how we can be small in our attitude." "One of my best friends died in Africa," one of the boys exclaimed. "He was a brilliant student, he had a promising future, and now he is gone. And then look at me, still living, eating, and sleeping. When I think about those things I don't see how anybody can complain."

As far as plans were concerned he said he was optimistic. There was a future yet, he was interested in his studies to prepare himself for the post-war world if he were still alive. I think that fellow really had something.

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I thought his was a more Christian attitude, though he was not one, while the other esteemed himself so. In terms of the vast human tragedy and the trying times testing millions of men, I can't help but agree that it's as much of an injustice to be selfishly concerned only with our own skin.

Wednesday, August 26, 1942

I met S.K. who drives the truck around which is garaged at the corporation yard. Kay is a Nisei who spent six years in Japan. He is about twenty years old and before working in the trucking department he worked with me in the kitchen as a pot washer. Kay has an exuberant personality, and I know, from watching his friends that he is popular with the boys and the girls too. Lately he says he has lost interest in the dances because they are held too often. If there was only one dance at the social hall only, it would be different. But every Saturday there's some dance in some hall and you lose all your enthusiasm when it's given so often. I asked him if he mixed in with the Caucasian persons back in Oakland when he lived there and whether they (the Niseis) attended dances at high schools. "Well, we had only a few, but once fifteen of use put on a school dance. The hall was decorated with lanterns, and senbeis (Japanese tea biscuits) were passed out. It went over in a big way and all fifteen of us were able to dance with our American friends. Working at a grocery stand, one girl invited me to a party at her home and then we went to shows after that. Gosh, I sure miss all that. Here if you take a girl out more than twice the Isseis figure that we're married. On the outside you can go out with a girl every night of the week and then suspend your meetings and come back a month later. But here, well I wouldn't go steady. The girls want to go steady here so they'll have companions to attend different meetings and social gatherings. But the Kibeis are serious and when they take a girl out they have one set purpose, and a girl going out with a Kibei usually ends up as a steady." I asked him if there were a place for the Nisei in Japan. "They can spot a Nisei easy, and if your small you

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can become adjusted, but after you're<sup>1</sup>our age you find it difficult to get along. They're so serious and there are limitations on our freedom; of course, the boys have a lot of fun, but gads, you have a lot of limitations."

In the office of the Totalizer one fellow and a girl brought in a petition whose purpose is to show the loyalty of the Nisei to our land and their disapproval of **fascistic** forces. It also provided measures for the installment of representative government in WRA centers, asking that they be instituted. The brochure must have been directed to the WRA. I signed my name to it for it does seem to me, however, trivial it may be, it gives to the WRA something basic affirming our stand and loyalty. If the petition's purpose is merely to present a front, I'm against signing it, but if it is a sincere expression -- as I believe it is -- of our convictions, **then** it deserves all the hearty backing of all of us.

McQueen, the censor of the paper, came in and asked what we thought of the articles in the News and Chronicle, while correcting the articles we turned in. Editor said she grasps only the obvious impressions. He, McQueen, felt that she had no style but merely dished it out. Yet, her's he thought was one of the best articles so far written. Then he said that with the cooperatives in here everyone will be communists before getting out and that is no desirous state for newspapers, which led to his remarks that this paper was having a tough time because the automobile advertisers are going out. "Coming up here -- 12 miles -- wears plenty of my tires out, too," he added. "If I could, I'd just as soon phone up."

Friday, August 28, 1942

I went to the cobblers this morning to have my shoes repaired, but the workers there wouldn't accept my shoes because they were too busy. The girl waiting there was very nice about it, but the man kept grinning which boiled my blood. Courtesy, I think, is a very important thing because despite what we say that we are **broadminded**

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and all that, as human beings, we're sensitive, and while it may not hurt to be treated impudently, civil consideration makes one feel fine. I hope in my pestering of people in getting news I shall never lose my temper for that's the worst thing of all.

I went to the hospital to get various opinions of people there since Charlie asked me to get the opinions of three. I was astounded at the reluctance of the three I met first in sharing any such publicity. I thought they would jump at their names in the paper as they do in articles, but when it came to an opinion, they voiced their refusal firmly. The head nurse, a girl, and man at the information bureau, and two doctors declined. Finally I spoke to "Murphy" who is twenty-one years old and recently graduated from the San Francisco College of Mortuary Science. He works in the division of communicable diseases at the center hospital. "Murphy" (that's his nickname) had this to say. "We're coming into our own. We are doing most of the work now. After seeing a lot of folks die and getting sick here, I'm convinced they're going to be pretty much dependent upon us in the future." Murphy is going with the hospital staff to the relocation center a week ahead of most of us since he's going to get up a mortuary service there. Dr. Ko spoke to him this morning, telling him that "Murph, you <sup>are</sup> going to assume a big responsibility there. You got two strikes against you. First, you're young, only twenty-one, and your socially minded. You'll have to act more matured and avoid jitterbugging because people don't like to have their burial ceremonies carried out in an undignified **fashion.**"

On the way I heard a rumor (at least that was the impression of those spreading the news) that Dr. George Iki and Walter Tsukamoto were slugged, the former being killed, and Walter sustaining severe fractures. The cousin of George was quite anxious, having received five condolences, and he was attempting to verify what the **people were saying.** He was saying something about the J.A.C.L. factions from Portland way who had it against them. He felt they were rumors since he heard they

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had been spreading for two weeks, but without doubt he was disturbed as to their credulity.

Four members from the recreation **department** are going ahead to the relocation project; they were recommended by Mr. Thompson. One of the fellows who first came here and was heading the recreation, more or less, was not chosen. He (S) was planning to take seven fellows and go there as ushers, but now the four will beat him to it. What I can't understand is the "much ado about nothing." I can't see why people should be so intensely driving and angling for better posts. Ambitions are in no way curbed; certain people are go-getters as ever. Tenacity isn't the work; it is gross selfishness and often utter disregard of others' welfare that drive them on. The hospital group is going early, and one family connected with **it**, in particular, the senior head, is overtly anxious to get there first. Sure, they'll get good houses and good jobs, but gads at what a price.

If you get there early, changes and additions can be more easily obtained.

There is a mess manager in one of the kitchens for whom I have great respect. He is twenty-two years old and one of the persons I asked for an opinion. Graduating the University in '42 as a major in Commerce, he is not exceptionally brilliant. In sports he was most active having played on several basketball teams. What shines is his character. If there is one thing that has struck me during my four months of stay is that there are a lot of people here. And after the initial impressions of good looks and intelligence wax, one becomes more aware -- and I think appreciative of integrity. More than intelligence and looks, I think character commands the most respect. Everyone isn't smart and if he is, it often is through no fault of his own. A person who can keep complaints to himself, who can control and restrain his willful tendencies is in the long run, and in the eyes of the community, the more likeable person. The mess manager seldom drives his workers, he is quiet, stays within his capabilities, recognizes his limitations, and is civil in his consideration of others.

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I went up to the balcony again this afternoon. It was nearly a week since my last meditation there. Surveying the scene, how different everything appeared. There was a feeling of familiarity in every object that caught the eye. Several girls from Redwood were peering out from the southern pane, trying to glimpse the mountains back home. The maestro of our orchestra passed by with his girl friend and he waved his hand. That's his second girl since coming here.

I met B. K. later who is most concerned with his college education. His brother is back there now, and he just received acceptance from Elmherst, a small college back East. He wondered if I had made any attempt. I told him I had filled out the application but doubted if I could go his fall since my finances were inadequate. The evacuation, besides, is a historical epoch as much a part of American history as any event -- like Bunker Hill, the opening of the west -- and it's great to be a part of it. Besides, all my friends back home are in the army and they can't go at all. If I go I'd wait till a stay at relocation. He didn't think my view was very constructive, believing that the mind would dwaddle in a place like this.

I saw the girl that's always looking so pretty, sitting on the grandstands knitting. Gosh, I kinda suspect she was asking me to say something because she stood there after everyone had left. But darn it, my hesitancy always gets the best of me and I walked away.

A fellow from Hawaii came to the office today who arrived on a transport yesterday and who billeted in what he called "a hotel at Barrack 23." He is on his way to the University of Chicago and signed up as an evacuee and a student in applying for the voyage to the mainland. After seeing him conversing with a Catholic priest and a Chinese minister in the social hall, I gathered he was a student in the ministry school. When one fellow questioned him if the feeling ran strong against the Niseis in Hawaii at the outbreak of the war, he replied, "No, only the enemy aliens were

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forbidden to travel, while the curfew embraced all of the populations. Only when the defense workers from the mainland came across were there any evidence of discrimination and ill-feeling."

What was more **startling**, however, was even his presence with us. We didn't expect anyone who would be permitted to cross the ocean at this time and to be allowed to sleep over at Tanforan before continuing on to his destination.

Mother had a "funny" feeling before dinner **tonight** which developed into a chronic intestinal ailment immediately after dinner which included turkey giblets. Whatever the cause, she vomited three times and had four movements. Her face was extremely pale and her fever was close to 100. Dad waited at the hospital for three hours for the doctor. She hasn't touched a morsel. I asked her if she wanted anything -- her only request was a cup of water.

We saw a Nisei soldier come into the visitors' hall today, fully dressed in uniform. We watched him as he waited for the bus ( which took exceedingly long as the driver punched the tickets ) **and** then enter the Greyhound and watched as it passed along the fence. It felt funny to see a Nisei in uniform come in to see the rest of us. I don't know how to explain it. I just felt funny inside.

Saturday, August 29, 1942

Nobby the copy boy on our paper likes to listen to classical music, yet his folks at home don't like to hear it at all. And so Nobby comes to the office and broods, while listening to the concert over KYA. Last night, he borrowed an **electric** phonograph machine and set it up in the office. This morning he lugged a book of records which contained Tschaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" and also the "Firebird." We set up a small wooden table in the far corner and placed the combination radio-phonograph machine on the table. One of the music folios has several selections:

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Finlandia by Sibelius; Night on Bald Mountain; and a score from Beethoven's symphony. I suppose Jim, Sam, and Nobby played Finlandia and the fourth movement about six times. The stenographer used to go to almost all the operas, ballets, and concerts in San Francisco. Both she and the editor were listening to the music. Jim was trying to memorize Arnold's, "Dover Beach."

B. T. our city editor came into the office in the morning to work on the final issue of the Totalizer. Portland's center which is going to Wyoming sent us their last issue called the Evacuettee. We looked over it and Charlie exclaimed, "Hey, they have a calendar just like the one we're going to have." Bob is writing stratified samples from different occupation groups. He's taking someone who worked as a butcher, an architect, etc. This method would be one way of covering the department's here at Tanforan, without recapitulating. The style he is using is very informal, the sentences simple and short; the diction direct and unadorned. Jim, who writes scintillatingly, questioned the technique. Bob, while very quiet and reserved usually, rose to vehement tones and exclaimed, "Why this thing touches the heart of people; it's the subject and not the treatment." Bob has quit the pay roll since the twenty-second of this month, but comes to the office to work anyway. "No use being honest and forthright in a place like this." Stay on the pay roll, but for some reason or other he would rather not be on the pay roll.

Charlie, since he's leaving this coming Tuesday for Arizona, has been working assiduously all week. That, of course, is not unusual. His dynamic energy always keeps him shuffling around tirelessly. "When are you going to turn in your stuff Ben," he asked. But Jim and I have done nothing so far. Cutting down the Totalizer from 10 pages to 6 has not made any difference. The abridgement has only given us more time to loaf. It gave me, however, more hours to devote to the study.

A rough format was drawn up by the editor and he left eight of the twenty-four pages to the relocation projects; possibly discussing the geographical aspects of the site; where other centers are being relocated. Bob suggested we leave one section to "Win The War" items, such as the purchases by the residents of war

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bonds (the recent \$2,000 purchase by Bill Kochiyama) and bringing together items such as letters endorsing the second front movement.

A man, Issei around fifty years, came in the office asking for an extra Totalizer in common parlance in Japanese. Jim who waited on him couldn't understand a single word he said and was all flustered. He looked at us, Sammy and I were the only ones in the office at the time and so Sammy went to his aid. Jim, in fact, types all his letters in English to his father in Boston. He has two brothers in Japan and, I believe, his mother passed away when he was young.

Tomorrow night (Sunday) the Totalizer is going to throw a farewell party for Kikuchi's family. The immediate problem is getting the food. Everyone is to bring as much food as he can possibly muster. Taro has ordered two cakes, I'm bringing the stove and loaves of bread, and Nobby went around collecting a dime from each person. The second trouble was converting the cash which Nobby had collected into scrip coupons. No purchase, officially, can be made unless the scrip books are used. The next distribution is bound to come this coming Monday, and so people are reluctant in purchasing a new one. Instead they are buying 5 and 10 cents worth from their friends as I did in buying gum and some cheese. Nobby tried to get some scrip books running through the visitors' hall and the canteen asking his friends, but he appeared unsuccessful. He was very worried about three forty-five because the canteen closes at four. The canteen group is also having a party as well as the timekeepers group which made the conversion into scrip books all the more difficult.

Just after four, however, Nobby came in with an armful (half a dozen) of the Langendorf cookies, exclaiming, "One of the fellows in the canteen is a swell guy. He said I could pay him back Monday."

We're planning to invite thirty boys and girls. The girls that help us with the circulation each Saturday were invited. I'm to bring three fellows, but two of them declined because they felt they wouldn't be able to mix in with the group.

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I also asked a girl who works in the master files department if she would care to come. I think the whole incident of asking her was very amusing. She and another girl were in the canteen when I first saw them, but I found it very awkward to ask them. Next they were sitting at the visitors' hall speaking to her friends. I walked up after several minutes of hesitant deliberation and asked her if she would like to come to the Totalizer's party which would be a farewell affair for Charlie and his sisters and one younger brother who would be leaving for Poston, Arizona. She replied, "I'll go if I can get out." Then I told her that we had an excess of boys and were looking around for some fellows who would mix in with the group. I explained the party would be held in the counselor's room at 7:00 P.M., tomorrow night.

There was a map of the United States in the office, and together with three other fellows I looked over it trying to find Abraham, Utah, which as the current rumors go will be our relocation project. We found Delta, a city on the spur of the Union Pacific Railroad. It seemed to me as I looked over it for the first time since coming here, California seemed small. It wasn't too big and the country was immense. California was everything, but now it was only a small part of a big land. And the railroads were more profuse and many in the eastern part of our land. I guess all the immigrants back in 1847 must have peered over the best possible routes to the West, just as we are now -- ironically -- wondering how we might go East. Bob said he went to New York on the Great Northern, and pointed to the various stopovers, Spokane, Butte, Omaha, Chicago, and that he came back to California via the southern route, the Santa Fe. I told him now he was heading East through the center course, and he chuckled.

I wondered where the other relocation projects were going to be at and Bob pointed out Cody, Wyoming; Poston and Gila, Arizona; Minidoka, Idaho, and the flatlands in southern Arkansas. "Gosh," he exclaimed, turning back to Utah, "that place (Abraham) is no where from civilization. There are three mountains on the map here (pointing to shade lines) but they must be slight mounds." Taro significantly was

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silent for he comes from Utah and I can understand how he must feel when everyone speaks of "deserts" and "wasteland." I recall distinctly when he described the definite seasons in Utah. In California the weather is mild and similar throughout the year, while in Utah it is clear cut, it is shaper, the autumn with its burnished leaves, the snow in winter, etc.

He went to the University of Utah with Mike Masaoka. In fact, his brother Jiro (Jerry) is the executive secretary of the J.A.C.L. in Salt Lake City at the moment. Mike he says, was always ambitious, and he hated to be beaten. When we played tennis, he would excuse himself for a drink when the going got hard, and after the other fellow had lost his winning streak and pace, would resume the game again. As for the testimony he gave at the Tolson committee hearings, he really made an ass of himself. He would talk only about himself and piled up an introduction of letters saying Mr. Masaoka was the so and so of that and this.

I dressed up for a date this evening for the maintenance crew dance at the social hall. Dad finally located my necktie, the maroon one I thought I had packed, and after polishing my shoes and dusting off the slacks got ready for the date. When I went to the girl's house the door was locked with a ponderous combination lock. Since it was still 7:30 I came home hoping that she might have gone out and that she would return at 8:00. When I got in my two cousins and their mother were in visiting. I spoke of the situation and we all got a hearty laugh. I had dated her two weeks ago, and after all she might have very well forgotten. About 8:10 I went to her house and still no one was there. While I waited on the steps a fellow in jeans, glasses, and a baseball mit came up and eyed me curiously as he fidgeted with the lock. I gathered he was her brother, since in looking up her address in the directory I noted several names and asked him if Mary was home. I gave him my name and explained I had dated her for the dance tonight. Although he gave me a very suspicious look he remained very civil. "She just went to the baseball game." Just

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then a girl came around the corner of the barrack after saying good-bye to another fellow. She recognized me as she ascended the steps. "Oh, I forgot all about it," was her first words. Then she said it was too late to go now and that she was sorry. I left half sputtering it was okay and thanks a lot just the same, **but it did** hurt a little at the time. Some fellows **standing** by overheard the conversation and exclaimed it was pretty dirty. "If a girl said anything like that to me why I'd --" but he didn't finish the sentence. One fellow suggested I try to crash the timekeepers' dance since I was dressed already.

I got in and the company exclaimed they thought I would <sup>not</sup> come back but make the pretense of having gone to the party.

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This morning I took a seat on the bench that faces the side of our barrack. Several similar benches have been set up, one beside the shower room in addition to the one at the end of our barracks. During the week days I often see old men gather to sit and chat. I began a conversation with an elderly Nisei who formerly was an accountant in the florist market. He backed the candidacy of H. Takahashi for the councilman of the district. He was of the opinion that the troubles were only beginning and that we would meet up with them at relocation. The trouble is very few Niseis have ever participated in civic and municipal undertakings and consequently lack the experience that is necessary to govern a city competently. For when you have a community of 8,000 citizens you do have problems of the first magnitude. "There are going to be more ambitious plans in relocation, aren't there," I asked. "Possibly worse, since many who are **inactive** at present will also be in the running. As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to keep quiet with my books for in the technical field, unlike in politics, there is less mud slinging." I asked him if he felt there was a rift between the Isseis, Niseis, and Kibeis. "Well, I **don't** know if there is any distinct quarrel between the two, but there are many disagreements. For example,

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take the clothing department.

"We in the accounting department discovered that after all the initial requisitions had been filled out some balances were only filled out to about 50 per cent of the limitations (that is, if \$1 were the maximum amount than some had only bought 50 cents worth). In order to give them the most of their allowances, D. J., in charge of the clothing department, decided to call these residents back for supplementary purchases. Since the remaining fund was limited, however, he selected those who were financially in most need of the orders. The howl that went up was that D. T. Made up a list which was of his own friends, that he was favoring certain people. As a matter of fact, one Issei went up to him and told him to do a better job and to quit favoring. And to top it off, he threatened him with physical violence. Well, we went through all the work of readjusting the balance hoping we might help certain groups and instead we get **it** right back on our necks. That's the last time anything like that is going to happen."

By this time people were returning from Church and several fellows began to chat with us. The first topic we discussed concerned the level of wages. One fellow, about twenty-nine and a minister, thought it best that all wages be equal. There would be less occasion then for petty bickerings and disputes. The other man agreed on the grounds that the expense of keeping up the working shoes in the working departments was higher than in the office. An optometrist felt, however, that those who work in the hospital with years of training and experience should be given some preferential recognition. He concluded by saying that a ticklish question should be settled by a Caucasian administrative head. The mess manager who sat in with us said the timekeeper's job was considered by many in the mess as exceptionally soft. And everyone wanted to quit the kitchen work and to become a timekeeper.

The next thing we talked about **concerned** rumors. The optometrist felt that some kind of a committee ought to be established to sift the credulity of the stories,

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and whenever an ugly story starts, to probe its origin and veracity to allay the anxiety of the community. This discussion arose from a discussion of the vicious rumor that spread like fire concerning injuries sustained by Tsukamoto and Iki up at Tule Lake.

At the mess hall today all the girls were wearing costumes which were identical in color and similar in pattern. Each girl wore a white blouse, together with a peasant type of dress in red patterns, mixed with yellow. The costumes were different slightly in design so I gathered the girls must have bought the material and then made their own costume. Since today is Sunday their coming gowned in a new dress was very striking. The girls all seemed to be rather proud, too. I don't blame them for their work is likely to become dull unless something novel or attractive occurs.

Sam, Jim, and myself went into the counselor's room to clear up the place for Charlie's farewell party tonight. The place was very dusty so I got some wet newspapers and flinging them on the floor swept the place roughly with a broom borrowed from the high school. Sam took down the fire extinguisher and squirted it on the floor; some parts were so dusty the dust would form globules. We printed a sign, "Welcome to Charlie's Spring Dance," since we planned to have Charlie give a spring dance. I made several profile sketches, since we've bantered him on his Barrymore pose in the recent photograph printed in the News. Nobu made posters with pictures of spring flowers and cactus. Also, three with a jocose view: "Poston? no, Roaston? no! Toaston, no!! Gila, Yeh! We brought in two tables for the food while we arranged the benches to form a square row of seats. We went around looking for Nobby who was supposed to have the key to the office. We went to the editor's living quarters in barrack 14; he said he didn't have it and it would be the last time he would ever lend the key to Nobby. He finally returned to the office and said he wanted to take the phonograph recording machine since Marie, from whom he borrowed

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it wanted it back. And on his way out Nobby added he might not come to the party because something personal had happened to him which he could not disclose. I went home, after dinner took a shower. K. Mori whom I visited came over. Kay works in the corporation yard and when I invited him he was driving the truck around. I asked him if he had anything to do tonight. Since he didn't have any plans he said he would be glad to come. Murphy, the other guest of mine, was in his house when I invited him. He also accepted the invitation and showed me his diploma he received when he graduated from the San Francisco College of Mortuary Science. He showed me two of them; one a big one and then a small one. You get one from the state as well as a national diploma. His father's a dentist. He also owned a restaurant in Oakland.

On the way back a girl that lives across from us asked me if I would do her a favor. If I would go to her barrack and tell her mother that she was eating with her friends at Mess 2. So when I got home I went over to her barrack and told her sister that she was eating with her friends tonight.

When I got to the office with Kay Mori no one was there. The food was piled up in the Totalizer office. Jim and San came soon and I asked if they wanted to bring the food to the council room. Jim was in favor of using the Totalizer office because he felt it was much more cozier there. I disagreed because I didn't feel the room was to accommodate the number of people whom we were expecting to come. As things stood, however, I didn't want to move the food out because it looked as if no one might come. I went back to get the badminton racket and the double electric socket plus the extension. On the way I saw Yuki and Maya and May, and Yorichi bringing some food from the kitchen. I waved my arm at them and Alex, ever the man to see me dressed, exclaimed "Pretty sharp."

A also grabbed a box of soap because I thought we might need it for dancing. When I returned I gave Sam the badminton racket; Nob and I put in the extension, brought over the electric globes and brought the food from the Totalizer office

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into the counselor's room which occupies the southern end of the grandstand. About 50 feet by 70 feet it formerly was used by the counsel before its being dissolved. Jim was apparently peeved since we were busying ourselves with the party -- he kept playing badminton.

The party got off pretty late, about 8:30 p.m. -- Alice Kikuchi, MC'd since no one would take over. We played rhythm, and follow the leader. In the game follow the leader, the girl Maya, who is about fifteen, had tears in her eyes when she couldn't guess the leader of the game.

During the course of the evening some 24 guests came. We played a strenuous game called catch the end of the train. Girls were screaming and the boys were laughing. I wonder what the internal police are thinking to hear girls scream and boys laugh.

We played a dancing game -- you have to let the broom go to avoid being penalized. Nobby, myself, Bob Iki, and Yuri were the victims. While dancing I met Nini Akubo who said in drawing she believed in creative drawing and none of this commercial stuff. She spent some time in Europe and then came back to find herself in this pen.

I had some difficulty in figuring out a dirty joke because after all there were many girls there and yet, to keep up one's stead with the fellows it couldn't be too pathetically naive like the one about someone falling in the mud. Then I remembered a story that Bill Hata told me after he had attended a smoker here in the center.

Nobby told a story which was naive to fit his age. We also asked him to dance. Bob Iki told the most raw one, and Alice chipped in a story about the defense workers. When my turn came I tried to make it as subtle as I could; indirect as possible but still tantalizing. It ran somewhat as follows: "I had a very clean mind until I began working in the speakeasy called the Totalizer. There I learned to

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smoke my first cigarette and heard some filthy stories. (This made Charlie laugh in his hoarse voice.) Then I asked if they knew the one about the street car? Yes, you do? Well, what about the one about Barrack 43? You do? Well, the one about the Lake? Of course, the one about the fellow falling in the mud. I heard groans. Then I embarked on the patron going to a Grant Avenue store to get a cupid doll, and how she was told to select the dolls above the belt if they were females and below for me to get the most candy within them. (The reason why I am putting this story in the diary is not to tell a dirty joke but to show what really took place. You see the dilemma of trying to tell such a story in a mixed crowd. It's surprising that I said it, but the point is I did.) Charlie, Bill Hata also added their stories.

*Males*

Murphy danced with one girl in particular and took her home. Sam danced with her sister and walked her home. You see, it was the first time they had met and yet they took the girls home. Another thing, the food was prepared by two girls who didn't want to, but no one else wanted to do it.

The editor gave a eulogy and after prompting me I said a few words followed by James.

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This morning I had an interview with Mr. Thompson regarding the recreation page in the final issue. The editor has set aside two pages for recreation which I hope to divide into two sections. One will deal with an objective, overall treatment of the recreation department from the standpoint of what has been accomplished. The other page will give a personal account, a stratified sample of the recreation department from the standpoint of the people working in it.

I waited in the office while Mr. Thompson spoke to a gentleman who was trying to sell the idea of setting up a skating rink. He was a recreation director of a park in San Francisco. Personally, he struck me as someone who had been a washout

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in everything he had done so far. He was very glib in speech. While he was speaking I took down the organization of the recreation department in my notebook which was drawn out on a cardboard chart above the desk.

The first thing Mr. Thompson did was to draw the correlation of the various divisions within the recreation **organization**. I asked him then what had been the set-up when they originally started. "We had absolutely nothing here when we first started," he said. "A couple of books and a piano from the YMCA when we first came. I went around the barracks looking for leaders." He then gave me a manuscript which was his reports to the War Department and to the Red Cross. They were private he said but running through them there were mostly recommendations of many recreation leaders for jobs in relocation areas.

In the afternoon I went to see two girls in the preschool nursery departments whom Mr. Thompson suggested I see. They were in 16-40, but their office was located in 16-77. Kay, one of the girls, had converted her room into the preschool nursery office. Both are graduates of Mills College where they majored in child development. One of them was a Phi Beta; the other prominent in the chair and various activities. The immediate impression was that both girls were very unassuming yet meticulously careful and efficient. And in conversing with them I found them enthusiastically interested in their work. Hardly did they expect to find an opportunity as this to work in a preschool nursery and follow up the studies they had back in school. The girls they work with are just swell. "When we came it was the first type of education set up they had, and consequently we were able to get very good workers."

Then I went to see a rec. hall leader whom I found an extremely bashful lad. Then I took down some of his qualifications he told me to take. He was leaning against the railing at first. He is thirty-three years old and comes from one of the oldest Japanese families, his folks having lived there for 40 years. He attended the University of California where he majored in economics, and upon graduation worked as

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a landscape gardener. Here at Tanforan he's the rec. hall leader as well as having organized the sumo and adult entertainment. Since he was shy about telling himself, I went into the rec. hall and spoke to some of the girls. They told me he's quite adept with the pencil and sketches off drawings with water colors as well. Before coming here he had a **rare** collection of 1,000 Azaleas and was just starting a collection of orchids when the orders to evacuate came.

I thought the beliefs he voiced were singularly marked with sincerity and deep conviction. "The evacuation of us is not totally explained by the action of pressure groups alone. The seeds were planted many many years ago; there is a traditional and underlying reason which has been present in California for some time. It is simply mass discrimination. There is no getting away from it; our daily presence here will increase the hatred of us. When I was in Berkeley I knew a great many friends and when I came here they all visited me. But gradually as the pressure from radios and newspapers increased on the outside I could sense their getting farther and farther away from me. And when I get to relocation I'm afraid my friends will forget me.

"Here, I'm just rotting away. Disintegrating. Morally, mentally, I'm rotting. And I'm not ashamed to say so. You take any group, I don't care which one you pick, and put them in a place where you cannot even carry on a private conversation, where the parents lose their vigilance and control, the consequence are the same -- I'm getting old and maybe I can't judge the youngsters, but I notice they don't give a darn about other people or respecting them.

I would rather share the common lot and fight as a decent American citizen, then rot physically and mentally away. And that's why I felt anytime they wanted me as a soldier I would go. I'd rather be killed fighting and doing something positive for this country, rather than **staying** here. The wishy-washiness of the Nisei, I don't like at all. The stand should be definite, one side or the other. Many have become fence-sitters after being put in here because they're disgusted over democracy; they  
and I.

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In the evening we invited Kyo and the family over.

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Got up this morning at 6:30, washed up, and ran down the track to see Charlie off. On the way I saw Willie Oshima on his bicycle. He had on his cords and a cap with speckled bands. On the way he stopped for Alex who was also going that way. When I got half way down the track the cloudy sky suddenly broke into a glow in the east as the sun came out. A little girl was telling her grandmother, "See the sun! see the sun!" People were rushing around to the wash and shower rooms. When I reached the entrance the only ones there were Will Oshima and Alex. From the balcony we watched two fellows running around the track in their sweatshirts. Alex was saying that a lot of old people get up around six o'clock in the morning and run around the oval. About ten minutes later we saw two cars, one an army sedan, and a truck, round the far turn and swish right up to the entrance. I saw Betty, Emy, and Mamie in the rear of the sedan -- Betty was sticking her head out of the window. Will came up and said, "Take it easy Betty, take it easy Betty," and must have repeated the line several times. I went to the end of the truck and said good-bye to Charlie and Tally and the kid brother who were crammed inside together with their trunks and baggage.

Gunder came along, opened the doors and called out each one's name. Charlie, Tally answered, "here;" the door was slammed shut and began to move. I ran up to the gate again and waved my hand at Emy and Betty and Mamie who were waving their hands frantically too. Will kept saying "Take it easy Betty." Then both cars sped out and disappeared along the highway. Alex, Will, and Fred, and myself turned away and began walking home. Somehow at that moment I felt like wanting to go out like the devil. There, it seemed suddenly everything about freedom was a mere technicality, an okay, and you were free.

Alex was saying he went over to Kikuchis with the rest of the Totalizer staff after the folk dance last night. At that time there must have been about thirty

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in the barracks -- all friends of Charles', Betty, and Emy. They were milling around -- some the friends made in the rec. halls, such as the stables mate, and other clubs. After they had left, the Totalizer crew entered. They were still packing when Alex came in. Alex is a very interesting fellow. Before coming to Tanforan he had a magazine and cigarette store in Oakland. He attended the University of California where he majored in journalism and also in sociology. About four years ago he entered the Heald Oratorical contest in which I participated, and at the mess hall, where we first met -- he was the head waiter -- he asked me, "were you the guy that won that night?" Alex used to work for the Nichi Bei Busson, the Japanese-American daily in San Francisco. The gossip column he wrote was signed as NAY. He went to Alaska to work in the cannery. He was considered by most of us as a wishy-washy fellow. He always seemed to be talking about girls. Even here at Tanforan he is interested in scandals, gossip, who goes around with who. He is lean, twenty-one years old, with a dissipated pale face, and wears suspenders. He smokes a cigarette with a holder and walks around in heavy boots, khaki pants, and a white cap. He has been nicknamed "Svengali."

When I came in for breakfast, Kiyoo was very anxious about the approval from Gunder to release her to go to Chicago. All the other arrangements have been met including the okay from the government regarding the college and community, and the transportation to Chicago; the financial end. I told her to go and see Mr. Gunder if he didn't come in by nine o'clock. She said it kept her up at nights and she couldn't study. For three weeks now in anticipation of going back to school she has not been attending the high school here at Tanforan. Her mother says that she's been studying all summer and unless she takes a vacation now, she may never have one.

On my way out I saw Jimmy Yamada sitting on the railing in front of his porch reading a volume of poetry and selections from the romantic period. He was

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wearing a new pair of jeans which struck me at once. Customarily he only wears slacks. He has two of them, a blue one and a brown one which I suspect he has worn down considerably. These new pairs he probably bought with his pay roll. Mimi Okubo, the artist who lives next door came out and said it would rain because Jimmy had on a pair of jeans and also because he was up at eight o'clock. Usually he stays in bed until about eleven, and Mimi brings in the food from the mess hall for him. Kasamoto, his roommate is leaving for St. Louis this afternoon on the Challenger, and several of his friends who visit him held a farewell party for Kas. For the place they borrowed the Totalizer office and left a box of potatoe chips in appreciation of being able to use the room.

Before I left home Dad came running out and told me to get the scrip book and buy such things as the tooth paste and brush. I told him I would and he needn't detain me for Jim was waiting. Teek didn't go to work because she quit working yesterday. When she went to ask him she was afraid he would jump on her so she prepared answers to questions which might arise. Instead of a lot of arguing, however, when she sprang the question he just turned his head the other way and said, "All right, go ahead, get out of here." That was all and it surprised her so much she was dumbfounded and just walked out. The news soon got around to all the other girls for they had been wanting to quit as well. They were surprised at Sis's guts. Last night after roll call one of her co-workers came over to say that **Gunder** was madder than the devil. But it was quite obvious that she wanted to quit as well. The employment bureau is taking over the relocation of Tanforan and hence, all the girls are working harder than ever, even going on without their Sunday rest. When Sis said she was tired, however, that was the real truth, because she really is tired. She is quite thin these days, but after only a rest of a single day she looks remarkably fresh and energetic again. Sis suspects that the private secretary squealed on her

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because Teek told her several days ago that she wanted to quit. She being a private secretary tells Gunder about everything.

Mother's eye is still bothering her so she put on a pair of sunglasses. There seems to be some kind of a growth on her eye, and the frequent growth of lashes within the inner tissue irritated her eyes. Yesterday she went to the hospital and waited over three hours. All the doctors she believes are too young to be competently efficient. At present there is a petition being circulated around the barracks in order to retain Keyasie and Togasaki on the medical staff. Togasaki has many former patients of hers in the center since she was the most frequent obstetrician by the Niseis in San Francisco. The argument they are presenting to keep her here is that so many patients are relying on both these doctors, a change in care might prove disastrous. While there are many new doctors, six have just passed their state examination. Only three, Dr. Kitagawa, Keyasie, Togasaki have had any complete experience in the practical field.

When I got to the office I learned that Yuri Oshima has just taken Emiko Kikuchi's place in the mimeograph department. Yuri Oshima is the member of a family of nine, there are three girls, and three boys. Yuri just received notice to work in Alameda County Civil Service when the evacuation orders were issued. She used to be nuts over Tom Tsugi the orchestra leader. Speaking of love, she was very much in love with Tom having attended most of the dances with him. But Tom didn't seem to care for her at all. And the break came about two weeks ago. Now Tom goes around with Midori and Yuri tries to make acquaintances with Jack Kibuchi.

At the office we were all busy working with the final issue. Davis and Green sent in their note of farewell to the residents of Tanforan. The editor and the rest of us thought that Mr. Davis' letter was the most <sup>l</sup>literate thing we read. "We are heading for Shangri La," it said, and added "As time is wont to pass," and

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another sophomoric line, "work well done." I thought the thing ought to be censored by the Totalizer and surely should receive Mr. Queen's approval. Mr. Green, who one fellow says was a graduate of Santa Clara, wrote a more intelligent letter. Both were marked with the appreciation for the cooperation given the administration at **Tanforan.**

When I went down to the scrip-book booth there was such a long line I didn't get in line. I noticed also that instead of distributing them by barracks, the books were arranged according to I-D numbers. The box where they pay checks were being offered was also set up. And lines were rapidly forming near the canteens where people were getting ready to buy out the canteen. I met a fellow with whom I worked in the kitchen for a while, who has just been chosen the head cook. He is a Kibei with a terrific amount of energy and drive and ambition. When we first started out he was a junior cook but before I left he was made a cook. Nowadays he spends a great deal of his time playing badminton.

The copy boy is becoming a nuisance now to the office in general. The editor feels that he is getting lazier and lazier, and believes that he shouldn't get the \$3.70 cut that we gave him last time. Fifty cents is enough, was his conviction.

During lunch the editor talked with the secretary about music and how it could be appreciated. That seems to be the common ground of conversation. Since going around steady with her music has been their universal topic of interests. I worked on the recreation page today turning out a biographical sketch of Thompson, a rec. hall director, and the two girls from the pre-school nursery. We were all talking about Charlie today. How we missed his dynamic personality and especially, his bringing in the news. This week there was no news nowhere and the only thing we could fill the space up with was the Mardi Gras. But my deadline for the recreation news is tomorrow, and I still have to get the news for the current issue.

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In the evening I went to the rec. hall party. I thought wearing a necktie might be too bashful but when I got there several fellows had them on. The program didn't get started until about 7:30 and while waiting I read the New Yorker. The fellow next to me was browsing intently through Esquire. Finally when the P. A. system arrived every one took their seats and sang songs, such as, "God Bless America," "Marine Hymn," "Jingle Jangle Jingle," "One Dozen Roses." The hall, incidentally, was decorated with crepe paper and for the refreshments three huge bins of ravioli had been prepared by the cooks during the intervals of the dinners. Besides the ravioli, there were two kinds of cake, candy put in small paper containers, olives, pickles, celery, punch, coffee, sandwiches, jello, potato chips, crackers. After singing, the seventy-five of us had folk dancing -- "My New Shoes," and "Oh Suzannah." Then a program consisting of songs -- "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Blue Sky," and a skit was put on. The skit I thought was funny because it was put on by three pot washers. One acted the part of father and spoke broken English, while the other two acted as neighbors and his son. The most amusing part was when these three who were taking a shower had to wait on account of the cold water. The water was cold because the heater had been broken; and the son hadn't taken a bath for one month. If you don't wash yourself you're going to stink more than the horse stalls. Then the father wanted to know what the pool was for. Why that's to wash your feet, of course. Washi da foot. What's all talking about. This made everyone laugh. Then the father wanted to have his son wash his back for him which he did, but in the midst of all this hullabaloo the fuse went out and the cold water came pouring in.

After the skit acknowledgments were made by one of the pot wasters to the three cooks who have helped out so long; also to the kitchen manager for his swell work in bringing mess 9 to the first place with 2; and to Unne who rakes the garden each day and keeps the yard clean; to the girls who worked in between meals preparing the food; to those who had set up the decorations. Then we all started dancing while

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some sat around still eating. I talked to Bob Akamatsu who told me that Bill Davis from the YMCA would be here Friday, the **very** last day for visitors. Bill sent a post card to Bob telling him about his trip here.

Then the supply man gave a short talk in a very sentimental manner. Muck, that's his nickname, is about thirty-three years old; he's also been to Alaska and used to live in Paly. The thing about him is that he is very sentimental in what he says and how he says it. Once at the variety show he was the chairman and he said it in such a very, very sentimental manner that the audience began to make catcalls.

In brief this is what he said tonight: "I want to thank you for your cooperation in making this mess hall one big happy family. I know that the friendships you have made here will be enduring and long. That I hope you won't forget us when you get to relocation. I want to wish you all happiness, good luck, and to keep that old smile smiling." He swallowed a couple of times and everyone was quiet. They really seemed to take the stuff in. When Yuri got up to sing her second song she dedicated it to Muck and his memories and her eyes were shiny from the tears she had shed.

The dance was closed immediately at ten o'clock because that was time for closing. All the mess hall workers remained to clean the hall out. There was so much food left everyone was putting it in small containers to bring the remainder home.

Earlier in the day I met B. Iki who is one of the first ones who is going to leave for relocation. I talked to him about his departure which is to be on the ninth, but the destination has not been disclosed. Apparently no word of the project is to be issued and the fellows will know only after being sent there. To give residents here an inkling though, he was saying he might, if he **could**, drop a post card on the train and by chance it might be picked up by a passerby and sent

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to Tanforan.

Some little kid has been found on someone's steps and since he is very young he doesn't know how to get back home. Temporarily he's been kept at one of the barracks and the notice which was made by the mess hall announcer, requested the parent who had a child missing to call at the barrack. Everyone in the mess hall got a big kick out of that.

The other announcement was made to obtain funds for the Mardi Gras festival which will take place this coming weekend. Everyone is asked to put his donation in the small bottle at the entrance to the mess hall. At the balcony I saw one of the recreation leaders with a Mardi Gras poster on the back of his jacket. He was saying that everyone in his rec.hall would have a similar advertisement on their back. On each barrack leading to the town there are successions of signs, "Everybody's talking about," "It's coming soon," "Now it's here," "The Mardi Gras Festivals." Above the canteen in red, white, and blue colors a huge poster has been set up flanked by two leaping horses -- brush works by Professor Obata. In each rec.hall there are signs and in the Totalizer; Mr. Thompson wants us to distribute about 500 sheets before the rest of the paper is sent out.

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At the recreation hall 4 there was a meeting held to discuss further plans for the Mardi Gras festival. The first report was given by a former councilman Kosakura, who is heading the financial committee. He said that four mess halls had no reports; the remainder were still short of their quota, \$15. While today had been planned as the last day for collections, because funds were not adequate it would be necessary to have the donations continue until the last day of the Mardi Gras, September 7. One fellow expressed the suggestion that each mess hall be told that the quota was \$15. He felt most of them didn't know anything about it. Kosakura then read a letter he received from Katayama stating that the movie committee

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would be willing to contribute \$75 providing the movies be terminated by the seventh. The expense of the movies could then be allocated to the carnival expenses. Obiko, house manager, felt that the movies ought to continue but that we should also have the \$75 available for use in meeting the carnival expenditures. If there were expenses the residents, probably half would still be left, could reimburse the remaining amount. Another person suggested that the movies be done away with since everyone would be busy packing and besides, most of the residents here would have been relocated. The chairman felt the amount should be underwritten, however, and when the funds were raised the amount could be returned. Tad Hirota suggested the entire matter be left in the hands of the financial committee.

The next report was given by Jim Hirano who explained that he was up a tree as far as the king and queen contest was concerned. So far they had selected seventeen candidates for king and thirty-three for the queen. Judges -- men -- were assigned to pick the queen, and a group of women will select the king. The difficulty he was having was when the elimination should take place; whether it should remain until the very last night of the coronation ball, or before it. Bob Iki suggested that seven king and queen candidates be chosen and that they should be sponsored by the seven floats participating in the parade. There was a discussion relating to whether they should walk in front of the floats or not. Thompson felt they should ride. Professor Obata felt the contestants should be chosen from their distance appearance; that we are too nearsighted and look only at their faces. There ought to be some kind of a staircase which they must ascend and descend. By watching them go down the stairs we can easily tell whether they have poise or not. He was in favor of a public judgment and everyone should participate in the selection.

Before eating I changed into my slacks and sweater since cousin Kiyoko is leaving Chicago for school. She's going to attend the Chicago Baptist Seminary there. Dad put on his new suit, mother and sis all got dressed. Kiyoko, her dad,

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and mother and sister were all dressed. Her mother was crying and kept wiping her tears back. We talked of what an exciting trip it would be to cross the continent for the first time. I told her if anyone ever went to Chicago I'd write to tell her about it so she could learn from first hand something about relocation. I told her that Alice Kikuchi may be heading back and that I would tell her to look her up. We ate beans and I remarked, "when you came you ate beans and now going out you're eating them again." Sis said this would be the last time she would ever eat in a stew house. As for Kiyō, she was very happy, excited and brimming all over with joy.

They left early from the table to return to the barracks to get things set up. Dad and I left for the grandstands around 1:15. Since we heard she would leave at 1:30 we walked as quickly as we could. Mother and sis were straggling behind us. Well, when we got there several people were also waiting to see her off. Hiro Katayama, her public speaking instructor here at Tanforan, Rev. Goto, many girls from Redwood City also came to see her off. While waiting I told Hiro that I got a letter from Henry who said he would be down here this coming Friday. I went up to the visitors' hall and there I found Kiyō, her sister Tomi, Mr. Kasai and Mrs. Kasai and Reverend Edgeworth. Her father introduced me to Rev. Edgeworth who worked so hard to get the permit for her trip to Chicago. He is also going to drive her all the way to Chicago in his car. Then we all went downstairs; on the way we met a close friend of hers who told her to study hard because she was representing so many people here; she also met Rev. Goto who shook hands with her vigorously. Downstairs we were all waiting for Mr. Gunder who had called her back into his office for another item. Then she came out, her mother kissed her and was in tears. Everyone formed a line, she went right down it shaking everyone's hand. Hiro was saying that she was the youngest student to leave for school. There were around thirty people there. The pass finally came through, Gunder walked out of the office and

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together with the Reverend got in the car. Everyone went up to the entrance and waved their arms. She got in the green sedan and the car drove away. I congratulated Shiza and Kasai and told Tomi she would have to come over to our house more frequently.

I went to the scrip book line and stood there for about an hour and a half. The lines moved very slowly and it was very tiresome waiting without anything to do or any one to converse with. I saw Mini Okubo, the artist, she came up and asked where to get her I-D number. I got mine from Sumi Kasuge, who told me she had several people coming up to ask her about their I-D's. Well, Mini got hers, but when she saw the long line she exclaimed, "Oh nuts -- with queues." When I got three persons away from the counter the official exclaimed "No more." Well, that really got us down. I just couldn't budge away. And the poor girl who had waited so long and was the next person, pleaded, "Can't you just give out one more?" Then an Issei fellow began to shout, "This isn't fair. If you want us to come back in the afternoon why you'll have to give us a slip of paper indicating our positions in the line." The administrator explained there was no more books and that's that. We walked away but <sup>I</sup> felt disappointed and dejected after waiting so long. Sumi told me later that lots of times the girls are willing to work longer but the officials tell them to close up. She just couldn't close a window on a person's face like that. The girls only work from nine to eleven and they wouldn't mind working up to twelve at all.

I went to the hospital and saw Murphy again. He said there wasn't any hospital news. I asked Murphy if he knew anyone called Fusako Nogata. He never heard of her but took me to the filing department and we looked up her name. After finding her barrack number I told Murphy that I was going to try to date her up for the **Mardi Gras festival**. Last night I met her at the mess hall party dance and she seemed to have a remarkable memory. She remembered hearing me speak on the fourth of July program and asked if I worked on the Totalizer. Well, that was good enough

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for me; she seemed intelligent and was definitely attractive. Later, I learned she was one of the most popular girls at Alameda. I went over to her house and knocked on the door. Fusako came out, closely followed by her mother. I began to sputter when I saw her mother and even stammered. "I hope you don't think I'm fresh, but I came to ask if you would like to attend one of the Mardi Gras dances. I guess it's pretty foolish to ask because you're probably dated already." "No, that's not it, but I promised my mother last night that last night's dance would be the last one I would go to," and as she said this her mother nodded. I kept looking at her and also her mother. I thanked her and told her I understood and said good-bye.

I came back and told Murphy. He also said he had a hard time dating girls and was only successful with those he knew back in his former community. On the Q.T., but he told me the doctors are being split. Five M.D.'s have just passed their examinations plus two pharmacists. Dr. Kitagawa is going to Colorado and Keyasie to Wyoming. They are considered the most experienced men physicians here at the center. Dr. Kitagawa doesn't get along with Dr. Togasaki who is staying with us. By pulling a couple of strings she was not only able to stay, but to bring her sister all the way up from Manzanar. Miss Nori, the head nurse is going down to Gila to set up a staff there and if she likes, she will be able to return to this group. California Ushiro is going to Manzanar. The staff with them consist of three women doctors -- Dr. Togasaki, her sister, and Dr. Fujita, and two doctors who passed the state examinations the other day. It's going to be a puny set up and we'll be needing a better staff or at least equal to the one we had because there won't be a community hospital. There's talk that a Caucasian surgeon will join us as there are none in our medical staff as it stands now.

Sis feels much better because she has quit working. She had a tired look on her face which has disappeared already. I told her to go to a party or something.

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Since coming here she hasn't attended a single dance or party. I told her I would take her but she said she doesn't like that. Mother told me to leave her alone so I dropped the matter.

Sam and I came home from the office to pick up an electric stove and coffee pot because we're going to have food up there tonight as we work late on the final edition. Sam was telling me they had Chinese napa tonight at their mess hall. His father grew a whole batch of them in front of his barrack in a plot 20 by 20 feet. He brought them to the mess halls where they cooked them and served them with Pakai, the meat we had tonight. This is about the third crop, we've done it before, and we enjoy it more because it tastes better when we serve it to everyone than if we had hoarded all for ourselves. I introduced Sam to dad and mother. He carried the pot and I the stove. As we passed the hospital we noticed a horrible stench. It stunk like a country latrine without a flushing system. "God, if I was in charge of this center" Sam commented, "I'd attend to a matter such as this immediately. I can't see how they could have such muck so close to the hospital." In the evening Tomi came over to speak with Tomi because she is felling kinda lonely already.

When I went back up the office Nobuo was there with his electric stove. Yuki brought bread and cheese and Bill Hata started the first round of toast. I began working on the recreation news. Nob turned on the radio to station KYA to listen to the concert. There were eight of us: Taro, Jim, Nob, Bill, San, Yuki, Min, and myself. Jim brought in a letter from Lillian Ata who is at Wellesley now. It was addressed to the Totalizer staff or Jim. Sam got on the desk and we all stopped our work while we sat down to listen. It started out telling how she found San Francisco. Most of the marquees still had Japanese letterings, but the apartments were occupied by defense workers. The Cherry Land Cafe was being taken over by negroes and being used as a night club. (I thought myself that was pretty good -- if they keep the

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place the negroes could make themselves respected citizens.) Then she went to have dinner with Mr. Goodman, whom Charlie and Jim know. While waiting she saw a gypsy with a low V-neckline and with a full bosom make a pass at a Filipino sailor but the sailor looked disgusted. Then she went across the Bay but didn't get a chance to see the campus. She crained her neck to get a last look at the Bay Region but the light was disappearing fast. She slept through comfortably that night and in Nevada saw desert and sage brush. As the train went into Utah the land became less green and more desolate. (This brought a big laugh because Taro the editor from Utah always brags about the beautiful seasons of the state.) When they got near Ogden the countryside became more green. At the station she got off at the station to mail some post cards and saw some evacuees. They waved their arms at her and she feeling sociable waved back. She felt really weak though -- here they were going to Poston and she was going to Boston. When she got on the train one lady struck up a conversation with her believing she was a Chinese. Ah! they are a noble race, Lillian told her. But as the ride continued the lady began to think she was Japanese. Feeling that she had shown that she was a loyal citizen and just an ordinary person interested in continuing as a student she told her the truth. And Lillian thought she became nicer. A lot of people stared at her trying to figure out if she were Chinese or Japanese. Someone said, "Oh she couldn't be a Jap they're all interned." On the train she drank a 15-cent orange juice but didn't want to give a tip. Why give 10 cents for a 15-cent drink. At Chicago she went to see the Museum and really and honestly enjoyed herself thoroughly. She thought that coming from a big town like San Francisco she would just take Chicago as just another city. But she didn't. Everything was overwhelming. Then the trip wasn't long from there to Newark where she got off and there were two Quakers waiting for her. New England country was just beautiful. Brooks, green hills, and quaint scenes. At the station there were many Wellesley girls -- all very pretty in the

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natural way. Photographers were there to get sub-deb stories, but no one came to me. And I thought here's the biggest scoop. "Jap Evacuee Get's Exclusive Scholarship." When we arrived at the Wellesley campus, what a sight -- a most scenic campus with a lake right in the middle for swimming, canoeing, and boating -- skating during the winter.

The school has about 1,800 students and is about the size of Cal. She was led to Stone Hall. Gosh, I get to stay at the school dorm! And the maid brought in the food. (At this point everyone said woo -woo.) She wore a Phi Beta pin (this brought groans), but she explained that the Issei had told her to wear the pin when she got to school. She's going to take political science, Near East history, ? population. She hopes to take cultural courses and to go down to New York and Greenwich village whenever she can. She asked for a subscription to the Totalizer and a letter from the gang.

When Sam finished everyone was quiet for a while. The editor said she wrote very graphically. Same said she still talks about skimping, but it's good for her now she's getting a complete change -- even a maid, wowie! She really was broke a couple of times. Jim said she's probably happy now, she never got along with Nisei girls. She was booted out of the Women Students Club. Oh! She hit straight A's again. Jim said he would start a letter right away and he started to type immediately. Sam also began writing. Yukisaid she would write tomorrow. Then we got the idea of censoring parts of the letter and those places where a Japanese nomenclature had been used such as the name of some of the stores in San Francisco, Taro put a glaring circle with red. Forged McQueen's signature, our official censor, and put it back in the envelope and addressed it back to Wellesley. Sam thought she might take it entirely seriously and he thought we shouldn't, but we thought it would be a grand joke.

Then we typed and worked and drank coffee. When I came out of the office with

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Bill and Nob it was a quarter to two in the morning. The heavy cloud mantles hung murkily over the hills; everything was oh so quiet and still. I followed my shadow all the way home to my stall.

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The story went around today that a shipment of chickens has just arrived. With them has arisen the rumor that we're going to have chicken on the day we leave. The beauty contest seems to find trouble. Many parents have asked the committee to strike their names off the list. The reason as Yorichi expressed it is because they want to avoid notoriety. Looking over the list that came in we thought that the contest would be a fizzle. "None of the boys are good looking," Yuki exclaimed. Jim who was in the running for a while said that he wanted to get out of it. "Anyone who would jump at a thing like that is really a goner."

Dad began tearing apart the resting chair to make a box. While the administration is going to give boxes to us Dad figures that would be impossible with some 3,000 family heads alone. In a letter from Arizona they spoke of how there wasn't any wood to be found at relocation so I told Dad to make as many boxes as possible.

Mother and sis went to the laundry taking the whole week's accumulation with them. Because mother was in bed with the intestinal flu the laundry has really piled up.

When we went to breakfast Shiza wasn't there. I guess she's still a bit upset over her daughter's departure for Chicago. She seems to have taken it the worst of all. Tomi came to visit twice today. Her mother didn't appear either at lunch or dinner.

When I saw Mr. Wild about the hospital news he released the following news. The clinic is going to close about the twelfth. He wanted to make clear that all cases requiring hospitalization would not be kept at the hospital but would be sent to the San Mateo Hospital. Dr. Togasaki said that there are a lot of

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malingers in the hospital who stayed there because it is comfortable. I gathered that when she said they would all be transferred to the San Mateo Community Hospital they would be rather disappointed since they would be left behind until the whole camp is cleared out. Dr. Togasaki was also looking through a catalogue containing various <sup>surgical</sup> equipment and I surmised she was drawing up a requisition of equipment for relocation. She also said that a memorandum will be given out by the hospital relating to diapers, formulas, and baby care. She didn't want the public to swamp the hospital staff, particularly the doctors who will all be busy making arrangements for the transfer of the hospital. The dentists will all stop working by the ninth save one who will handle emergency cases only.

Then I went to the scrip-book counter. Today the line was very short so I had no trouble at all in obtaining my coupons. There were five girls at the other side of the counter. In front of them each had a box of catalogued cards giving the names and I-D (identification number). Beside this stand was a booth with a man who would look up the I-D numbers of those persons who had forgotten them. When I got to the counter, looked my number up, and gave the card to a man in back of her who in turn handed her the coupons, I signed my name to the top card which she tore out, clipped it to the card and put them both away.

Then I went to the booth adjoining the canteen where I got my ticket for the Friday and Sunday night movies. The mess hall ticket which I presented was punched by the attendant. He gave me one yellow and one green ticket.

Mother went to school with the neighbor next door. She brought her new lesson books along with her. I saw her on the way to town; she was talking to her classmates -- three of them -- discussing some fine point in grammar.

When I took the folio filled with copies for approval by Green, the soldier at the gate smiled and said "How about sending a gal down sometime?" Those guys are all right. Every time I go down we kid each other with some wisecrack. I told

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him this time if I sent a gal down there she probably wouldn't come back. And besides if there were a gal we'd keep her up there in the office. Coming back I met Mr. Wild who told me to delete the hospital news and to fill in the blood donor story. I told him that the blood donors' story had been taken out by Mr. Davis. Wild replied that the blood donors' story has now been approved and the article regarding closing dates of the clinic be taken out since reference to relocation dates are not to be released. I delivered the two extra copies for the final issue to the sentry box. Mr. McQueen had not come yet so I gave the folio to the guard stationed there.

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Heard today at the Mess hall from the announcer that tomorrow there will be a contraband inspection again by the internal police and soldiers. If this means there will not be another one at the time of our departure, I think it's swell. But we were inspected while entering, inspected after our arrival and if there are two more coming up, it is going to be too much. Dad came in and says that people are going to pick up their travelers' cheques and cash from the trunks and keep them in their pockets because the internal police are of the Howard St. and Mission St. caliber. The internal police that beats the beat by our barrack had on a shiny haberdasher suit when he first made the rounds, but the other day he was dressed in a sleek, very sportive suit -- which no doubt is attributable to his payroll. The inspection is to start at 8 o'clock in the morning with only 2 persons being allowed to remain in the room when the soldiers come in.

The article relating to the closing dates of the hospital clinics which Mr. Wild told me yesterday had been stricken by Mr. Davis came thru in the folio with Davis' signature. I tore up to Green's office and for the first time since coming to this dump, I got to use the telephone. When I asked the operator for the hospital, she replied the line was busy. Then I waited for some time, but it was quite a thrill to hear -- "Line is busy." It's been over four months since I heard that line. Finally, when Mr. Wild was contacted I told him how the story which he gave me yesterday had been approved. He said swell, but that he had better phone Mr. Davis up to find out for certain. He might have just glanced thru it. "In two seconds I will phone you back," and with that he set down the receiver. I looked thru the Chronicle during the wait. When he phoned back he told me the story had been approved, but that he wanted <sup>me</sup> to repeat word for word, the article, since he wanted it taken down in shorthand. I went back to the office to find out whether it would be possible to run the story of the blood donor in this issue as the stencil, as cut last night, had left the medical column vacant. But Taro told me the whole stencil had been cut and

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sent up to Mr. Davis for approval. When I returned to the hospital I told Mr. Wild, who seemed quite disappointed, but asked that the blood donor story be run in the next issue of the Totalizer. He was quite emphatic that there was an urgent need for different types of blood not only for our stay here, despite its briefness, but also to attend the needs which will arise at a less convenient place -- Utah. He couldn't understand, incidentally, why the administration wanted to keep our destination in such dark shrouds of mystery. Utah, is known by practically everyone. He also spoke of how Gunder, of the employment bureau, shouted about Wild asking for a lot of lowers (probably referring to the train); he kept talking and enlarging at the meeting the administrators had. Finally, they asked him (Wild). Mr. Wild replied there was no such thing and that Gunder had just jumped to conclusions. It seems that Gunder always jumps to conclusions.

Murphy and I went to Kondo and Haras joint where the place was just filled with boxes and obvious preparations for the early departure (the advance contingent is to depart on the 9th). Kondo told Murphy to go back to the hospital and keep an eye peeled for Beerson, some big shot who is coming to confer on who's going where. They wanted to be in on the confab and not to be sucked out, as when Togasaki kissed around last time, and not only got to go herself to Utah, but pulled strings to get her sister all the way from Manzanar. Murphy asked "what do you mean?" "I mean whether the hospital is to collapse or fail," I remarked "you don't have much of an alternative there." Well, Murphy wanted to go to the canteen with me, so he told them he would ask Ky. to do the favor. We went back, and Murphy told Key to relay the news to Kondo if Beerson came.

We started off to the canteen with Amy, Murphy's gal. He had a quarrel with her because he called her a liar. Murphy kidded her around. Murphy is very interesting. He's daring and notorious. As for his character, he hasn't even got a "C" to it. Any fellow who cheats at poker is a louse, and Murphy plays that kind of poker, according to Bill. But Murphy has an indisputable zest for

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living and likability. He treated us to a round of soda at the canteen. Then we went up to the office, where he read his notes, while I typed the news out. You see, I asked Murphy to get the news on the hospital which he did in a rather cursory fashion. His data was marked with irrelevant facts. Dave came in to tell me that Bill Davis had come from the Y. I thought, perhaps, my room-mates would be with them, so I invited Hero Katayama the high school teacher to come along. Jane and Bill and Jane's mother were there, already they were talking to Frank Taniguchi an issei fellow who used to cook for them. I shook Bill's hand vigorously. This would be the last time I would get to see him. Hiro asked him where Chuck Fender was. Chuck is in Florida now. And as for the relocation set up Bill said this was on the Q.T. but he said a man called Larry Collins, who was active in the Y would be the community director at relocation. Bill told us when we see him at relocation to tell Collins that we knew Kingman, Davis and Fender and that he had gotten him the dictionary that he had asked for. I asked Bill if he got the wad of Totalizers I had sent to the Y a couple of weeks ago. He said he did and that they were going to make a folder so that it could be used for reading material. By this time the closing notice was issued and they left. I guess that will be the last time I'll be seeing Bill Davis.

Coming out of the mess hall, a couple of isseis were reading the contraband notice and trying to clarify whether dictionaries also came under the head of subversive instruments. Concluding that Bibles and hymnals were o.k., they figured that American-Japanese dictionaries were pretty much o.k. but Japanese - American literature even in dictionary form was undesirable. Then one fellow piped up that the Totalizer was unauthoritative. It isn't an organ of the W.C.C.A. and what it says in one issue is totally changed in the succeeding one. I felt like bouncing the guy. One fellow who knew I worked on the paper was gloatingly grinning. I refrained -- my blood somehow boils at a lower temperature since coming in here, but I gritted my teeth and kept quiet.

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Tomi is in bed with a painful headache, so Mother brought the meal consisting of watermelon and fish back from the mess hall. Yone, her gal friend came over around 7 o'clock with a new way of knitting the heel part of the stocking. Incidentally, that knitted sock sis made the other day is the first thing that she has ever completed, completely. Everything else is a half-baked affair, that's never finished whether it be a sweater or mittens. I wish mother would make me one of those knitted hats, all the fellows in the maintenance crew are wearing. They're very warm and keep the dust out. But mother says she can't knit because it bothers her eyes. The work is too fine.

During lunch, since Pop went out to bring some shoes to a friend of his for repair, I went out to hang the clothes line for Teek. Well, the community lines are just netting the poles, so I asked one fellow if I could take a couple down. "Sho enough bo," he replied. I took two of them down, rolled it up and hanged it on the post. Then, I strung the rope out for her. Nearby, a couple of fellows were playing pee wee golf. Three cans were placed in the ground. The golf sticks were made out of wood. The pole with blocks on the end. "Whack," "hack" -- but none of them could get a hole-in-one.

When I went to the canteen I couldn't find anything. Dad told me to get a lot of razor blades, and Mother wanted me to get hair oil and tooth brush and paste. Well, all I could get was two impracticable jars of Molle shaving cream, which cost 57 cents a piece. There was nothing else in the men's line. There wasn't even a newspaper at the stand. I thought of getting a package of cigarettes but I don't want to become one of those habitual victims. Besides, after last night when I smoked four, I figure people do it just for sophistication, and the thing gives you a headache, it fogs your mind. The sentences I pounded became pretty incoherent. This morning when I smoked my first cigarette in front of Dad and Mom, Dad said I'd be all shot if I started, but he didn't press the point because he's a fiend for his pipe. But Mother was really mad. She said, "I thought you could tell what was right and wrong," I asked what was wrong with smoking. Then sis piped up, "He's so

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gone that he can't tell that smoking is bad."

Tonight I learned that Fred Oichi who's in Idaho is finding things really tough. He used to paint posters and signs for the Fox West Coast Theater and Roos Bros. When he gets a job all the Caucasians go around to get petitions signed for his ousting. He writes he wishes he were in an assembly center. As for Harumi who's farming down there likes farming -- its better than nursery work -- but the weather, it's really changing and marked with sudden drops.

Sis was telling me that the owners of the famous shop are in camp, too. She was very ritzy and wore the latest fashion clothes sold at the Emporium, etc. They had a reputation of being slave drivers, but they made dough. While they were not permitted to live in the good section of Frisco they said they would make the best house that would beat the rest, and they did. It had a glass, mirrored room in one room. Now, at the center when they first came, the wife wouldn't condescend to the masses and she had her meals brought to her.

I met Tomi at the visitors hall and she showed me a letter she received from her sister. After leaving Tanforan, she went back to Redwood and stopped over at the Baptist church. She writes of the quiet pastor's study -- so still that she can hear the tick of the clock. That evening, in conjunction with the farewell banquet for Rev. Edgeworth, she got a special dinner treat, oodles of salads, thick meat, cake and pastry. How tastier they were. Earlier, she rode down town, and when no one took notice of her, she felt thrilled. At first, she was reluctant to go, wondering of the sentiment of the people in town, but it was just like the good old days. Even simple and common experiences of seeing trees and shrubbery along the El Camino were written with renewed and vivid impressions.

On the way back up to the office, I took a ride in George Tskagawa's row boat. He used to go fishing in it back home, where he was a prominent flower shipper. Young, ambitious, and a clever business man, he was one of the successful nursery operators. Here at Tanforan he's not working. But assiduously attends

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the Tanforan High School. He's about 28 years old, and he's continuing with the high school education he left back at Sequoia. The courses he is taking are chemistry, English and current events. Well, I met George and several fellows gathered around the edge of the lake, discussing golf. Of course, George was the center of the conversation and he was asking them to teach him the fine points of the game. The par for the course is 27, and one of the fellows who hit a 31 was showing him how to hold the club. Hippo Kay, Hirojei and I took out his rowboat. Hippo weighs about 175 lbs. and so the water line came up to nearly two inches short of the edge. We sang a quartette of "Volga Boatmen." The moon was coming up beyond the eucalyptus grove, and the shimmering water reminded me of the paintings I've seen when artists are subjected to such a scene.

The water began to seep in so we headed towards shore, and let the other kids take their turn. It seems the children who go to Rec. Hall 4 come to ride the boat. George is pretty popular with the girls too because he lends them his boat.

When I went up to the office Bill Hata and Sam were there. Bill and Alex were turning out the paper. Yuki was working on the stencils. Seven of the final issue have already been completed, she said. Her younger sister was there and Yuki told her to go home, but she wouldn't budge. Yuki took her to her sister, who was watching the movie and then the little girl went to the social hall to watch the rehearsal for the all-star revue which will be held tomorrow. Yuki came back and said that she wouldn't budge from there either. Taro asked if she could control her kid sister. "Well, I can't tell her what to do, and besides, it doesn't work."

Sam was writing to one of his Profs. for a recommendation back East where his brother is a doctor at a school in Baltimore. His brother is trying to pull strings, for a job for Sam. Sam wants to go back to school, but since his major was Electrical Engineering, most of the schools engaged as they are in defense work,

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won't accept him. Sam has everything - the grades, dough - \$900 to \$1,000 bucks, and a strong recommendation from his pastor who has known him for 12 years. But he hasn't been successful. If he can get this new job, he believes it would be better than going back to school. The greatest barrier to the job is his race, so writes the company. Sam showed me the letter he received from Professor Ryakema, who used to go skating with him at Iceland. He said he was very glad to receive the Totalizer which he considered as a letter since his daughter also has many friends now located at Tanforan. He wrote that he would try as much as he can to get Sam to school and wrote if any time there was any way of helping him out, he would consider it a privilege. Sam said the Prof. was a Cal. protege. He took 33 units while working his way thru college and married at the same time. He's a huge brawny chap, that can walk so fast, that even Sam who has a long stride, gets all winded just walking 50 yds, trying to keep up with him.

Bill used to play football for the midget teams that played between the halves at the college games. The team he was on was called the Loping Lions, Bill seems to have turgivisated quite a bit, shifting from a commerce to an English course because he got a "D." in Stat. He says he isn't as fast as he used to be when he played half-back because now he puffs too much, and the years have taken their toll. The other fellows, notably Taro and Jim, make pointing remarks of his writing. In particular, they had quite a banter with the word "tense-ridden," which Bill used in describing the spectators at one of the games. Bill was a social boy at college, but now he doesn't seem to be as successful as he used to be. However, he goes around with Tsujie, the orchestra leader and the crowd that get imbibed with jazz. Since he was so young, he's always liked jazz, and when he gets to relocation center he hopes to take up Piano. At the time of evacuation Bill, as Davis once told me, was quite dejected over the injustice at the time of

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departure from Berkeley. He also goes around with the recreation group, notably Tad Herota and the bunch.

Alice dropped in after the movie and helped us assemble the paper. She is quite pleasantly loquacious. Told us how she had a big row with Charlie, and how he left moppingly out of the house. That night, he went over to Jim's house. Jim said Chuck came in to play solitaire. Then Jim began to talk. He said that he hadn't met anybody on the Totalizer or here in the Center except two persons. Wang, Warren Tsunershi and Kenny Murose, whom he met for about two hours in the Barrington coop. He's glad he came here before relocation, because he's met so many new and interesting people. Now, since his roommate has left for St. Louis, he is staying alone. The other night, he said he did his washing about 12:30.

Yuri, who took Emy Kikuchi's place, came in. Immediately she and Sam got to play.

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This morning everyone was pretty much excited over the examinations of the barracks which are to be conducted. I wasn't certain whether I should remain inside or whether I ought to go to the office to help them deliver the paper. I asked one fellow who said only the hospital workers and kitchen hands would be able to go outdoors, but everyone was outside so I went up <sup>to</sup> the office. The track and roads between the barracks were noticeably empty. Most of the people were congregated by the doors; scanning towards the administration building to catch sight of the inspectors. I went into the office and asked the postman if he knew whether I could go out to deliver the paper. "I don't know - but everyone is supposed to stay inside -- unless he has a pass." The pass, I understood, was a blue button tacked on the lapel. Well, since I had come this far I went up to the office; Alex, Sam and Taro were there. Taro was making out the list of the delivery places. We kidded Sam about staying up with Yuri in the office after we left. They were still singing when we came in, said Taro. When I began

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delivering the paper, I noticed a file of soldiers walking towards the track. People, in curiosity, crammed their necks to see what was up. The soldiers dispersed and formed a line or chain across the infield just west of the lake, dividing the infield in two. The soldiers were just far enough apart to prevent people from crossing this arbitrary line. It was quite obvious that in inspecting the barracks, such a division into sectors would facilitate the examination. The persons within the bounds may converse, and wander around the confined space, but they cannot move from one inspection area to another. I went around the barracks passing out the Totalizer, wondering all the time if I would be able to return to my section. For once, since all my deliveries, I found the house manager who is never in, at home. He opened the door and cryptically remarked. "This doesn't look like 63 copies." I explained politely, "Since we plan to have a final edition of 26 pages, we're saving the paper." He grunted and looked at me with a sneer. Boy, I could have piled into the fellow.

Another house manager who is always sleeping when I knock on the door was not only up, but he was walking along the street. He asked for his paper just as I turned the last barrack. I still had one left, but since the house manager's place is way at the end of the lake, I thought the walk would be too far to get back to my barrack in time. If the soldiers stopped me that would be just that, so I went anyway. When I got through, I had covered the whole infield, had even taken over Jim's route. Jim always stays in bed until about 11:00 o'clock; never covers his route. It seems to me he doesn't like to condescend to the masses. Poetically inclined, he reads poetry, always goes around with a frustrated dreamy look in his eyes. Very sensitive of his dignity -- doesn't like to talk to the laboring masses, since that would be degrading. He wore his jeans one day, then went back to his slacks. Any fellow that will wear his slacks in this dump and tries to keep his hair neatly combed and wears "bow ties" is a pansy.

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After coming back I grabbed my financial handbook and went out into the garden where I read the chapter on insurance. The flowers, the snap dragons and stocks are in bloom and the lawn is green. I enjoyed my reading, reclining against the fence post and feeling the warm sun against my face and arms. Occasionally I would close my book and look up at the flowers in bloom.

When the whistle blew at 12 noon I took a shower. I felt wonderful, after taking a real good scrub. Most of the time, I just take a hasty shower, but today I had the soap lathering and ran the water for ten minutes. I shaved using the "Molle" cream I bought yesterday.

At the bench adjacent to our barrack, one fellow was talking about the trouble he has with his false teeth. When you try to chew the hard meat with the front forceps, it's hard on the gums. Then he related how a fellow got drunk at a restaurant one night and sneezed and the plates flew out. It was really very funny, he stated, and everyone laughed.

Next door the four who congregate each day had another round of bridge. One of the fellows got a grand slam and he's been urging the fellows to have another game. Three of them learned the game since coming here, but they play so often that they're becoming very proficient. Last Sunday, two of them entered the beginners' tourney and came thru second-place winners. Ham, one of them, is taking his bridge seriously, and is reading up on some books on bridge. This morning he was reading one which put the reader in different bidding problems. "What would you do if your partner bidded 4 diamonds?" etc!

Dad brought over three pairs of shoes he got repaired by his friend. The work, while hand done, was exceptional. The leather and rubber were new. While his friend offered to repair them free of charge, Dad gave him two dollars. "If you go to the shoe repair shop they accept them, but his friend does them at once and without obligation."

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The inspector came around at 3:30. All afternoon I stayed in waiting for them. When the news got around that they had reached the end barrack, everyone was in a flurry. People were outside, and it seemed to me a good portion of those in our barracks went down to the far end. I was feeling sleepy so I took a nap. Mother was in dithers, as she always is, and started to take the trunks out and began spreading them on the bed. She always spreads the hymnal on the table. Then she stuck her head out to see how close they were. Dad also went out and sis also. When they were next door Mother came to wake me up. There were two, one a tall, very good looking soldier with a small mustache. The other man was the internal police. He was rather wide around the center, but a very jovial person. The soldier said only two adults could be in the stall during the inspection. Father and Sis left. "So Pop and Sis got out, eh," the internal police said. The first thing the man did was to look thru the hymnal on the table, then he looked thru the trunk which I've got filled with books. "School books, huh?" he said. Yep, I told him. Then he went into the back stall, and lifted up a heavy book, "Emily Post," he said, "Too deep for me." Then he went quickly thru the trunks. Meanwhile in the front room, I asked if he would be thru today. He smiled, and replied "I'm afraid we won't." When the internal police man returned, he asked me a few questions just before he left. "Have you phonograph records? a phonograph? books in Japanese print?" Then he asked if there was any alcohol. I told him we had rubbing alcohol. "You can drink that," he said laughingly and the both left. It was all very quickly done. Dad and Sis came in and said he was a swell guy. I looked out of the window and saw a soldier lugging a package, apparently containing phonograph records. Farther away, another internal police was walking towards the group of soldiers with small packages.

As soon as our barracks inspection had been completed I went out. There were no longer soldiers at the far end of the track, and so I walked down to the office. One girl who had been on the other side, rushed back home with her knitting. I saw many people who had been detained on one side or the other going back.

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When I got up to the office I found Sam and Nobuo there. They had been turning out the front and last page of the final issue. 6,000 sheets had already been run off. Sam had been up in the office all day, cleaned the mimeograph machine all out. The red ink he was using made a very simple, but striking page. The huge 30, he has on both the first and last page signifies the last edition. Sam was saying that the inspectors had taken along his Dad's Bible. Nob had a copy of Kings Row. He's been able to get it by the method advertised in the San Francisco Examiner Weekly edition.

Went to the stands and caught sight of the last float as it passed by. Couple of kibeis who worked in the nurseries were there. They said the parade was pretty neat. The boys were going to the Wild West movie. All of them didn't have tickets so one of the fellows had tickets he made himself. They were heading for the high school auditorium, but I didn't feel like going. I went to the carnival instead. There, I met Nob -- who is working at the library -- and who just got a job at the Oakland public library before he came here. Although he only went to high school, he reads books copiously and has a rich background of literature. What I like most about him is his humor and joviality. At the office, he comes to cut heads and the stencil. The basic reason, I think, is because he craves the progressive group and friends, who have a literary penchant. While a Buddhist, he is going to be on a panel tomorrow, he is very broad minded. When we sing Carols at relocation he says he can join us because he's not of the orthodox brand.

Nob and I went up and down the Carnival, meeting Taro and Yuki, and Jim and Mini Okubo. Alex Yorishi was dated with another girl. The carnival was lighted by electric bulbs hung on eucalyptus trees. When I first entered, the grounds were packed with people. The booths were decorated with crepe paper, and while most of the attendants wore jeans and working shirts (girls as well as boys) some of the girls had on long dresses, resembling a spanish costume with a bonnet to match. Then we met, the gang that frequents Jim's place so I joined them, while Nob went up

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to the office to while, I joined the six fellows. We played the bingo booth with coupons from our tickets but lost every single time. Jats treated me to a candy bar and soda at the miniature canteen. Then we went to see "Stella," when we went in all we saw was an empty peach can. The carnival lasted until 9:30 and at the time we were leaving some of the booths were still trying to get started. Explanation - the roll call, which took the entire day, slowed things up considerably.

After going thru the carnival again, we went up to the Totalizer's office. Had quite a session with Hizo. His father was a nursery man and made quite a fortune. He believes there is a great future in the field. The industry was just budding. Considering that our parents started from scratch, he felt the niseis could go back east and set up a nursery business and make a go of it. I granted him there was a promise in the field, but that we shouldn't all go into it, attempt to monopolize, and above all, set up economic frictions, which apparently had so much to do with the competitive ill will among the agricultural elements of this state, and if possible, we should endeavor to strive for professional trades - medicine and law; skilled trades - brick laying and bakery. The talk digressed from the topic, however, and we began asking each other whether we wanted to go to school. Bob, the Chem. major spoke of studying here, and perusing his text on occassionally. He said he would like to go, but the financial problem is his biggest obstacle. Hizo can scrape up enough money, but he hasn't got the grades. Philosophy was his major. Then I entered into the perennial argument, of what practical use was he thinking in taking philosophy as a major. He replied, "As far as courses at Cal go, none could help me. But philosophy would enable me to enjoy my life much more." He wouldn't make a great deal of money, but he would enjoy life in other riches. That he did have that view was good to hear, especially when the contrary is varied so frequently in this world of survival.

Later, they left the office to see the movie. Despite the great number of people at the carnival, many were also attending the show.

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Since those children wearing costumes were allowed to enter early, they came wrapped up in crepe paper. It seemed a mere strip diagonally banding the person came under the costume classification. I saw Hirano, the grand marshal, wearing an outfit resembling a Bergermeister's outfit. A tall top hat, a red and yellow cross band with a weighty medal suspended at the end. Knicker breeches with a tailored coat made up the rest of the costume. Swinging a gold baton, Hirano was smiling and bowing before everyone.

Bill, Sam, and myself worked in the office late again. At first, I went thru gyrations of jitterbugging with my shadow and high jumping on top of the desk, and skinning around doing the skaters waltz. Then we went back to our writing. Half an hour later, we played rummy until 1:30, and then closed the door, and groped our way thru the high school until we were outside.

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It must have been 10:30 when I got up this morning. I had a headache, and a hangover. I tried to sleep some more, but the neighbor's banging (new boxes for relocation) got me out of bed. I looked around and there lying on the other bed were the funnies. I stayed in bed until I finished reading them all. Sis had gone to church with Yone in the meantime, while Dad and Mother were conversing with a former old timer, who -- from his conversation -- I gathered was a good friend of Pops. They were talking about the old days when smelts were caught by the boat-loads. Cannery pay was high, too, and there was real money in the fishing business. The visitor was saying, "If I had stuck out a little longer, I would have made a lot of dough." When he left, I began eating the breakfast Dad had brought from the Mess hall -- toasted bread and butter.

Sis came home and was telling us how Yone's mother just recently became baptised to be a Christian. Back in Redwood she was a Buddhist, but here she has been attending the Protestant Church every Sunday. She also acquired a Bible only lately.

In the afternoon, Sam and I attended the concert. Yuri sang, and when she saw

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Sam looking at her she got all confused. Well, after the concert Sam went down to see her. She asked if he had got the tickets to Kitty Foyle, the show that's on tonight. The concert was rather drawn out, I thought, and near the end the crowd, which must have been near 2,000 persons, was getting restless. Then at the visitors, while looking for Mine's moulage, I met Shizu who told me Miss Burns and Miss Wolters were here. I went out into the balcony and met them. Miss Burns thanked me for the Totalizers I had been sending. She said they had been coming but she didn't know who had sent them, we talked on Abraham. I asked Miss Wolters if she had ever been there. She said it wasn't bad at all. As long as she had the wide open spaces she didn't mind the desert environment at all. There were others besides me, seven or so former students meeting their high school teachers for the last time.

They said they had waited from 1 o'clock to quarter to 4, the crowd overflowed the social hall, and so the visitors were allowed to step onto the balcony. Miss Wolters said she heard that Tak Shiba had been beaten up by Filipinos in Arizona. That Doc. Mason, for whom Tak worked for several years, was asked to attend him. Tak was going to Cal, the last semester, and a friend of his in camp was telling me just the other day that he was in Alabama working there and taking Caucasian girls out on dates. Then, Miss Wolters thought that for our protection it was a good thing that we were put here. That you can't handle or talk logically to passionate mobs. Especially for the children did she have the most concern. I told Miss Wolters that while I didn't agree with her on that point, I thought a positive element with regards to the evacuation might be the dispersion and more rapid assimilation into the general texture of American society and culture. Many niseis recognize the detriment of forming cliques, and yet they persist. Perhaps nothing short of a drastic measure as this could have overcome the tendency to concentrate in cities and to form small towns within towns. Before they left,

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both Miss Burns and Wolters wanted me to write to them when I got to Abraham, describing the adjustment to this second phase in our exodus.

Back at the Totalizer's office, Sam had stacked up 6,000 copies of the front cover of our final edition. The front and back page is to have the huge "30" printed on it. Sam made a sample, and tacked it on to the entrance door. We both climbed on top of the bench and looked down at El Camino. As far as I could see, cars were coming along, with people dressed for a country jaunt. Sailors with their girls, men in uniform, open sedans with pretty blonde girls, and austere civilian men and women, were driving slowly by. Along the fence the visitors under the blazing sun patiently waiting. The visitors' cars were lined up three in a row were lined up along the fence, where the red no parking sign was put up and also sardined into the small lot beside the farmhouse. Towards the hills the clouds were coming across over the convent shining like "Kubla Khan's stately Dome -- and in the fields, the flowers were growing. Even tho it was Sunday, the workers were out there cutting the flowers. Behind the canopy of hills and clouds, the azure stretched in infinite blue. I got a chair on the desk and recited Arnold's "Dover Beach."

I came home and dressed up for the party<sup>at</sup>/the hospital to which Murphy invited me. I went there promptly at 7, but the hall was just starting to be decorated, so I came back home to write in my diary. Mother and Dad went to the adult show. Mother put on her fur coat and Dad had on his coat and tie. Sis went to the movies with Yoni. They're going to show Kitty Foyle and Gun Code.

When I got to the Rec. Hall around 8 most of the people were already there. I went in and Kimbo was surprised to see me in my coat and tie, because I'm always in my jeans and clopping around in my clodhoppers. Kimbo was there with his petite and charming wife, and enlightening the chairman on the closing hours of the hall -- 10:00 o'clock. Murphy introduced me to his friends -- the so called wolves of Tanforan, with their Hollywood hairdo. Of course, they were jitterbugging to one o'clock jump and as they broke with their partner, they would shake my hand and say, "my name's Jackson, what's yours." But before I could answer they closed in to

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start the basic again. I met George Shinoda, who's the uncle to Bill. I told him how Bill came over to study Botony examination with me and how he bothered me. "Frank is my nickname" I told him, but he could get my pun and queried, "Didn't you say Ben?"

Murphy told me he would introduce me to the food when the party got started. The food was piled high -- "sushi" a combination of rice, chopped eggs, and vegetables -- boy it sure looked good. Then, boxes of cake, bananas and lemon punch. I asked Murphy how they did it. "We got pull," he said and gestured like a marionette operator. "Do you even string the beans," I asked, "Sure, that's why we don't have them." The party got started with Goro leading the group in singing "Old Macdonald had a Farm." Dr. Eugenia Fiyeta played the piano very well. Goro, made everyone laugh with his typical absured pantomines and his ad libing. Soon the Fireman, a caucasian fellow, who seemed really popular with the hospital bunch came in, followed by Dr. Kitagawa. It wasn't long before we started folk dancing. Since there were more girls than boys, some of the girls took the part of boys. The steps were pretty intricate so most of us couldn't catch on. After the folk dancing, we had regular social dancing, but since all the music was jive, and the appropriate dances, jitterbugging, most of the girls went home. What was most surprising to me was to see the usual austere and dignified nurses really hepping to jive. I never thought they had it in them.

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This morning I went to the hospital to obtain data for the last issue of the Totalizer. Quite noticeable was the absence of the aides and patients that flock the waiting room. Present only was the clerical girl who gave me the information I asked for last Saturday. Before going out, I opened the door leading into the optometry clinic and inquired of the data there. A young lad, apparently fresh out of college, waited on me, and from the questions I popped at him, the optometry set up here was quite unorthodox. And while nearly 1,000 prescriptions had been given so far, there were many residents clamoring for colored glass - which are after all not in the hands of optometricians. Three to four broken glasses are

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brought in daily for repair, while innumerable questions of a high ambiguous and general sort are raised. "Is it possible for me to buy this kind of frame, pictured in this advertisement?" "Can I get a pair of glasses that look something like this?" and the client would gesture thru the air, attempting to describe his optical piece. Dr. Hank Takobashi, who has practiced the profession for some 17 years on the outside, is taking over here. While the remaining two are junior optometricians, having begun their professional career but two years ago. Equipment naturally is of a crude sort, and delicate operations and repairs can hardly be performed. So far, 51 serious cases have been sent to the San Mateo Community Hospital.

All day I kept reminding myself not to forget that Ted Klasseen is coming down to see me. It was the first time, I felt so considerably interested in keeping faithful with the appointment time. It wasn't so much because Ted was a member of the Y that prompted this alertness, for Bill D<sup>avis</sup> and Harry Kingman were both here, on previous occasions, notwithstanding many others who have come to visit me. This is not to predicate that Bill and Harry's visits were not heard of, not the least. Tonicly elated was I after their conversation on the balcony.

I think my concern today in meeting Ted was something of a fraternal interest for he and I are both of the same class, 1944, at the University and in political sci. and philosophy were both attended identical classrooms. I thought our friendship was cemented more when we became acquainted at the joint YMCA and YWCA scavenger hunt that was held at Tilden Park. From that day, I saw him frequently and on one occasion when he dropped in at my boarding house on Union, we enjoyed a discourse on what we meant by a purpose in life. That was a paramount mental twister that favored our concourses then, and even on Wheeler steps, I pursued it further. I treated him to a coke at Jules creamery and in the recesses of Stiles Hall at the Tuesday night banquet, I came to know him as a serious, conscientious student.

When he came this afternoon I took him out on the balcony and began explaining to him the layout of the center. "There's the mess halls," I explained, pointing

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to the smoke curling from the rows of barracks. He wanted to know what the houses with green roofs were. "They're the barracks and the building in the foreground is the recreation hall." He wanted to know how the education system was functioning here. I elaborated on the high school, grammar, and pre-school nurseries. "No, form of instruction for college level students has been started, then," he concluded. At Poston, I told him, a seminar on the 100 best books has been inaugurated by an extension division of St. Johns College.

Ted told me how he went to the migrant camps of Fresno and began teaching some of the youngsters there. It was quite an experience for him, not having handled kids before.

The barber shop closed down today since the administration has issued the notice for its suspension. I signed up for an appointment at the barbershop, but the doors were closed. I saw Ham, the fellow next door; he told me he got a hair cut from a barber in the barrack just above us. I went over his house, but an appointment had been made by two persons already, so I arranged for my hair cut at 3 o'clock.

The barber, one leg is crippled, used to work in a barber shop in Vallejo. He said if he had been on the outside he would be making a sizeable income. While the shop was not under the union and they charged only 40 cents, there were so many clients that the shop was kept busy all day with shipyard workers. Even after the beginning of the war, the customers came in. But the three barbers were very scared whenever the Filipinos came in because they didn't come to get a hair cut and only snoopied around. Once a Filipino brought in his laundry, since the barber shop was also a place where the laundry was received. When the laundry called for his package, he complained of a missing stocking and unless it were obtained or compensated for, trouble would brew. We talked as he cut my hair in his barrack. The chair was made home made; the plans for the chair were so good, they were adopted by the shop and used to make all the barber shop chairs.

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The library party had been scheduled for the evening - Nob Kitagki gave me or rather the whole staff an invitation -- and I jotted the date on my calendar. When I arrived, the very first things I noticed were the pictures of food, salads, pastry and ice cream (clipped from magazines) pasted on the wall. The room had also been decorated with crepe paper of varied colors. When we had all joined in the circle, the first thing the librarians did was to call out the names of different books. You see, the invitations had been appended with names from all kinds of books. And as they were called off, the guests stepped forward. Some appropriate names were the lone wolf, Alice in Wonderland, Alice Kikuchi; the great mistake, Kitagaki; and the Uninvited Guest, Nobby, the copy boy.

Then we played various games. Of course, most of the games were similar to those at other parties, but there were two standouts. One, the hot potato. A ball of paper was wrapped up with strips; each strip with some kind of skit printed on it which each person had to do. The other game was a question and answer one with each person asking the person on his right a question and on the left, giving an answer. Some questions and answers were very appropriately matched: For example Why are we going to Abraham? (answer) Davis is a rat. Why are we going to Abraham via New York? It depends upon the tide.

After the games, food was served. Beside the electric stove there were several pots of coffee, and an electric toaster. The refreshment consisted of gingerbread toast, buttered toast, potato chips, coffee, cake, jello, soda water and punch. It was one of the best parties I have been invited to as far as the food was concerned. One of the men there about 35 had made all the shelves for the library, which had been torn down to be used for packing books for relocation. Besides erecting the book cases, he also made a wooden catalogue which -- according to one of the visiting librarians -- is comparable to the one they had specially made. The carpenter made it without having ever seen a catalogue before in his life. For relocation he plans to tear it entirely apart and then to put it together again when it is brought over there.

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After the games, the lights were dimmed; the phonograph music was started and everyone began to dance. Most of the girls apparently couldn't dance, so they went home early as soon as the dancing began. Part of the Totalizer staff left early because the work on the final issue hasn't been completed so far.

September 10, 1942

The crescendo of hammering, sawing, and sundry activity of the sort is rising again with the date of departure nearing closer. Father has taken up the hammer too, and this morning he made a box from the wooden shelves. The rumor which seems likely is that the lumber will be very scarce when we get to relocation. The box Pop built is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. deep, 2 ft. wide, and 3 ft. long. Since the inspectors will take everything out again the cover wasn't nailed on. I moved the two beds in the rear stall to one side and moved the trunks, boxes, gripes to the other. In this way there is more space now to move around, and yet it's very easy to get at the trunks. Mother and Sis have gone to the laundry, taking all the dirty clothes with them. Mother says she fears there won't be laundry facilities when we get to relocation. In fact, the laundry which is in our area has been fenced and it has been converted into a depot.

The canteen was very empty when I got there this morning. Aside from cigarettes (which hardly ever are depleted) the shelves were bare. The drug counter had on sale, Camay soap -- which I bought. When I went to the newspaper stand, the papers had also been completely sold out. As usual, the queue before the post office extended about 30 persons.

Before coming home, dropped in at the house managers' headquarters. Three fellows were having a discussion -- quite heated at that -- concerning the actions of the J.A.C.L. towards the evacuation. One of them (about 35) and a J.A.C.L. man without question -- was vehemently arguing the cooperative action endorsed by the J.A.C.L. "A couple of us big shots met with an army delegation. The military put it point

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blank, that we would have to leave. All enemy aliens -- but considering that the average age of the niseis is about 20, and that most of them are 17-19, why if only the nationals were interned these younger groups would become wards of the government. We saw no alternative and so we advocated cooperation."

The other fellow kept repeating. "We're too close to the situation to judge whether the move was the right one. Ten years from now, when we can get a better perspective of the situation, we may be able to determine then. But it seems that if we had made a firm stand even though the evacuation had been inevitable on record wouldn't such a fight have been of import?" To this he added quickly, "of course, we're too close to tell what would have been the best. Ten or fifteen years from now ....."

After these two fellows had left, I began watching one of the house manager's secretaries arranging the record of the members of the advanced contingent, departing tonight at 6 for Utah. He was a male secretary, who had taken over another's place. What was most interesting was his remarks concerning Utah. Last year, he traveled as far back as Indiana.

"Boy this place is a paradise compared to where we are going. I went thru Nevada and Nevada is hell. For miles and miles and miles, on both sides of the single road you're driving, there's just a flat, deserted land. Sage brush scar the plain, and all you look at is the gasoline register. Way, way off -- on the far horizon -- you see some hills -- just like those above South San Francisco. When you finally get to the hills, they are craggy mounds, over you go and again, there are stretches of desolate land all around you. The North Eastern section of Utah is wonderful -- just like Northern California with riverlets and crystal pools, but Abraham, on the fringe of the Sevier desert -- is just the same as Nevada. Yep, we're going to miss California. Going from here to L.A. you're bound to see a farm house every twenty miles and a green patch of cultivation, but Utah -- Gads!"

Went around getting relocation news for the final edition. Mr. Thompson showed me a letter he received from a friend of his in Idaho, showing the set-

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up there. According to the diagram the plan -- which seems standard for all relocation projects -- pivots around the block unit. Three hundred families occupy 12 barracks, with a utility hall, consisting of showers, laundries -- in between the two rows of six barracks. A mess hall and recreation hall are included in this basic unit. A block warden is in charge of the section handling the supplies of the residents. The community director is in charge of the whole recreation department. Didn't get to talk to him very long, as the advance group -- departing tonight -- came to say farewell. Kidding each other on the cold winter, Thompson wound up saying, "When I get my furlough, I'll come up to see youse guys."

I looked out of the bay window which opens from his office and looked out at the long crowd, lining the fence. As usual, the passes were meted out slowly. In <sup>movie</sup> the/office two of the electrical engineers were trying to figure out a way of getting into the fire department party. Just then, the fire chief came in and one of the fellows called him in. The fire chief wanted the public address system for the evening. He added that the planned banquet of chicken had been cancelled since they have clamped down on inspecting the cars. The other day someone brought in some booze. "I don't see why they want to bring booze in," said the other.

When I went to the police department Chief White wasn't there. I waited outside watching the stage for the adult show being put up. The same woolen Army blankets were used for the sides, but the curtain and setting were new. When White returned I asked him what the police set up in relocation would be. Two Caucasian chiefs working at the divisions head. The patrol men would be, as the case has been here, selected from the residents. Tulare, the center he was assigned to before coming to Tanforan, was "swell" as far as the people went. Here, they have also been remarkably well behaved. The tendency is when people are congregated as they are here, delinquencies and crime increase. The people seem to be getting along with each other well. He was emphatic about immediate and drastic measures in the event of violence. Once you clamp hard, then there won't

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be things like that.

Went around trying to get some dope on relocation. Saw Ichisaka who gave me a mimeograph copy of the J.A.C.L. reports from Eisenhower as to what the tentative W.R.A. plans would be. He was all set to leave for Arizona, and was dressed in his slacks and shirts when I met him. At the recreation headquarters, boxes of equipment were set up for immediate shipment. The boxes were labeled "equipment donations." Nob was there cutting out the pictures of charts, farms and anything which suited his interest, from old magazines. The magazines are to be thrown away, and so instead of letting them go to waste, he thought it would be a good idea to cut these pictures out for future reference at relocation.

Just before going home met Kitagaki who wanted Bill and I to help him carry the soda pop to the library where the staff there is going to have a party. We followed Mr. McDonald, the manager, into the store room in the back. There, cases of soda pop were piled up and we got two cases, root beer, coke and orange. None of us had any scripbook with us, and so as a collateral I gave him my check. Although Mr. McDonald hesitated at first, saying "should the auditor come around I'll be caught with the bag." On the agreement we bring our scripbook first thing tomorrow, he took the check, on the way back he told us to stop by the store. We wondered what it was all about. Then, Mr McDonald told us to scoop the ice from the ice-cream containers, then <sup>with</sup> an ice pick he chipped it up.

After dinner, people began going down to the laundry to bid the first contingent farewell. One of the boys next door was leaving and he was receiving advice from his Mother. His friend, also going, was dressed in his slacks and sweater. Most of the fellows were dressed in jeans with a sport coat. Trunks were being carried down to the station.

When I got there the crowd was lined up against barrack 14. The station was surrounded by a fence, and the entrance was on the southern side. The early arrivals were surging against the fence, and trucks carrying baggage and departers were constantly coming in. People were shaking the hands of those departing. I saw

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one lady in tears. It seemed funny how some were acting as tho the departure would be for years. Actually, they would be reunited shortly. Some of the fellows were getting in, and they filed into the laundry room. I crained my neck, and caught a glimpse of the tops of the passenger trains lined up beside the fence. The procedure of having them to go thru a fence, and a shoot into a train one by one reminded me of the cattle corrals in Chicago.

Roll call hour was nearing and people were getting apprehensive. Some were already leaving. I saw a friend of mine carrying a baggage, so I went up to tell him "Good Luck." As it turned out, he was only helping his friend with the baggage. One fellow, as he lifted his trunk, caught my jaw with the edge of his trunk and my jaw really snapped. Before anything else could happen, I left. Along the barracks people were waiting for the roll call so they could go back immediately.

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This morning the neighbors next door left for the Canyon Sanitorium to visit their father who is convalescing there. The telegram which they received stated that Kauffman would be here to visit us. Ham penned a brief note telling them he was sorry he wouldn't be on hand to see them on their last visit. The telegram said they would be here around three o'clock. They were standing on the balcony when I got up to the visitors' hall. About five former classmates were speaking to them and Tosh -- one of them -- was passing a box of candy to the students, which the Kauffmans had brought with them. The candy, homemade and caramel in taste was very good. Mrs. Kauffman was saying that Utah wouldn't be had at all.

In fact, she spent part of her summer last year there and found the sojourn enjoyable. I pointed out that Abraham was situated on the fringes of the Sevier desert. Well, it wasn't the <sup>Soviet</sup> Sevier desert she spent her time, but the land was a flat plateau broken only by buttes and table lands. The color was enchanting. She recommended two articles -- one in the latest issue of Harpers; the other in Asia which discusses

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the problems of the evacuees. Mrs. Kauffman also advised me to read a totally preposterous volume: "Mastering Fear" by Preston Bradley. I asked her why I ought to read such a thing. "Well, Ben, you are sensitive. You ought to be more like cows and take this thing without thinking too much about." Perhaps, it was for consoling purposes that such a repulsive expression was uttered, but it seemed to me very smug. It is one thing to reconcile certain conditions and another thing to be totally dumb to everything about you.. It reminded me of what another visitor told me the other day. I questioned if we fellows would be accepted into the Army. Of course, purely a technical question -- whether the military would change its policy. The reply was "Why worry about such things. I can't see why you want to worry about being shot. You have a better chance of coming thru this war alive. Why, if I could get out of it I would." Perhaps the patriotic platitudes have been influencing forces, but I thought then why everyone doesn't seem to give a hang about his country, but does care about his own skin.

Mrs. Kauffman also told me to give her the new address since two of my former school mates are engaged and they would like to write me. Wheeler is in Columbia University from where he has written to Mrs. Kauffman.

Every once in a while a former student would pass by, and the rest of us called him up. Tosh passed the candy around, and one, a camel, nut type was very tasty.

The final issue is just three sheets short of its completion. But in the way of a joke, we decided to send Charles a phony copy, consisting of only "his opinions" section and two autograph pages appended to the remainder. To make the farce more legitimate, we wrote a letter explaining that since Charles left for Arizona everyone hasn't been working. Jim is always playing badminton, Taro has been having <sup>antic</sup>romantic complications with Yuki, and the rest of us have been equally repulsed with physical exertion. There has been no one to exclaim, "Hey, Editor, how many stencils have been cut so far?" In the letter we also enlightened him on how hard we had worked to even edit this measly 8-page paper. Then we autographed the paper; Jack adding this annotation: "Don't break the bureau when

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you pull the nails out!" (While packing, nails were driven thru the bureau to prevent the drawers from falling out.)

The biggest surprise of the day was Taro's announcement that he is engaged with Yuki. When I got into the office, Alex told me that the two had been engaged. Turning around I saw Taro all grinning. "No kidding!" I queried. "Yes," he said. "Well, congratulations." He then told me that he had been engaged for two weeks, had proposed the third time he took Yuki out, and we didn't know a thing about it. I asked how the others took it. "They were all surprised." Four of them had been arguing whether the rumor that Yuki and Taro's engagement announcement would be coming out this Saturday were true or not. Alex, in fact, had bet him that it was all false. Just then, in comes Taro and <sup>with a</sup> beaming smile exclaimed "Well, boys, I'm engaged." Engaged to whom? was the chorus of questions. "Yuki." Sam, who had been sleeping on the bench got up from the side, and rubbing his eyes, said "Oh, no, no!" "Yeh!" Taro replied. "Yeh!" muttered Sam. "Gee congratulations." Frankly, all of them said they were totally taken by surprise. Even the editor was surprised that the whole thing had taken place in so short a time. It was a whirlwind romance. Taro said he didn't notice for two months, then one day he did. Yuki said she had noticed him until about one month when one of her girl friends asked her who the curly haired fellow was. They both claim the love affair was their first love. Yuki says she has never fell for anyone else before.

Then all the fellows began to trace the incidents which preceded the engagement announcement. We recalled how Taro took a sudden interest in music, and Yuki wanted to learn French from Taro. How Taro would scoot off with Yuki around 9:30 to take her home before anyone else could even get started, and how he didn't return for more than 2 hours after these escort excursions. But in the end, we finally admitted that we did expect such a sudden proposal as the one Taro had expedited.

Taro said they planned to get married here, but realizing the hectic days that accompanied the final issue, they both thought it best that the marriage be postponed until relocation. The announcement will be made at the informal party which will be given this coming Saturday together with the final fling the Totalizer

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will have. This morning Yuki brought her album to the office, and the two selected two pictures to be sent to Taro's parents in Utah. Both of them want to go to Poston, Arizona, but Taro's application which asked for a position as an instructor has been entirely declined. Yuki's application as a social worker may go thru in which case she plans to substitute Taro in her sister's stead whom had originally planned to accompany Yuki.

In the afternoon, I got some flowers from Takahashi, the attendant at the center garden. He picked me a bouquet of stocks, snapdragons, zennia -- which are in full bloom -- right now, and this bouquet I brought up to the office, and placed it in a tin can vase.

Joe T. is going to a dinner to be given by the electricians' group. The cost is \$2.00. The amount didn't seem too astonishing when I learned that the dinner would be a six-course supper with chicken for entree. Since he was going out, I asked for his golfing irons to play at the course. Instead I putted around the miniature course beside our barrack, improvised from tin cans.

The pretty girl along our barrack came up to me with a handful of laundry and said she was sorry she didn't go to the Mardi Gras. That she was learning how to dance and wanted me to ask her for another date. I told her that at relocation I might ask.

Mother and Dad went to the adult show and found the vaudeville hilarious. Taking newspapers and cushions along, they both dashed out with the neighbors just like the kids running to the movies.

In the shower I met a little kid called Satone Harada whom I had frequently seen but whose name I never learned. He's in the 11th grade at the high school, takes English, algebra theory and science. Finds the instructors too hard because they are college graduates and don't know how much they should teach us. He wants to have Caucasian instructors when he gets to relocation.

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At the mess hall, the announcer mentioned that a petition was being initiated in behalf of Professor Obata's stay with the Utah group. The University of California is contemplating an art extension course to be launched at Tulelake Relocation project. This petition expresses the wish that he remain with the Tanforan group, so he may conduct classes at Utah. The effectiveness of these petitions I doubt very much since those circulating for the doctors, namely Kiyasu and Kitaguwa, were not efficacious. Dinner tonight consisted of squid salad or rubber sea food. I chewed and chewed but I could find the thing palatable. Rumor had been emanating from the kitchen previously that the dinner would be octopus meat. That was a little far fetched, but it was heard. The other day we had ham lard. Thick pieces of fat about one cubic inch flooded with sauce. The thing was so greasy I felt sick after eating dinner. Today, the effects still lingered and constipation was the day's irritation.

Sister went to Tomi's house to be a custodian while the parents went to the adult show. The social hall has been decorated -- most of the Mardi Gras remains still color the hall. Mr. Numajeri was sweeping out the hall when I saw him -- preparing for the evening's entertainment. The other day, he went to San Francisco and had a can of chocolate malt which he was showing to us. The boxes that are being made for relocation are not of the temporary sort. Some of them resemble chests; at least, their durability -- constructed as they are of new pine wood -- are suggestive of more permanent utility than of the ephemeral nature of the boxes that were made for moving apparatus to the assembly center. The universal cry is that there simply won't be any wood piles such as the garguanta wood stock that greeted the furniture artists when we came to Tanforan. And while wood is promised at W.R.A. too many are aware of discrepancies that have failed to mature here at Tanforan indicating to them the doubtful fulfillments of offers that are being voiced here.

As for the barrack here, most of the shelves have disappeared and the transformation approaches the stages of our early arrival here, bare walls, carpetless floors, equipment and toilet boxed and crated, and only the basic

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essentials -- bed, lamp, radio -- are the things still intact. Some of the places have already disrobed their windows of curtains and in their place, newspapers cluttered the sills. Those who are members of the early contingent have notices of an early departure on the 15. Since this group will accompany mess hall eight, there is a natural overlapping to other messhall groups. Maximum members total 500 for each group; our date should fall sometime within the first four days. The corporation yard is again the scene of quest for boxes, wood. Lines are forming there to get the surplus wood. Hardly an appreciable amount is being offered.

We all stayed in the office -- at least five of us -- until 4 o'clock A.M. Alex made toast with butter. That ran out; a bread plain and toasted was good enough. I turned two stencils. Jim who has been very lethargic all these last few months, has spurted in the final dash and has done a remarkable job of turning out 8 of the 26 stencils. He has a talent for writing scintillating prose; and while Bob and I think has a forte for perspicacity. Jim makes the writing compactly informative with an incisive tang to the words. Taro, percolates, but comes out with masterpieces of literary flavored writing. Myself, am totally unproductive having contributed only two of the stencils on a very secular field of recreation. Taro and Jim stayed until 5:30 A.M. Nobuo Kitayaki drew all of the illustrations. Sam and Bill after partaking in the wheel turning, took naps. Before finally coming out we had three sessions of rummy.

Saturday September 12, 1942

This morning the rumor went around that one half the group would be relocated at Arkansas; the other at Utah. Met Jim in the showers and asked him while shaving if he would follow up the suggestion that Mich wrote him to first come down to Poston and rejoin his father and then to get out of Poston by scholarship to Chicago,

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Yale or Harvard. Jim apparently doesn't want to go back to college. He's going to Utah with us since hasn't received the permit placed at Gunder's office. I went over to his place; he wasn't packed yet but he's getting ready. There's going to be a baggage inspection Monday. Then, we watched the fellows playing badminton on the outside court they had made. Before going into the office, we dropped in at the canteen and got a dozen ice-cream sandwiches. Went to Mc Donald's office to pick up the check, I had put up for collateral, which the secretary said she had already given to Nobuo.

Nobby, the copyboy, who is making the arrangements for coming party brought in a box of groceries which Mr. McDonald brought in for us. Nobby washed a stalk of celery -- saying "This thing cost 35 cents." Everyone was surprised, and Sammy flopped his head on the desk blurting out a phew -- wow! Gads, it was only 10 cents when I was back home. The carton contained besides the celery, two cans of olives, mayonnaise, mustard (big jar for only 12 cents), a box of spaghetti and meat. Nobby ordered prepared salad and had told Mr. McDonald to not to get anything if the salad was not ready for immediate serving, but instead the spaghetti came uncooked in the box. He plans to return the spaghetti.

Saw Dan Ota who works in the kitchen. His friend Al Starr, a Eurasian, formerly a motor man on the market street railroad is leaving the assembly center tomorrow. His father is an ordinary American, his Mother a Japanese. He himself is married to an Italian girl. Dan also said that yesterday's dinner was not squids, but octopus. The mess-hall workers nearly passed out on account of the stench. With the tentacles they made octopus salad. It was the toughest plate I ate. Now I can understand why sea divers are scared to encounter octopus in the sea.

Next door the inspector came to check their boxes for storages. They are leaving on the 15th. Barrack 13, 14, 16, and 18 are to leave on the 17th, while ours will leave on the 18. That of course appears to be the general schedule for within our barrack several families -- whose members are of the advanced

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contingents are departing early.

At the engineers' party last night all the fellows were supposed to bring with them a girl. One Kibei fellow didn't know exactly what they meant and brought his mother along.

September 13, 1942

Sunday: This was a day that started one minute after 12 because we -- that is, seven of us, remained at the office running off the remainder of the paper and stapled it together. Of course, we had the radio on all night and we sang songs and talked of endless things. For a while there were Jack, Yuri, Sam, Eddie, Bill, Jim, Alex, Nob and myself, but Jack, Yuri, Sam, Eddie left around 1:30. Nob, Alex and myself took a nap for about 20 minutes. Nob reclined on the table along the wall, Alex on the bench and I got under the table. Bill and Alex had an argument, quite petty in substance, which arose from Bill's careless piling of the paper after finishing the stapling. Of course this got on Alex' nerves and he kept insisting that Bill devise a more systematic way of arranging the paper so it wouldn't get so jumbled up.

Most of us were quite groggy, and didn't know what we were doing. After running off about 25 sheets did I suddenly have the presence of mind to realize I was turning the paper on the wrong sheet. Nob became pretty sloppy in turning the handle which resulted in many sheets coming out blank. Jim was the only one who appeared the freshest although he seemed ill-tempered, jumping on Nob's carelessness, something which seldom irritates him.

Since we didn't have all the mimeograph sheets ready, we ran off the last 11 sheets and assembled them first. Most of the crew was there when we did that so we got that finished about 1:30. As the first two pages were ran off, we began attaching them to the 11 that had already been assembled. We piled the completed issues into piles of fifty. About 4:30 most of us felt funny in the stomach and while we changed our routine every hour or so from stapling to assembling and vice versa we continued working until the light appeared in the west window without stopping. Alex's constant reminder that the paper delivery had to start at 11:00

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was an impetus sufficient to keep us going. The experience of staying up all night -- for the first time in an assembly center -- was not startling. As a matter of fact, time passed very quickly. The radio music was very soothing and tempting enough for us to snooze every few minutes. Around 5:30 we completed the last batch and we all tore out to the grandstands to watch the sunrise. The fog covering the bay was lit golden, and the pond within the track was bright with golden haze. Jim and I stood on the concrete wall that separates the boxes from the regular seats and breathed in the invigorating air. Down below old men with canes were plodding around the track. Smoke from the mess kitchens were visible and the people were scurrying to and fro from the showers. We went back to the office and I had a piece of bread with a tiny bit of butter.

Five of us walked down the main street leading away from the town, giving out shrieks of delight, whistling and singing -- we were pretty happy over our completion. Many were the curious eyes that watched us parade in our dark top coats -- the impression was probably one of sinister characters of the evening. People were going to the mess halls and as we neared our barrack I saw John who saw us, so we gave him a Totalizer. He began looking at it avidly.

Alex said delivery would start soon so we went back home. Mother wasn't surprised to see me come early -- she suspected something of this order since I had been telling her lately how very busy we would all be. Dad was the one who seemed most surprised but told me to hit the hay. "You're pretty tired," he said.

I thought I had just snoozed about 5 minutes, but when I woke it was 12 o'clock already. Stepping outside I saw Alex with a mess hall delivery truck, we jumped on and began passing the papers out. Alex had made out a schedule listing those who were supposed to receive copies. Since there were some families living together it was necessary in such cases to give two Totalizers. This system was different from the former method of giving the allotted numbers to each house manager who in turn passed the copies out to the members of his district. Alex felt that the final edition was too valuable to be given in indiscriminate bulks to the house managers

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who might not distribute the copies to everyone, but surreptitiously keep a few to themselves. We were only able to complete the stables by 12:30 and agreed to start the delivery again at 1:30. The most common statements that were said to us were, "Gee, what a big edition!" and "What does 30 mean?"

Must have walked all around the northwest portion of the yard until I finally spied the delivery truck backing into the road. Caught up with the group who were taking certain barracks and Alex sped a barrack or two ahead, just to keep ahead of us. Then we drove thru the infield, completing the delivery around 3:30. Alex wanted to drive the truck around and the Tanforan tour began. He drove the truck several times -- all around the infield. Then went around to barrack 12, barrack 14. Some of the fellows wanted to know where the sexually abnormal girl stayed at, and we drove by. She was standing on top of the table and looked very much like a weird creature, and of course, the fellows whistled and ogled. Every time a pretty girl would pass by, Alex would slow the motor and whistle. We stopped near the track, where two girls that helped Alex with the circulation passed by. He told Sam to give them a copy.

Once, while careening down the road leading towards the barrack 18, we saw several internal policemen on the truck. We told Alex to slow down; instead of questioning, the driver asked us for a Totalizer. We gave them three copies and sped on back to the grandstands. Unloading the remainder of the issues, we hiked up to the office and there we found Knobby, the copy boy, with Yuki's sister preparing the ravioli salad. He didn't seem to be coming along as successful as he did at the first party of the paper. The office was very untidy, and Sam began cleaning the place up and arranging the benches and tables for the evening.

I came home and went to sleep.

The final party of the Totalizer was unique because we had no games. Invitations were sent to the library clique, for their having invited us to their party. The other members who made the 15 at the party consisted of the Totalizer staff. The

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bread was toasted and made into very tasty hamburger sandwiches, which reminded me of the beach. Nobby was very short of the sodapops and the guests wanted it quite badly. Jack insisted he get more because Nobby was keeping it for himself. Nobby insisted he was reserving the bottle for Jim, but Jack finally won out by his physical strength and the pop was poured. Tom and Midon, of course, sat together; and before long in came Taro and Yuki, all smiling. Sam arose and delivered a short expression of the occasion wishing the newly engaged happiness for the future. Jim followed suit, he came in with Mini Okubo, the artist. By this time everyone was there and the singing began. No one began the songs or even attempted to lead the group, the whole session rose spontaneously. One group started to sing and we all began to sing. Sam sandwiched by the Shimanouchi sisters gave out with his rich bass tone, and all along the table, arbitrary groups were set up. We sang such songs as Waiting for Katty, Oh Suzanna, Home on the Range, America, Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, Springtime in the Rockies, God Bless America, Auld Lang Syne, Jingle Jangle Jingle, Golden Bear, Come Join the Band. The comment after the song fest by Taro himself was that "Singing was a much better idea than playing those silly games." No food was left over, so we just cleaned the place up -- wiping the tables and sweeping the floors.

We all walked Alice and Mini home, and when we finally wound up at Jim's place we had a long tete-a-tete. Mini was telling us how she would throw the oranges and food over whenever she got any extras and how they slung the junk back and forth.

September 14, 1942

A family by the name of Tsui came over this morning wanting me to go see Mr. Gunder regarding their removal to the infield. About 8 years ago they worked in the nurseries at Redwood and then moved to Centerville, where they raised strawberries. The family consists of the husband and wife and a son about 16 years

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old. It seems the mother has a severe case of high blood pressure and she wanted to unite with her sister on the trip to relocation. This family lives in a section of the barracks occupied mostly by families from San Francisco, and consequently, not wishing to inconvenience her sister, whom I shall call T T family, the Tsui wanted to move to the infield. Earlier a petition had been made thru Vernon Ishisaka, the councilman for their district, and since (according to Vernon) the petition had been approved, the Tsui felt much at ease, until yesterday, when their son, Teruo, in order to obtain absolute verification went to Mr. Gunder's office, and learned, for the first time (much to his dread) that they were moving together with his aunt but that they were both assigned to the Mess 12 section consisting of people from S.F., and whom were strangers to both families. Hence, the Tsui's wanted me to see Mr. Gunder about their moving to the sister section, where the people were mostly from Centerville. It was not entirely a matter of the Tsuis themselves wanting to go with the infield group as their wanting the wife's sister's care, for the Tsuis were willing to cancel the arrangement if the order meant that the TT family would have to go with the San Francisco section. Any arrangement like that would naturally create ill feeling between the families, for the TT family was definitely against leaving the infield section. Why, they came to ask me, I don't know, except it seems the Tsuis thought I might have known Gunder thru working on the Totalizer. Their son, Teruo, had attempted to explain the situation to Gunder several times, but was thrown out of the office each time.

At first, Mother wanted Sis to go, but having quit her job in face of all Gunder's bluffing wrath, she asked me to go. I first went to the Tsui's house and the wife and husband both appeared. Mrs. Tsui looked like a very nervous type of person, high strung, excitable. The husband, a short squat man -- appeared slow, insensitive and easy going. After explaining her position, she hastily grabbed her purse, and together with her husband -- about ten feet behind us -- we walked towards Gunder's office. Suddenly, she darted back and when she returned she had an envelope in her hand with a note from Dr. Kitoyama in it, explaining the severity

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of her blood pressure. On the way we met her son, who was returning from another unsuccessful interview with Mr. Gunder. "No use seeing thunder," he said. From him I gathered a clearer picture of the case, and also learned that a similar case had been brought up. A meeting consequently was going to be held late this afternoon to decide what should be done. If the other case worked out, then a consideration of the Tsui case was warranted as well. I suggested then it might be a good idea to present Mr. Green with the doctor's note in order to swell the case more in their behalf. Half way up the grandstands we encountered Mr. X, representative of the other family, who were registering a similar application. In this case, this person's brother, who is at present in the armed forces, left his wife in Mr. X care. Mr. X received a telegram from his brother, expressing his relief now that his wife, who also is very ill, would be under his brother's care. Actually, however, the wife was still separated from the brother-in-law and the application for the unity had been rejected, until the telegram recently received from Mr. X's brother in the Army prompted Mr. Green to investigate the matter more closely.

When we finally got to Mr. Green's office, he wasn't there but a lady working on the transfers of family groups attended us, and from her learned the improbability of any alteration except the slim chance of cancelling the whole setup, so that the Tsui's families would travel to W.R.A. with Mess 12 group and her sister remaining with the Mess 17. The meeting was scheduled for about 4 in the afternoon and Teruo -- the son -- promised to return quarter to five to obtain any new turn of news. Waiting for Mr. Greene was useless, so they asked me to come back around 3:30 and with that, we returned.

Around 3:30 mother reminded me again so I went up town again and caught sight of Teruo and his father, atop the grandstands.

After waiting about half an hour we went to see Green, but he still wasn't there. His secretary told us, however, that Mr. Davis had entirely rejected the

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the change and even the cancellation was out of question. Quite emphatic was she over Mr. Green's attempts to persuade Mr. Davis but he stubbornly refused. Mr. Green had quite an argument with him; he understands the situation perfectly. I wish you would go up and speak to Mr. Davis, we'd like to see something done about it. We're very furious because the mistake was made by Mr. Gunder's office. He read the application as only bringing the two families together and it was entirely unimportant to him which group they would be sent with. I wish you would go up and see Mr. Davis; he doesn't realize that he's treating and handling not barracks but human beings. //

Since nothing could be done now, the girl said she would speak to the other family and explain how it was more the administration's desire to maintain the daily shipping quota of 500 heads than the convenient placement of the families according to desired groups.

In a general sense, the situation reminded me of the "countless" cases similar to this one which no doubt flood Gunder's office. That beneath the stream of evacuees that flow out each day to the depot run under currents of delicate and intricate human conflicts and relationships.

The totalizer office is speedily being cleared out of its last fragments of equipment, paper, and tools. Jim was lugging his typewriter from the office when I saw him half way down the track. Rushed to assist him as he swayed along the track trying desperately to hold out until he reached his barrack. On arriving at his stall, I found most things in readiness -- his books -- volumes of philosophy, Shakespeare, Schopenhauer ideology volumes were neatly enclosed in his bookshelf, which he converted into a box by hinging a plywood cover to the top. The boys who frequent his room each night of the week to play poker were also there, languidly reposing on the straw mattresses and talking of the poker game they were planning to have that night. Shorn of the Petty and Varga pictures that used to decorate his room, the place looked very barren indeed.

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This afternoon the mess hall began dinner at 4:30 so I missed out on the meal. In the morning I overslept and didn't eat, so the only decent meal was at lunch. I packed up all the books, while Dad crated up the small tool chest. Sis's friend came over wanting to know if she wanted to share a scrip book with her. Sis agreed and they both went to town. On the way back, both were loaded down with food, cheese, oranges, and ice-cream. The present arrangement at the canteen is that only those persons who are departing for Utah can purchase things at the canteen. Since we're leaving on the 18th, we can only buy things on the 18th (only morning).

Our neighbor received a letter from the advance contingent. He writes of going across the Dumbarton Bridge; passing up to Oakland and reaching Sacramento at 9:30 -- the following day all they could see was desert and sage brush. When they arrived at Salt Lake City a delagation of niseis were there, thronging the station, but none were allowed to enter except a representative from the J.A.C.L. When they reached the relocation project the most noticeable substance was dust. They had to shovel it out of the barracks.

Mother and Sis did some washing again today. It seems everyone is washing to get everything in readiness. All the clothes lines in our vicinity were limping with linens and washings.

At the canteen I tried very hard to get something else besides the usual line of goods but nothing was available. I bought a bottle of coke which didn't take very much time to drain, while sitting on the bench.

Up at the office everyone is coming up to scavenger the place. Nobby, the copy boy, got the T square, the light globes, and the shade. Taro was mad because someone walked out with his batch of the Totalizers. All day people were coming in wanting to get an extra copy of the Totalizer. Miss Kato came in with a list of persons who wanted the extra copies saying that they were all very influential persons who could help us out. Most of the old copies were taken off the shelves and put into the carton boxes.

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I went down to the canteen to get some oranges and ice-cream. Took my binder and two dozen oranges, which the boy at the canteen sold me (he said he could only sell one, but since I was his friend) and went up to the grandstands to write in my diary. Behind me a boy and a girl were talking. The girl went down to get two ice creams, and the next time I looked back the boy had his head on the girl's lap. On the other side 2 boys who were supposed to be working on the maintenance crew to help people move ditches behind the grandstand seat when their truck passed by. For a while the second truck stopped at the canteen and both boys layed prone on the seats, whispering to each other. Down below a girl was crying, for what reason I couldn't surmise. A man who was originally talking with the maintenance boys went down to console her.

Around 4:30 people began to come down the walk adjacent to the track with their plates in hand. They were coming from the Mess 8 section part of which is leaving tonight. Mess 8 was closed down and our mess hall will follow suit today, and we shall eat at the main mess again, until we leave. The procession of diners reminded me of the early days when everyone made the dirunial trek thrice to the main mess until the individual mess halls were established.

Went back to the Totalizer office where Nobby, the copy boy, was entertaining a girl. Both Jack and I were in there. Jack was bringing home his new cleaned trousers from the laundry. Several fellows have sent their slacks out to the press for the last time. I grabbed one of the loaves of bread on the table, left by the junior high school faculty, who borrowed the office last night for their farewell party. Besides the three loaves of bread were one bottle of mustard, salt and pepper, and empty root beer bottles. Taro and Yuki, according to Nobby, went to the party.

On my way out I tried to hurdle the wooden booths which were used during the racing season to pass out money and slipped banging my nose against the post with a bloody nose following the mishap. The day was slightly milder than yesterday, but

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the warm climate caused the nose to bleed for about three minutes before the blood coagulated. On the way home four of my friends wanted to know what had happened.

Dad, who has been inactive all these four months, has shown a sudden zest for making boxes. In fact, I haven't made a single one. While the reverse was true when the evacuation began and Father just wouldn't touch a luggage, he's suddenly become very active. At first, he wouldn't use the heavy boards from the shelves to make the boxes, instead used the thin wood that are from orange boxes.

After hearing about the shortage of lumber at relocation, however, he decided to use the shelves to make the boxes.

I went to the long line that formed beneath the visitors' balcony, thinking my pay check would be cashed. There wasn't any obvious reason why the line was for the bank, for everyone emerging from the small closure came out with money bills, but curiously, folded in envelopes. Upon entering the small booth, I discovered that the checks had been cashed but the service was being extended only to those who had left their checks with the banker the previous week. The house manager stationed at the window was merely passing out the envelopes which had already been cashed at the bank. Before leaving, however, I inquired at the booth, when the banker would be here again. "Tomorrow is the last day," he replied curtly.

Received a letter from the Student Relocation Council recommending me to Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. I wrote a letter immediately telling them of my willingness to go there, but that my financial status was worrying me. Available funds for school remaining since my leave from Berkeley amounted to \$200. Total expenses for the year would net \$700. Complying with the council's desire to obtain an official statement from the bank I sent a letter to the San Mateo First National Bank, to obtain

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To obtain a knowledge of the type of courses offered at Geneva I sent a letter to the registrar and deferred my final decision until received the catalogue.

At night I stepped outside the balcony immediately after the roll call; as usual, the barrack doors flew open and people with cushions came out, but instead of the single flow of humanity towards the Tanforan Theater, half of the people rushed towards the laundry depot; the other half in the direction of the grandstand. After the initial surging had subsided, groups of persons walking chumily down the road began to come from other parts of the center to bid their friends farewell. Sister went out with a neighbor next door. I couldn't see any sense in saying good-bye to a person whom I would see in three days, so I stayed home and read the New Yorker. It occurred to me how very sentimentally inclined the people were.

Met a young fellow of my age in the latrine and the ensuing conversation dealt with the post-war era. He was seriously concerned, and I don't blame him, after reading the passage in the J.A.C.L. report pertaining to the immediate return six months after the war of the land presently being allotted for W.R.A. He said he was going to save as much as he could -- the money he was going to receive. It may sound trifling but after I get things set up, it won't be too hard to save at least ten dollars a month. When the soldiers return, and the industries have the after spell times are going to be hard. Questionable will be the relief from government agencies. At any rate, I'm preparing for any emergency that may arise.

In the showers met Iwasa who lives near me who wants an extra copy of the Totalizer to give to Mr. Wild, the administrative head at the hospital. He hasn't got one so he got it from Iwasa. Several persons have asked me for extra copies and I have requested each of them to see Alex Yoriuchi who is in charge of the circulation.

Went to show in the evening and found myself in line with Sis and her friend Yone. We stood in line for about an hour. There lines all leading to the grandstands.

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After we got in we broke up and I got a seat right in back of a fellow who kept necking his girl. The picture must have been nearly 30 or 40 years old for the reels starred Charlie Chaplin in his old pantomime comedies. The other picture starring Mickey Rooney in "Where Your School Boy." The weather was extremely sultry and on top of that the poor ventilation and the crowd in the theater made the stay almost unbearable. It grew so stuffy I walked out about the middle of the main film.

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Woke up early, had breakfast at the Main Mess beneath the grandstands. Our mess - No. 9, has been closed, the workers there have gone to the main mess to work. Stood in the long queues again, waited for the turn to come -- extend dish (first motion), nods of the head (meaning thanks ole kid) second motion, one eye squinting at food, the other trying to locate a good spot to eat. For breakfast had corn flakes, coffee, cantaloupe.

Went to managers meeting, presided over by Tad Fiyeta. Came in when Spears asked if anyone was leaving and if so if there were anything to say before leaving. Commenting on the departure of the first group yesterday, he warned the car monitors to see that everyone was arranged according to the list made before hand. Otherwise the family members will be seated incorrectly, according to Gunder who thunders down the aisle to see that everyone is seated exactly in order. Naturally, this necessitates more time, and to speed things up, Cap Spears wanted the car captains to especially check this matter. The second suggestion he offered concerned the expediency of saving time by having residents going to the latrines before<sup>boarding</sup> the train. One lady insisted that she bring all her baggage out to the latrine and apparently no one stopped her. What was more disturbing was the crowd that followed her wake, and also suddenly received the urge to go. Aside from these two incidents nothing detained the smooth working of the departure. The cars were not arranged correctly and the engineer had to line them up in order but that was accomplished readily. At this point, Capt. Spears injected one of his humorous notes which evoked

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a few chuckles. "Where's the engineer?" asked one of the Caucasian officials.

"Another replied, "He's all dry, went out to get some beer, so he's not here!"

The chairman asked if any of the house managers had any news from the advance continent of workers. Spasmodic statements came forth. I heard from a lady whose husband wrote back, "The canteen and the post office are open." Another added the facilities seem pretty good. Letter I received tells of barracks with semi-linoleum floors, specially lined walls. Another hinted the shortage of lumber, absolute denial for home fixtures.

This latter statement brought a raise of hand from one fellow in the back who asked if it were true that wooden boxes were disallowed. Apparently, too many persons are making wooden boxes covering trunks and wash tubs, merely to bring along a quantity of lumber.

Wooden boxes will be taken in freight cars -- the prohibition extends solely to baggage cars.

The canteen is open in the morning to those who are leaving that day. Reservations are thus made to assure them merchandise for the trip on the train, as well as future use at relocation. A question was raised by one of the house managers -- Will the canteen which is ordinarily closed on Sunday be open that day to provide for those leaving on Sunday? Capt. Speares immediately phoned Mr. McDonald at the canteen. Inquiry resulted in the information that the canteen would be closed on Sunday, Mr. Davis having declared that Saturday could also be set aside for the Sunday group.

No further business to attend to and the meeting was shortly adjourned with the concluding remarks of the chairman, "We've got a lot to do."

Went to the line forming in front of the bank. About 30 were in line. The teller came around 10:30. Had my work check as well as the check from the University

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cashed there. While waiting one lady was knitting, several were reading the morning news. About three of the isseis in line I noticed were depositing the checks into a deposit account opened at the bank here.

Dropped at the canteen to use up the remainder of the scrip book. Bought three packages of cookies, an apple pie, one package of 20 grand cigarettes, four ice-creams for the family's immediate consumption, aspirin, deck of cards. The store was very well stocked up, especially the drug counter which was selling kleenex like hot pancakes.

Came back and went to Taro's to pick up the key to the office to take down the harp I lent the Totalizer. Taro was sitting on the bed facing his roommate, Doc Shimigu -- both looked haggard -- no doubt from packing. Taro told me he lent the key to Nobby so I went by his house and asked his sister, who was sitting on the porch, where Nobby was. "He's up in the office," she replied so I went up there only to find the door open but no one inside. Began taking the Harp off and in came Sammy. He wanted me to buy back the badminton press which he had bought thru me from a sporting goods store. I told him to keep the press because it could be used at relocation. He said he didn't want it because it was a tennis racket press and was too big to be used for a badminton. If he wanted to sell me the press I told him I also wanted the rubber bag that went with the press since I would have a better chance of selling the press if I had the rubber bag as well. That, he wouldn't relinquish, nor would I accept the return. After all, I pointed out, it was not as though he had bought it from me, but only thru me, and if there was any returning to be done the logical channel would be thru the store from which the purchase was made. Then, Sam said to keep the press since all his packing has been completed, as he is leaving today. I explained that I had also packed. Well, I'll give the press to the girl next door because I don't like to sell things to people. That ended the bit of bargaining and we turned our interests to Nobby who came in saying that we had gone two bucks into the hole in the last party of the Totalizer. Since Yuki had put up two dollars, everyone would

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have to chip in 21 cents apiece. Sam and I then took the two typewriters left in the office down to Mr. Green's office. Met Mr. Kilpatrick outside who was saying something about wanting them for himself. Ernie was with him. Their family is going to Poston, and both Joe and Ernie don't want to go. Ernie is trying his darndest thru Mr. Kilpatrick to go to Utah, but things look very doubtful as things stand now.

Miss Kato came in to assemble the remaining issues of the Totalizers, and while that batch is not complete (one page is short on account of the failure to run off sufficient copies on the mimeograph machine), even assembling the 12 makes a hefty issue. Instead of leaving the others to waste, I assembled about four extra copies. There were three New Yorkers lying on the table so I took them along, hoping to use them for reading material on the train. Essays written by high school youngsters on the general topic "Relocation," I scooped off the table, and brought them along for the Evacuation Study. Jim came in presently, and took his batch of personal letters along exclaiming as he skipped out. "Gee, this place has really been cleaned out."

Went over to Taro's and since he wasn't in I gave the lock to his fellow boarder, as well as the roll of stencil papers. Met Bob Kiyasu who wanted an extra copy of the Totalizer. Told him that there simply was no more with the exception of the incomplete editions I had assembled. He said he would drop around in the evening for them.

On my way home, dropped in at Jim's place. He was sitting on the rail vacantly perusing thru poetry volume. His barrack, aside from the trunk on his bed, was totally barren. Wanting to know what ought to be done with the venetian blind which he had brought from the office he asked me if I could pack it. On second thought, he saw no use for it being brought to Utah when he was going to Poston from there. Jokingly we spoke of the corn on the small plot before us, and the victory gardens wilting in the Indian summer from the lack of water -- forgotten no doubt in the hasty preparation for relocation. In front of us, the baggage was successively lined along the walk awaiting inspection before the lids were hammered on. Jim spoke

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of the lenient speed of the inspectors in covering his quota of relocation trunks and boxes. "American books," the man muttered and went on. The second visit was even more cursory, the inspector just bobbing his head thru the window barking out "Been here once before." But Taro got a work out, and the inspector spent considerable time scrumaging thru a wee bit of a box, and also read a few of the notes he had on hand.

Dressed in his jeans and white polo shirt, Jim nonchalantly gestured to his clothes and said dryly, "I'm going in these -- no use dressing up." Doc Murata just passed by then and exclaimed "Well I just had my last shower at Tanforan." Jim renewed the conversation referring to a letter just received from Marie Kygoku one of the advanced contingent. She writes of people piling on the train and advises bringing along a bag to stow away the refuse. Excessive preparations were noted of one lady whom I overheard saying that she was gathering all the newspapers she could possibly get as well as all the Kreenex on hand. We talked of Vernon Ichisaka's letter mailed from Nevada telling how they woke up at 4:30 A.M. to find themselves atop the Sierra Nevada Ranges. Snowsheds were frequent, and visibility, if any at all, is spasmodic. That rather disillusioned us, for we were counting on seeing something along the order of a postcard scenery, just before our last stay in California.

From my barrack door, watched the truck come along to pick up the baggage trunks, boxes, piled up in front of the opposite barrack. Sweating boys, stripped to the waist, lifted and then shoved the heavily laden boxes on top of the truck, two husky fellows on top arranged them in tight by spaced blocks. One family consisting of three girls and a widowed mother had some 30 boxes all loaded with clothes. The night before, several boys were over/<sup>at</sup>their house assisting with the packing.

During lunch, I failed to get in my mess line. Thought I couldn't eat until I saw Tak who motioned me while I stood in the Mess 2 line to go to the mess 9 line. I did, and got a terrific serving, since everyone else had finished eating. Kiyoo

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Thima came to talk to me for a few minutes. At mess<sup>9</sup> she was a waitress, and transferred with the whole staff to the main mess. In fact, cooks, waitresses, pot washers, servers -- everyone has come to work. Apparently one mess hall will not work for another. After finishing, I dumped the remainder into the garbage can and handed my porcelain cup and plate to the washer. I gave the utensils to him from one side, took three steps forward and waited for the dishes to go thru the churning soap water, rinse thru the hot water and come out on the other side. Behold, when it did come out only half of the cup was there, for the remainder chipped off "So sorry," he said. Of course, I couldn't say anything.

Took down the second to the last shelf, yanked out the nails and packed up my binder paper, books, everything. Assembled the boxes in one pile; counted some 26 all together, and wondered if the inspector but a barrack down would be here this afternoon, although five days (so they claim) the inspector is behind. Our's will be done tomorrow. To cut down the time, the baggage and the freight examinations will be carried out concomittently. Neighbor next door told dad that a lady was being offered a brand new plank to make boxes, "swell," he exclaimed and joined the neighbor. Following them to the corporation yard, I found them both arguing with the head of the yard to give them some wood. "I can't," he insisted. "Tomorrow is your turn, so wait." Empty-handed he came back, but with the specious excuse, "We'll have a lot of wood anyway!"

Mother started to cough today, and I told her to stay in bed, since I would get the food for her. Dogmatically she refused and tagged along with us all<sup>to</sup> the main mess at five. What a terrific mountain of rice was dished out to me. When they topped it with pa kai juice, the mountain overflowed with lava. My hands were dripping with gravy when I got to the table. Had pa kai, rice, and watermelon for dinner. In a way, dining at the main mess was more pleasant than eating at the individual kitchens where they seem to spurn you on and away. We stayed and ate slowly, left the table only after enjoying a relaxing conversation.

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Coming home, went to the depot to see the Tote gang off. While scanning the crowd, heard a familiar voice call out, "Hey Ben," turning saw Taro with Yuki, both bidding each other adieu. Went over and spoke to him wishing him a pleasant trip. A clasp of the hand prompted me to utter, "Oh, a sentimental departure, huh." We grinned and I noted a copy of the paper in his coat pocket. "Haven't read it yet," he said as he caught my glance.

Saw Jim and Mini and Sam craning their heads from one of the laundry windows. Jim most of all was repeatedly breaking into broad smiles and looking as though he really enjoyed seeing people away. When he caught sight of me he flapped his arm up and down, and then Sam squeezed thru and gave me his typical (from one corner of the mouth to the other) smile. Mini jerked up from between them and drawled out, "Hi Ya There!"

People were pressed against the fence. Hanging on some were parting boys and girls, other men and men, mothers and sons. Why the excitement, I couldn't understand. Possibly the prosaic routine within the center is enough to conjure up the mind to make of a trivial occasion, a momentous departure. Gardeners brought in about five tin cans loaded with flowers picked from the center garden. They were being taken to the train. Saw Alice talking Indian language to Jim who drooped both his hands out of the window sill in an "Can't make you out," sort of manner. Some were informally dressed in their everyday camp attire - notably work shoes, pants and even a ten gallon hat was perched on the gentleman's nob. Others still more formally -- suits, coats.

Saw Mich who said he heard from the student relocation, also. Going to St. Louis, Missouri, possibly this Saturday. Tom Yamashita has received traveling permit and all to Nebraska. Another soon to depart for St. Louis will be Mukai, Nich is in the air very excited and spirited. The good news has enthused him noticeably.

In the evening quietly played a game of rummy, brushed my teeth, filled the last page in today's notes, hit the hay around 11 o'clock. Tomorrow will be another busy day.

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The house managers were having their meeting when I stuck my head in thru the window at the rear and listened in. Again the admonition was made by Captain Spears to the effect that the members of the families file in and seat themselves on the train in the order listed on the notice for departure issued to each family. He spoke of how smoothly Mr. Iyeki's procedure worked out yesterday since he tagged each person with a number. There was less confusion, movement was accelerated. Asked whether the administration were contemplating the supplying of monitor and car captain identifications, Capt. Speares replied "No such things can be done." Suggestion of the house manager -- the matter should be attended to by the education and recreation department, which are at present idle. Reiterating an advice given yesterday, Capt. Spears also suggested everyone go to the latrines while waiting in the enclosure. Yesterday groups 9, 10, and 11 were waiting for about 45 minutes, but just as they began boarding the train, there was a mad scramble for the latrines. He cautioned also the car captains to see that the seats at the head of the cars are occupied first. The natural tendency is to grab the nearest seat, and previous experience has shown the baggage to clutter up the aisle, prevented an orderly and rapid seating of the passengers. Question from the floor, regarding visitors, was raised. "Will Caucasian visitors be allowed to visit us at the point where we board the train?" Reply from Capt. Spears, "so far none have been present, but with guards stationed close by, the likelihood of such visiting permits are improbable." Qualifying the latter remark, he added, "while normal visiting hours at the social hall have been curtailed, for business purposes only, special arrangements can be made to circumvent the earlier suspension."

Similar reports relative to the relocation project at Utah were announced. Hirino referred to a letter from Doc Kondo who finds medical setup intolerable. Hopes others will not come too soon as the facilities are inadequate to meet their needs. Question pointedly asked, "Will the rest of the center also be relocated to Utah, contrary to releases in the Examiner, Call-Bulletin and the Oakland Tribune?" Captain Spears said he was speaking to the Army Major stationed at

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Tanforan until all its occupants have been transferred. "He probably is the most informed person, and he says the rest of the camp will follow suit."

Last bit of packing completed, waited for the inspector to make his round. Just finished putting on the tags with the stamped lettering, "Inspected By" Blanky Blank. Tall, glasses, jocund, young -- the inspector was a nice fellow. First he raised the lid of the box, rummaged around a little then told us to nail it as soon as possible. I began to nail instantaneously. He took some wood out of one of the boxes which pop had put in. Told him extra wood like that added weight to the freight. Wanted to see the radio since two have been missing in another barrack. Apparently, while going to the main mess someone clamored over the partitions and walked away with them. One box, beneath a very large one, was left untouched. When I began moving it, he said, "Never mind." Before leaving, he wished us good luck. I thought that was pretty nice of him and it seemed to me he didn't feel particularly proud of going thru someone else's personal things, and in doing so, tried to make the inspection as pleasant as possible.

We were fortunate in having him, perhaps, for there is one inspector who is extremely meticulous. It was he, who went thru only three apartments and then went to the mess hall to eat, pretending he could be very preoccupied with some urgency. The inspector who canvassed the neighboring barrack went thru two that day. From what my sis says he's considered the scourge and enjoys seeing people jump by waving harmless household items and scaring them into believing they are not to be packed. He confuses them into such a state of hesitancy that they don't know what to pack. In the sugar exam. that was conducted about a week or two ago he independently undertook the exploration of the walk that lines barrack 16. trying to discover if any sugar had been secretly hoarded between the planks. Much of this story my sister tells me I discount purely as cumulative gossip but that the degree of strictness depending upon different persons does sound plausible.

Mother's coughing has not diminished and we brought her lunch back to her.

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Tomorrow is the day of our embarkation and to avoid any delay Sis and I told her to stay in bed today. She has taken to the comforters, and at the present moment of writing is peacefully sleeping.

The delivery wagon came this afternoon around 2:20 driven by my friend Kay Mori. Astonishingly he was alone and attempted to handle all the boxes alone. Physically impossible to do it himself, he called on Ham and myself. Both pitched in, shouldered the boxes and arranged them neatly on the truck. Approximate average per family number 12 boxes. Everyone was saying as the truck drove out of sight, "It's a shame having him do it all by himself." Opposite us the barracks are empty; everything has been cleared, and the occupants, dressed for the trip, are lolling about, waiting. One girl had on a pair of slacks, beige, a pair of men's boots, a really speckled, gaily colored blouse and a bandana, made from the same pattern as her blouse. One lady with three children who is around 45 years old, also had a slack with white silk blouse and high heel shoes. The boys -- about my age -- wore either jeans or corduroys.

In the afternoon I saw Tam Y. who is leaving for Nebraska University in his black suit rushing to the showers. Thought he would leave at the usual hour of 5 o'clock and went to the departing gate at 4:30, but learned from Gunder that Tom had already left. Met two of his friends coming back and they said Tom was quite elated. While at Tanforan he worked in the recreation department, and just before his leaving he was appointed the leader of the recreation hall. Tom was wanted to go to Cornell but defense research there prevented his acceptance. He wrote continually to the student relocation and his efforts were rewarded with the arrival of his notice the other day. Tom's major is civil engineering.

Sam Y who left yesterday on the train for Utah received word from his brother who has been trying hard to get him a job, that there may be an opening as an electrical engineering. I asked him why he was so fretfully concerned with his securing a job when so many fellows are dying off. "Well, I'll have to get my experience before I'm 25 years old. The young fellows will get a jump on you."

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For the second night I ate at the main mess hall. The line was just as long as the one last night. It wound along the canteen, turned sharply around the shower room and hit the corner of the post office. Mother's cough was still severe, so she stayed home and we brought her dinner back to her. Dad, Sis, and I sat with Shizui, Tom, and Kasai in a seat very close to the window. Flies were all over the table. The dinner was exceptionally tasty, and brought forward comments. "I think the food is flavored better at the main mess." For the waitress girls, however, working at the main mess meant more work. The girls had to walk down to the main mess, about four blocks, thrice daily and covering the dining hall in the main mess was more strenuous since it is about four times larger. For the first time I got two cupfulls of milk -- this was surprising because I never even got a teaspoonful at the kitchens. Not all the kitchens have been closed. So far only 9 and 8 have been suspended but for the rest of the camp, culinary activities are pretty much the same.

For dinner we had pork chops, tomato salad, pear for desert, spinach, and gravy. Walking home, we discussed what baggage ought to be brought. Small trunks would be better because it would make the trip more pleasant. Cumbersome baggage would prove bothersome particularly when we transfer to the bus at Delta. And besides that, the excessive baggage would limit the seating space. One family of three is only taking along one baggage which will contain only immediate essentials such as towels, tooth brush, soap. Everything else is going to be taken on the baggage car.

I watched one family leaving the barrack opposite us. The child, a boy of about 7 years old, was playing with toys. Inside the parents were tiding up last minute packages. The mother wore her Sunday dress and kept her coat under her arm. The father had his top coat on and carried the two blankets and two pillows. His wife had a small grip. The neighbor next door assisted with another trunk, a portable radio, and a cardboard package. They walked down the way -- a curious sight --

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the idea of seeing people lugging their baggage along like that hasn't as yet become accustomed to my eyes. "There goes Mr. and Mrs. Nisei and Sonsei leaving their horsestall apartment," piped up sis. She thought it was awful the way some of them were dressed. "There goes a girl in jeans," she exclaimed.

Mother and Dad, Sis and I had an argument about the medicine chest. Mother stubbornly insisted that the medicine trunk should be entirely taken on the passenger car. She has her eye medicine in it, and also a couple of bottles. The trunk is extremely shabby and Sis, Dad and myself think that it ought to be put in a different trunk, but she vehemently denies that the trunk is shabby.

A kibeï youngster came in the evening and began customarily bowing, shaking hands and earnestly wishing us good fortune and all that stuff. I just can't see why people are getting sentimental or that there should be an inkling of attachment to this place. One fellow said there is an empty feeling when you leave this place. That, I think is the awfulest thing I ever heard. What boils me most is when visitors come in and attempt to justify the stay here. I have yet to meet a Caucasian visitor who said to me in all sincerity that we shouldn't have been placed here. Teachers, laymen, friends -- all speak how dangerous it would be on the outside, the desperate economic plight, etc. and that I have a better chance of coming out alive after the war. More than everything else, the naivete of the latter statement makes me laugh. Surprisingly enough, it was uttered by a gentleman far beyond in years than I. I think such shallow observations would not be tossed about if a person sensed the utter emptiness of the daily routine here at the assembly center. Time is meaningless -- one hardly ever keeps track of the days here as he did on the outside, the individual self-respect is torn asunder by the prevalent lack of privacy, and I refute the argument that human beings are simply alive merely to have three meals a day and a place to sleep at night. The tendency I fear now is to justify a situation not because of its merits but because it is something that has happened. We're here, nothing can be done about, so let it be. If the last conclusion were the singular deduction, the syllogism is valid, but too many replace

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the "so let it be" with justifications. To me, an overt attempt to justify anything draws suspicious thoughts of believing there must be something wrong, when a person is so anxiously concerned with its reconciliation. This is not to inject a bitter note, cynicism is just as despicable as justification. But where citizens are placed in horse stables, thrown in with people as foreign to him as to any Caucasian on the outside, asked to hear in the name of patriotism, asked to compare his situation, with the plight of Jews in Germany; the noble dying on the field; that something is intrinsically wrong, that the story is not beautiful; there is nothing proud or noble or great or glorious about being an evacuee.

A teacher -- a teacher mind you -- said, "Ben you're young and too sensitive, you should be like a cow -- indifferent." I thought less of that teacher when those words were uttered than the cow I was induced to behave.

Perhaps the whole irritation that has accumulated thru the packing days is responsible for this morbid outlook. When a person has to pack clothes and personal belongings into boxes made from the wood scrap; tear his crude furniture apart; wait for inspection; for roll call; wonder if he should pack this or that (maybe I'll need it, maybe it is better to put it away) feel unsettled all over; hear the banging everywhere; see the vanguard straggle to the corral, it does invoke confusion. It puts one's nerves on edge. The same feeling I had when I first came here is returning and the stalls are looking like the earlier days, too.

Today, I got my questionnaire from the selective service board. I went thru the questionnaire carefully and sent it out in the afternoon mail. I wanted to type the data but the neighbor next door has packed up her typewriter, so did my best with the fountain pen.

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Woke up at 6:30 this morning, went to main mess again while Mother stayed home to watch the baggage. After eating came back and began rolling up our bedding, wrapped it up first with an old white spread, and then covered it with a strong, jeans material.

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We threw in four blankets dumped the pillows in, rolled the second one up and hauled it to the front stall, already the scene of cluttered trunks, boxes and baggage. Climbed on top of an unsteady pile of cardboard boxes -- Dad held them, Sis reinforced my legs, and Mother gave me the pliers, while I reached up, barely seized the socket with the pincers and turned the thing loose. Did the same thing in the back stall, only I stood on the edge of the bed frame and after taking off the double socket, screwed in the globe which was here when we first came in. Brought in one of the cots from the front stall and dumped everything we would take with our hand baggage on the three cots. This move made more room in the front stall so we set about finishing the packing. While Dad made the crate for the tool box, and Mother put on strings for the inspection card, I began <sup>tying</sup> tying them on. Then, I reached for the curtain, rolled them up wire and all, and Sis wrapped them up in paper and stuck them in the duffle bag. Dad tore off the mail box, and cramped that into the chamber pot together with small boxes of nails which had not been put in the tool chest. Lumbering trucks going by our barracks augmented the tempo -- we were rushing to and fro getting in each others' way. I stumbled over ropes strewn between the entrance from one stall to another after pondering whether to pack the broom, shades, oil table covers in between the blankets; we decided to make it a separate bundle. Piled all the suit cases in one corner, the duffle bags in another, and left the center open for cardboard cartons. Suddenly, the inspector poked his head into the barrack, "all ready," he asked. We weren't but we began opening the suit cases -- he went thru them carefully, lifting the dresses, and suits near the sides but he didn't touch the duffle bag of the bedding and crouching down, he scribbled his signature on the inspection card. Something was wrong with his eyes, which were shielded so a hasty look was hardly enough to make them noticeable. We were short of baggage tags, and upon asking him he gave us four extra ones. While he was signing those already prepared, we were tying

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up the broom and window shade bundle trying to keep ahead of him. After everything had been inspected, he murmured, "Well, good luck, Miss," to my sister." No sooner had he left when the delivery truck pulled up along side the house and the moving crew thumped in. Then the real excitement started. We rushed to put the trunks in order, tried to lock them while the right key always seemed to be the last one. Dad was trying to tie up the cardboard boxes when they came in. We asked them to go next door, and in the interim we tried to number each baggage -- counted approximately 19. Sis was rearranging them according to an earlier marking, but that method consumed so much time I grabbed the pen and crossed out the previous numbering, rewrote a new, numerical order. The boys came back again and while we were yet unprepared began throwing the baggage on the truck, a grip half filled was lifted from the floor and before I could retrieve it, it was lost in the pile on the truck. When only three were left, nothing could be done because these had to be bound. The fellows assisted me in <sup>tying</sup> the boxes up and the van, loaded to the brim, began its trek to the railroad track. After piling these boxes on the outside we sighed a relief and sat on the cot to catch our breath. We didn't expect the inspector nor the baggage truck to come so soon for yesterday the baggage was inspected around 11:30 and the moving van appeared around 2 o'clock.

The neighbors came in and talked and talked of how quickly they came. How it was good to be rid of the baggage and for once, I felt so much at ease myself. Then I realized that I still had my jeans on and Dad his cords so we changed in the rear stall, while the truck came back for the second time, and threw the work clothes into the bag and chucked it over the truck frame, as it started off for the barrack ahead of us, No. 22.

Then picked up all the cardboard boxes, the scraps of paper, the dirty clothes and left-over newspapers and brought them to the rubbish pile, where the firemen were burning the rubbish heap. It was 11 by then and the car monitor came around to tell us that lunch would be served so I went to the showers and washed up and shaved.

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Borrowed some brilliantine from Ham next door and then started off with Dad for the Main Mess. Dropped in at the canteen to get a package of gum, sis is getting the other pack, and then asked the girl behind the counter in the kitchen for dishes and cups. A gentleman crabby and authoratitively sarcastically shouted, "You can't take any dishes, the workers can only use them." It was useless explaining to him we had just packed them in the boxes which already were being loaded into the baggage cars. So while Dad procrastinated in conversation, I walked casually off with the plates and met Mother and sis waiting in line. For lunch we had spaghetti, mashed potatoes and creamed prunes for desert. The morsel was insipidly mixed with the excitement of leaving this center and the keynote of the luncheon talk was that the food was tasteless.

Came back from the mess just after giving 2 cents left over in scrips to a co-diner at the table, wishing him luck in finding three cents more to make the amount sufficient to buy something as a niddle is the minimum purchasing power of the coupons. Started completing my diary, while sis is taking a nap and saying a nap helps you take the trip easier. I'm going out to send the last batch for the study. So ends four months at Tanforan.

A brief retrospection invites varied moods and reactions to a life totally new and different. Some days I was happy, other days sad, and moody, and sometimes cynical. As I look back on the diary, I feel like crossing out certain things because I don't feel so gay now as I did at that time, or vice-versa, I don't intend to eulogize -- this is just the beginning.

Utah -- Yipeh!